



challenger

8



JOSHUA MIRE
QUAGMIRE © 88
INKS
Dick Glass

CHALLENGER no. 8

fall 1998

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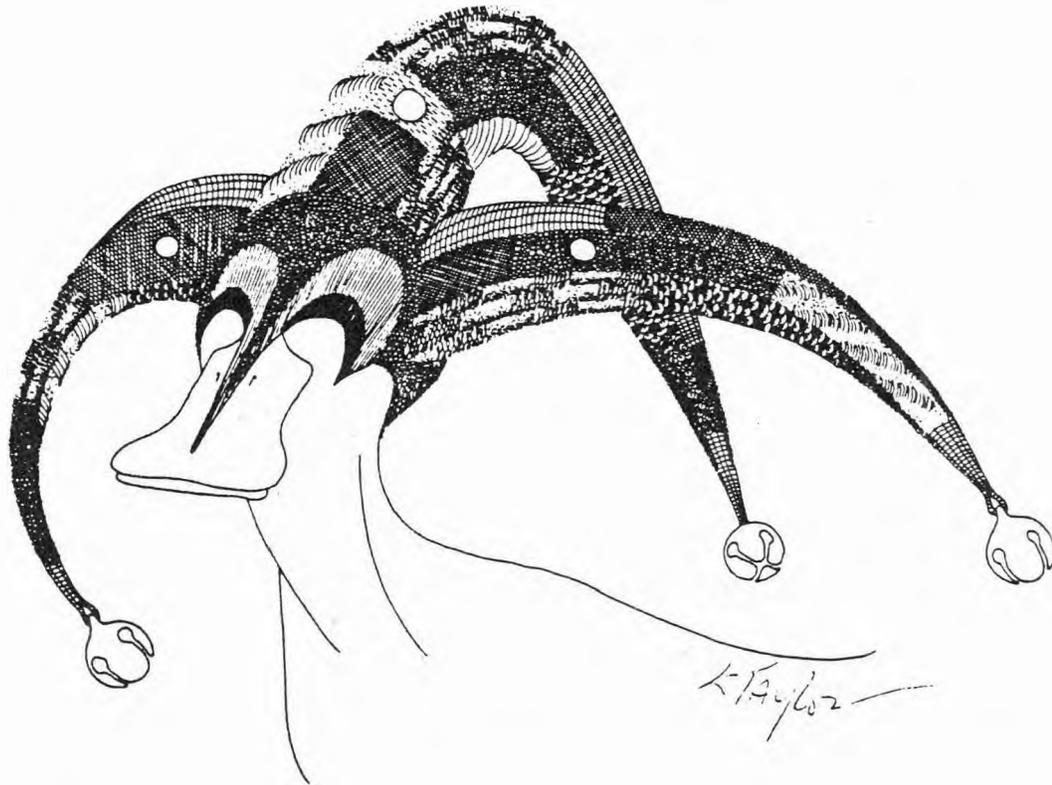
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* Illos by William Rotsler, Sheryl Birkhead, Donna Barr, Charlie Williams, Ruth Shields, R.M. Cleary. ** Art by Donna Barr, Phil Tortorici, Ian Gunn, anon., Rotsler, Ingrid Neilsen, Alexis Gilliland, Cheryl DuVal, R.M. Cleary, Peggy Ranson. A list of contributors' addresses has been crowded out of this issue, and I *need* an address for DuVal, but send messages for these folks to **Challenger**; forwarding is guaranteed.

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PRESERVED: AN EDITORIAL

A while back, snooping through a junk drawer, I chanced upon an audio tape. It was marked "Preserve", and I thought I knew why. It was the tape that had been in my answering machine when my father died in May, 1988.

Playing the tape verified my guess, and sparked memories still distinct, still vivid. I spent the morning of May 14, 1988 at a Nolacon II board meeting. That day, I'd received the huge original for the souvenir book cover from the artist, Ned Dameron, and was heartened by the oohs and ahhs it drew from the gathering. Afterward, as the weather was gorgeous, I walked into the French Quarter and celebrated with a dozen raw oysters at Felix's, the fine seafood restaurant at the corner of Bourbon and Bienville. Years before, my father had introduced me to fresh-shucked mollusks at that very bar. From Felix's, I strolled past the reeking ruins of Jackson Square's Cabildo, which had lost its roof a day or two before to a terrible conflagration. Later, I got a haircut and afterwards, bought an ice cream cone. Some members of my law school class had graduated that morning (as I would in August); at the ice cream parlor I chatted with one about the ceremony. After a busy and productive day, then, I returned home, to my desperately blinking answering machine, and my kid brother's increasingly anguished messages.

The week I was in Buffalo, eulogizing and burying my father, a lot of communication came onto that tape. Much was condolence from friends and family. John Guidry's message was particularly warm, and Beth, my ex-, was characteristically gentle and supportive. My cousins called from the southern California desert, letting me know I was not alone. At the time I was dating Rosanne Stutts, of MagnumOpusCon, and

her thoughts were compassionate and hopeful. She sent flowers to the funeral. Unaware of my loss, redheaded Sandy rang me up from Charleston, keeping me up to date on her escape from an abusive marriage.

Fans called on fannish business. I was, after all, head of publications for the forthcoming worldcon, Nolacon II. Andre Norton's voice is on that tape, telling us she couldn't attend the convention, but could we please save her room for her assistant? Ann Layman Chancellor -- bless her soul -- left her vibrant voice; I rejoice that I have a record of it. From the blue-shirted MagiCon bid, Becky Thomson called, and Andrea Rosenberg, precious pals. The tape became thick with the emotions that vied with grief for me, that summer of '88. For the time was suffuse with the excitement and the exuberance of being at the center of the fannish world. It was wonderful, in those last weeks before worldcon, to live at the vortex of fandom's ambitions and hopes. Certainly it helped.

Ten years ago.

I hardly think about Nolacon II these days, but when I do, I think of the *bid* fondly. I have never enjoyed a group project as much as that bid. It enabled me to contact the breadth of fandom, to make myself better known in fandom, and to sell fandom a city I had come to love as my own. The two years between the summer when my crowd decided to Do It and the unforgettable night when we Won were an amazing epoch in my life. (For an *embellished* depiction of the aforementioned "unforgettable night" of Nolacon's victory, check out Guidry's playlet on the subject in an early *Mimosa*. I did *not* whimper.)

The con itself? Well, need I tell you ... The production of Nolacon II was nary an eenth as fun nor as successful as its winning. No more of that. Ten years after, some feelings are still raw where Nolacon II rubbed them.

For all the mess, much good did come of the '88 worldcon. Fandom began to pay attention to Mike Resnick, our toastmaster, and the next year, Mike began to collect Hugos. (Four, after Bucconeer.) We had a great artistic discovery to our credit: Peggy Ranson. While drawing newspaper ads for a local department store, she'd learned that Nolacon had its offices only a few floors down from hers. Down she came to lend a pen and the rest, as they say, is her-story. Peggy and I shared duties on the convention's souvenir book, I as editor, she the designer. Our collaboration was, shall we say, decibel-rich, and nowadays I can't even look at **Let the Good Times Roll**, as we called it, without wanting to tear out one of the pages and flop one of the pictures. (Why didn't I get hold of Lee Hoffman's photos from Nolacon I!?) But I claim that my publications department performed as well as anyone could expect.

I received lots of art contributions for the souvenir book as well as other Nolacon pubs, and used as many as I could. That, to get at long last to the point, is the singularity of this issue of **Challenger**. Here and there, it is adorned with Nolacon art. Some fandom at large has never seen. Our cover, for instance, by **Joshua Quagmire**, featuring the luscious lapin, **Cutey Bunny**. I bought this drawing personally after I couldn't convince Nolacon to give Joshua a membership for it. Above this editorial rides a great drawing that arrived too late to print, by Lynne Taylor -- whose address I've lost; can anyone help? Herein you'll also find program book ads from Peggy, Brad Foster, joan hanke-woods (whatever happened to her?), Ken Hafer, Dany Frolich, Ned Dameron, Charlie Williams, and to complement the piece on Hugo bases from last issue, a photo of Dameron's original Nolacon base design. Our art was good stuff. I want to salute it. And, incidentally, dress up **Chall 8** with some gojuss pictures.

Other art works its way into this issue. Joe Mayhew, Charlie Williams, and Bryan Norris illustrate articles. Bill Rotsler lives on in his incomparable spot illos. Ruth Shields, Sheryl Birkhead, R.C. Cleary, &c &c &c, are here, and I have my now-customary photo spread on the worldcon. It all complements the written material ... a second peek into Robert Whitaker Sirignano's "Postal Zone," a piece by Chris Barkley on everybody's hero, John Glenn, an article on aging by the ageless Harry Warner, Jr., a cute squib on gun registration by Scotty Offutt, a nostalgic piece by Terry Jeeves, scholarly work on Hamlet's Ghost by Rich Dengrove. Plus *lots* of stuff by yours truly. What can I say? *I pay for the printing*.

On to news. I've decided not to run for DUFF delegate in 1999. It would have been a major honor and a delightful privilege, but ... no. Four reasons. First, my mother is ill. My brother, who lives near her in upstate New York, has asked me to spend whatever time I can with her, giving him a break from what must be an awful stress. Small enough request. Second, my financial situation is extremely shaky. I owe Uncle

Sam serious money and next year will owe him much more serious money. However much I'd spend on an Australian jaunt could not be justified. Third, I've heard enough theories on how Ulrika O'Brien won TAFF to clue me in to what I'd have to do to win DUFF. I'd have to dive into the computer, ride the chatrooms, engage in the day-to-day internet exchanges that fandom, for better or for worse, has become and will keep on becoming. I'm not even on the Net yet. Lastly, I don't relish the idea of a brouhaha with candidate Andy Hooper. I respect Hooper and enjoy his writing but regard his fannishness as exclusive and, to be truthful, a bit snobbish. I know we'd end up hassling around our perspectives of the fannish life if I ran against him, and I have better things to do than argue over whether Ted White's shit tastes like ice cream.

So **Janice Gelb** has my vote. Janice has earned national fandom's gratitude for her work on L.A.Con (she ran the Hugo ceremony) and many another convention ... and despite never having actually lived in the South, is the senior lady in SFFPA. She has a great website, does phenomenally detailed con reports (which also happen to be fannish and funny -- wear your best tee-shirts!), and has a great elastic smile.

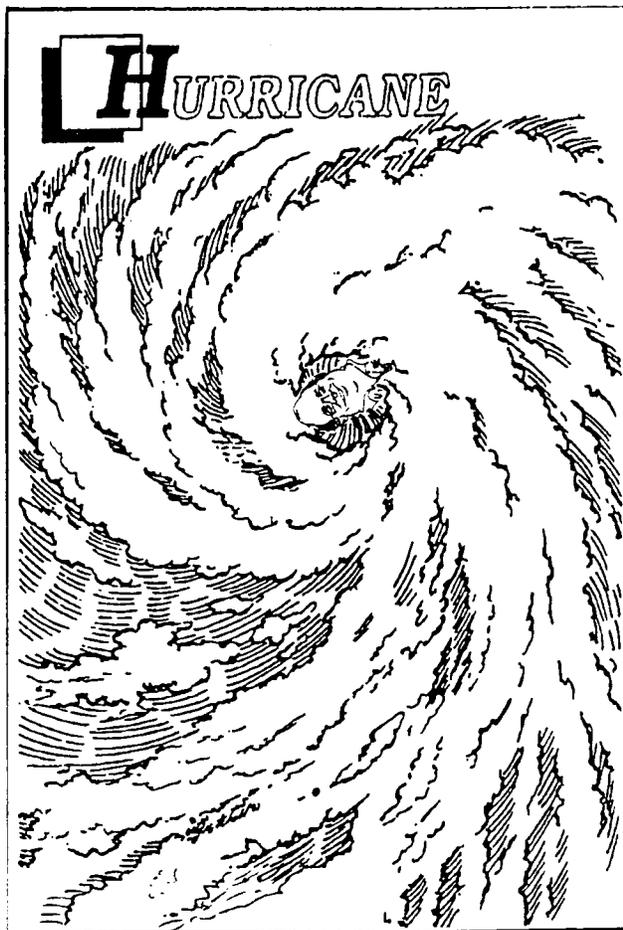
Looks like traveling the world is an experience that will have to wait for my dotage. But dammit, I'm going to do it. The day will come when I climb Hanging Rock and bring back a scrap of calico ... when I stand before the Mona Lisa and ask her, *Why not? Why not?* (And she replies, *You tell me. You tell me!*)

Those of you with an eye for happenings in the genuine world might have noted a climatic miscreant amok in this vicinity around the end of September: Georges, a foppish name for a roguish temperament. Spooked by tales of 12-foot tidal surges and comparisons of this hurricane to both Betsy, which tore into New Orleans like a cat into a rat, and Juan, which sat offshore and dumped half the Gulf of Mexico onto our streets, I threw neighbor Cindy and a few treasures into the back seat of my Geo Metro and boogied for my booty.

Hail the kind members of the fan family who gave my neighbor and I respite from the storm! **Toni Weisskopf** in Birmingham and **Fred and Mary Ann van Hartesveldt** in Fort Valley, Georgia put up (and put up *with*) unexpected houseguests with kindness and patience. This fandom thing has a point, and it's friendship, and these exemplify the best either fandom or friendship has to offer. Thanks, guys.

If anyone doubts my wisdom in running from Georges, I've learned that had the hurricane not made its last-minute northern turn, the Army Corps of Engineers had plans to *dynamite the levees* downstream of New Orleans, flooding the evacuated lower-lying parishes to take pressure off the city. In case this didn't help, body bags were being flown in. As the Mississippi River was, for a time, *flowing backwards*, pushed by the storm, running was absolutely the right thing to do.

I recently finished **Lives of the Monster Dogs** by Kirsten Bakis, winner of the Stoker Award for First Horror Novel, an exquisite fantasy, a work of literature really, about something much more than its story and all the more compelling and effective for that. I was very impressed, but saddened, too. Science fiction is so much narrower and less powerful than fantasy, so much more pedestrian. I wonder-- is it our self-centered



empiricism? Our prideful agnosticism? Our insistence that if we cannot see it, measure it, explain it, it isn't? Or maybe that when we try to be human and fleshly we end up political and pedantic or simply pornographic?

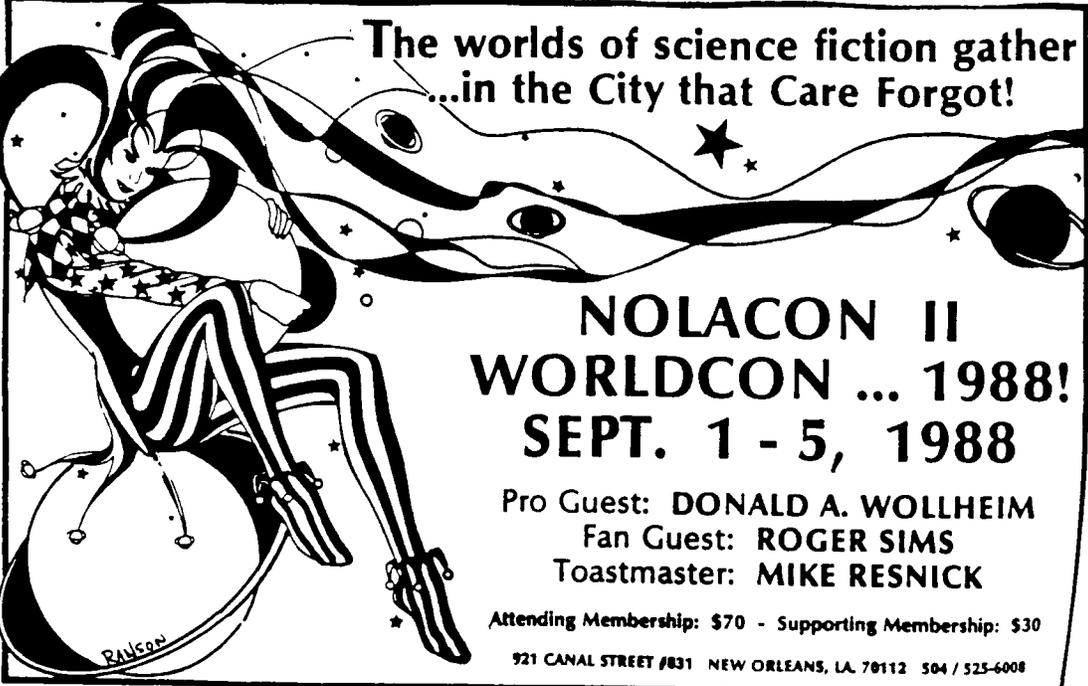
And never mind the gulf I feel between our star-tripping genre and literary fiction while reading **Cold Mountain** by Charles Frazier. The power of words to evoke the human spirit has seldom been more amply demonstrated in recent years; **Cold Mountain** restores my faith in the power of good writing. Good writing gets legendary short shrift in science fiction. S.f. seems to resent having to rely on language to tell its stories.

Maybe I shouldn't be so hard on s.f. This is the genre of Phil Dick, Ray Lafferty, Alfred Bester, Ursula LeGuin. Kim Robinson's Mars trilogy, for all its exactly extrapolated science, was a compassionate human story with a tremendous human presence, and even it aspired with some success to poetry at moments. And let us never forget **Hyperion**. We should cling to such unlikely s.f. moments, rare as they are, for so, so often we're still sexless high school math nerds trying to imagine the emotional lives of cheerleaders.

Speaking of whom ... my favorite homecoming queen (twice a princess, actually) made the news again in May. **Leslie Van Houten** faced her parole board again, and was denied, again, although only for one year. Her hearing was broadcast on local Court TV, and a kind soul sent me the tape. It was touching to hear Leslie's little plans for freedom, and to imagine they could come true: that once released she would spend her life making ballet costume. But it was sad to look at the woman who so wowed me in person, because she looked drawn, and sick, and thin. Her eternal nemesis, the prosecutor Stephen Fry, explained: Van Houten is anorexic. 49 years old, with a teenager's disorder, a pitiful counterpoint to the teenaged sass and energy she showed me in 1996.

Because of this I no longer think Leslie should be immediately released. Anorexia is a sign of self-loathing, unhappiness too fundamental to survive in the world. It's not for our protection but for Leslie's that she should be kept, at least for now.

That be that. By the time I greet you again, t'will be 1999, so Happy Thanksgiving, Merry Christmas, Happy New Year, Happy Mardi Gras, and see you (I hope) at DeepSouthCon, here in New Orleans next summer. I'll turn 50 on Moon Day -- cheer me up with great locs for **Chall 9!**



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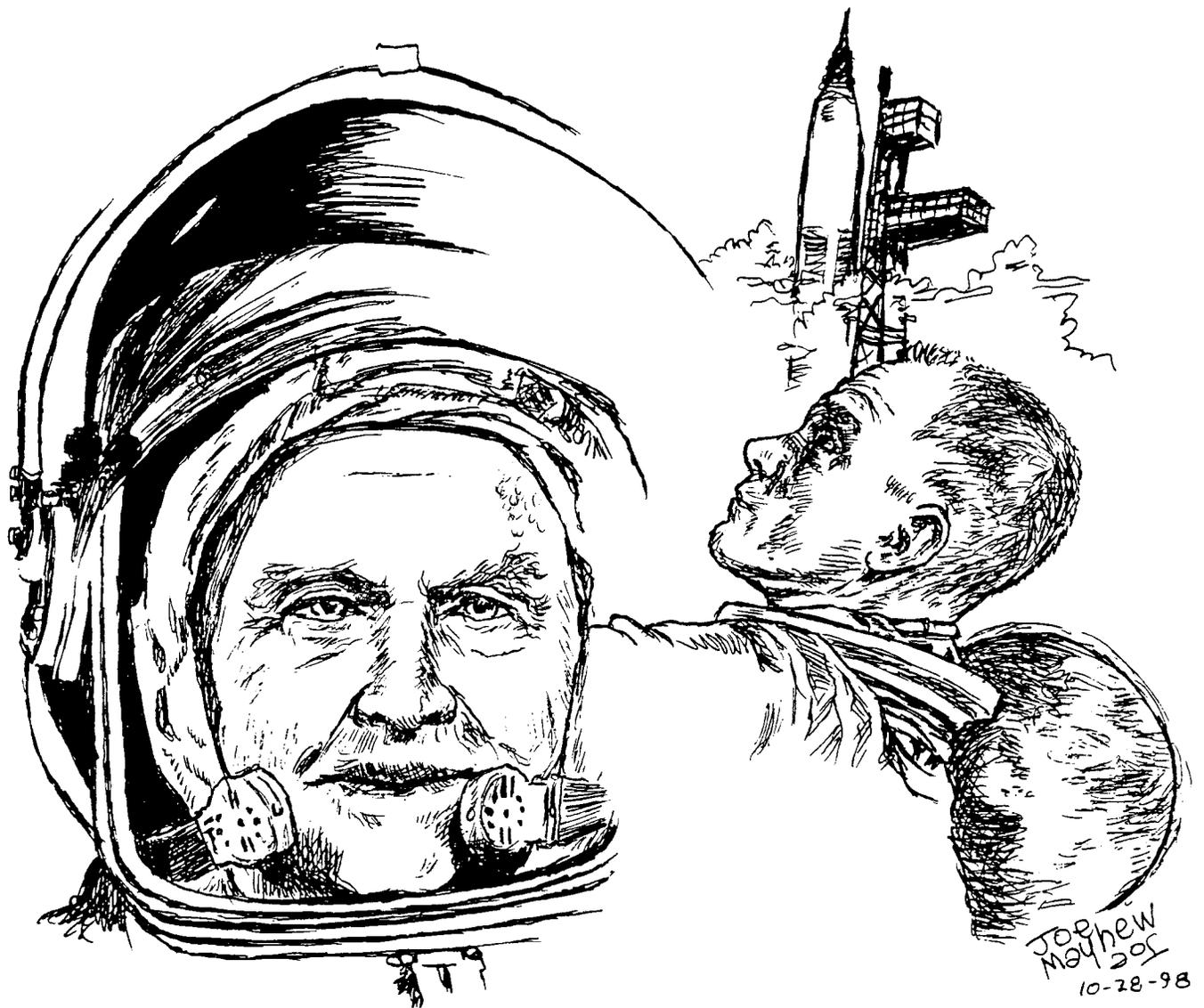
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From the early days of Nolacon II ... PEGGY RANSON's first fan art!



JOHN GLENN: AN APPRECIATION

Chris M. Barkley

(1)

On Tuesday, 20 Feb. 1962, I was a five year old attending one of the newly minted Head Start schooling programs at Hoffman Public Elementary in Cincinnati, Ohio. I do not look back upon most those days fondly; I did *not* work well with others, was often the last to get to the crayons, cars and trains and other toys. As a consequence, I was spanked or disciplined in one manner or another by exasperated teachers almost *every* day.

On this particular winter's day however, things were a little bit different.

I remember a huge black and white television set being wheeled into the room on a tall cart and several groups of children from surrounding rooms were brought in to sit in front of it. Since

we were the smallest, we say right up front underneath the big screen.

The image on the screen was etched into my mind forever; it showed what looked to me like a big thermos with smoke pouring off on the side at several competing angles. Our teacher, a woman whose name I don't remember, got up in front of the assembled children and told us that the man inside the tiny capsule on top of this rocket just might be launched today. The kids had been disappointed before; several time we had gathered before and nothing had happened.

As she turned up the volume on the tv coverage (god, could it have been the immortal voice of NBC's Frank McGee that I remember?), the kids in the room settled down to await the launch. We may have been small, but we knew, on pure instinct, that this was important. At one time or another we had all seen rockets blow up on the launching pad on the news...And besides, there may be a cartoon on afterwards.

Later in the morning, it happened. All the children counted down with the mission controller, eight, seven, six...on five a plume of real smoke and real fire erupted from the bottom of the rocket, as it was held clamped in place as the engines powered up...two, one and we screamed in delight as...

Friendship Seven cleared the gantry and roared into the sky. We all followed the missile on the screen as it quickly streaked out of sight. The teacher then turned off the tv. I groaned. Most of the kids were ready for lunch or playtime. I told the teacher I wanted to see more of the rocket. The teacher patiently explained that tv time was over. When my complaints became more vociferous, I was spanked and sent to the corner, keeping my bad behavior streak alive at 107 consecutive days.

I was sent home with a sore bottom but I was also convinced that I, too, would become an astronaut just like John Glenn and ride a rocket into space. Little did I know that our paths would diverge effectively a mere two years later.

(2)

I remember that it was a warm spring day. Since we lived a few blocks away, my older sister, Gwen Anne, and I walked to our school, St. Francis De Sales. On this particular morning, our route was to walk two blocks south from 3137 Fairfield Ave, where we lived with our grandmother, Hattie (MaMa), turn right onto a one way street, De Sales Lane for one block, turn left to go south on Cleinview Ave., up a small hill towards the next street, Fernwood, a short street that led straight to the school playground.

Being the oldest two of four (soon to be six) children, we didn't talk very much to each other. Most of the time we just tolerated each other's presence, like all siblings.

When we reached the top of the hill and turned onto Fernwood, I could see the kids, all boys, playing whiffle ball, not more that 100 yards away. Thinking that I could get in some quality playing time in before school, I took off running full tilt towards the game in progress.

I barely remember my sister screaming at me at the top of her lungs to stop... because in my eagerness to get to that whiffle ball game, I had forgotten that there was one more street to cross the schoolyard, Hackberry Ave.

I flew, unheeding across the southbound lane safely, straight into the path of Frank Allison, who was driving a white Ford station wagon for the local Burger Beer distributor, on his way to work. I was very fortunate that Mr. Allison was driving at the posted speed limit of 20 MPH; if here were not, the impact would have killed me instantly.

Instead, I bounced off of his grill and onto the street. No bones were broken but my left eye sustained serious damage. I was taken to Jewish Hospital and operated on immediately.

I was out of the hospital in a week. I sported a not very cool looking eye patch for the rest of the spring and was the poster boy for what happened to children who did not look both ways before crossing the street. The city painted a crosswalk at the point where I was hit.

Sometimes I go back to that spot and reminisce...if I hadn't been hit, would I have become an Air force or Navy pilot? Could I have cracked into the elite astronaut training corps? I'd like to think so. God, I'd like to think so...

(3)

My obsession with science, science fiction and other wonders of my early childhood go back to John Glenn and his flight on Friendship 7. I don't remember the earlier Mercury flights of Alan Shepard or Gus Grissom, it was John Glenn, first American to orbit the Earth, a Marine from Ohio no less, was the one I wanted to emulate the most.

Even after the accident, my enthusiasm grew. I followed every launching of any rocket on television, even to the point of feigning illness or outright playing hooky from school to do so. I was slightly disappointed when John Glenn left the space program after the Mercury project ended. There were new heros to follow, Gene Cernan, Jim Lovell and another guy from Wapokaneta, Ohio, Neil Armstrong.

By the time 1966 rolled around, my eyesight had deteriorated to the point to that I was wearing glasses. That summer, my cousin Michael from Dayton gave me a comic book, **Justice League of America #47**; part one of a two part story. He had only the first part so I had to go hunting for part two. For about two years.

This event and the adventures that followed (chronicled elsewhere) led me down a path to s.f. fandom 10 years later. At the same time, Project Gemini had given way to Project Apollo, the last step to man landing on the moon.

It was an exciting time to be alive. I worried about the Vietnam war that I saw each evening on the news but my main concerns were watching tons of tv, finding money for comics and reading all sorts of material about science and space travel.

I became such an expert at school, that I earned nicknames like "Moon Man" and "Space Head". I remember being angry at their taunts but soon I recognize that they were jealous of my thirst for knowledge about things that they could not begin to comprehend or even fantasize about.

I remember one incident in particular that was typical of the attitude of most of my classmates. One spring morning during recess, I wandered too close to a boy who was carelessly swinging his bat while he waited to bat next. The bat hit me in the back of the head and down I went. I never lost consciousness and was not crying, just dazed and stunned by what had just happened. A group of kids gathered around me and several rolled me onto my back. I opened my eyes and saw that beyond the faces looking down, up in the clear blue sky was the moon, crystal clear, just about or nearly into its first quarter. One boy, I think it might have been a kid named Tim Grogan, looked up at what I was staring at and got an idea.

"I know a way we can tell if he's ok," I remember him saying. He picked me up by the shoulders, leaned in close to my face and asked, "How far is it to the Moon?"

"About 240,000 miles," I answered almost automatically; geez every kid should know...

At that point, Tim Grogan, master physician, dropped me and my head hit the asphalt again! As I sat there trying to recover from this second blow, rose from his position and announced, "See? He's ok..."

The crowd broke up as a teacher came wandering over to find out what the hell was going

on. The boys yelled at me to get outta the way as the teacher helped me up, they wanted to finish the game before the end of recess...

(4)

I take pride in the fact that John Glenn and I are from Ohio. I voted for him in every Senate election even though I have very strong Libertarian beliefs and he is somewhat liberal Democrat. I



knew instinctively that any political decision he made, any vote on the floor of the United States' Senate, would be the same as my own. For the most part, I think my judgment of him has been correct.

John Glenn would have made an excellent President. Somehow, his 1984 campaign never quite got on track. It was thought that the 1983 movie adaptation of Tom Wolfe's **The Right Stuff** might give him an edge of the other Democratic candidates.

It was my impression that Ed Harris' portrayal of him, as being somewhat gung ho, arrogant and ambitious and somewhat calculating, did not serve him well.

I have never met Mr. Glenn, nor do I know that he is that way in real life. I'd like to think not.

And now at age 77, he's going back in to space. I love it. I am proud and utterly and deliriously happy for

him.

When he rises into the sky for the second time, I'll feel as though a piece of myself, the state of Ohio, of America itself, will be going with him.

And who knows; maybe somewhere down the line, there will be a place on a shuttle for a myopic, middle aged, slightly overweight s.f. writer.

Godspeed, John Glenn, and happy landings.

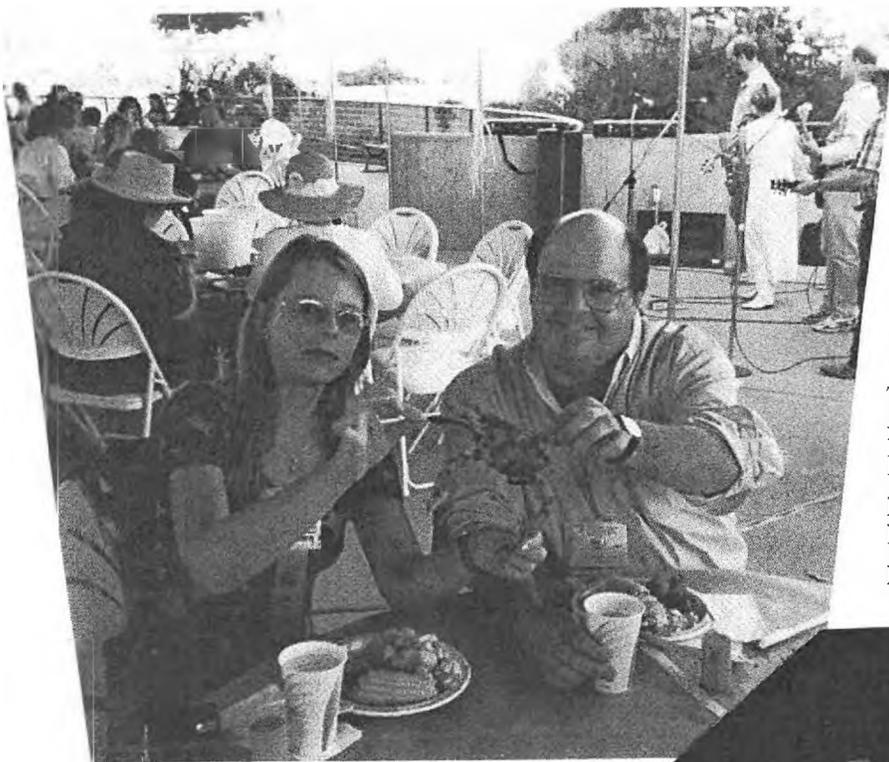
13-15 September 1998
Cincinnati, Ohio



BUCCY -- WORLDCON '98

From the delectable dessert of the Crab Feast (above) to the climactic antics of **Pirates Royale** (right), **Bucconeer** was a piratical delight! **GHI.III** grinned all the way through this year's stint in Virtual Reality (below).

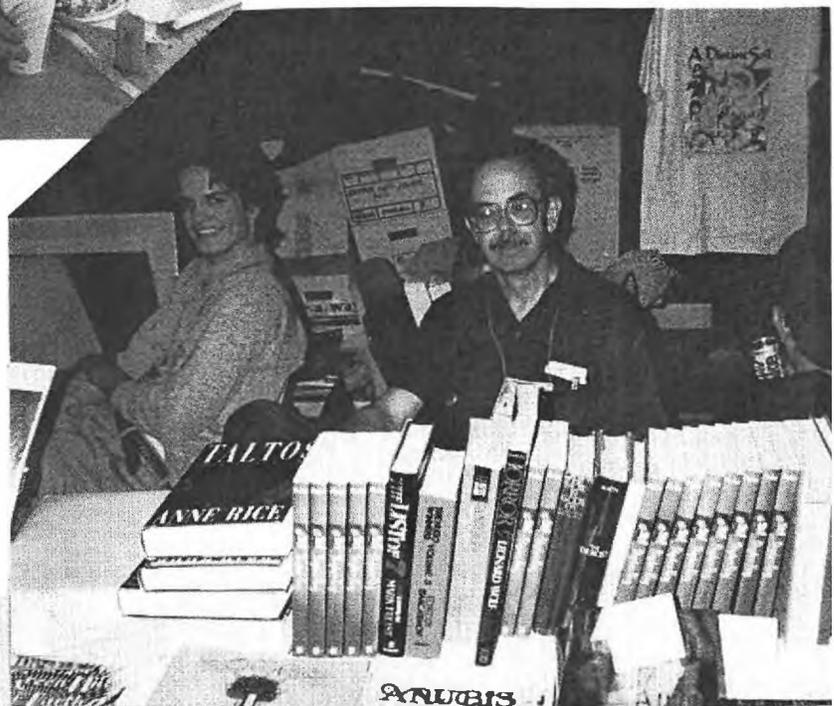




The Crab Feast by Baltimore Harbor was a face-stuffin', crab-shreddin' delight! Here **Inge Glass** and I contemplate a crustacean prior to tearing him to pieces and cramming him into our chops. Note the country band pluckin and stompin' behind us.



Ned Brooks (right) and "Nedpew" **Joe McCarthy** man a dealer's room booth. Teenaged Joe has practically grown up in Southern fandom. How he idolizes me!

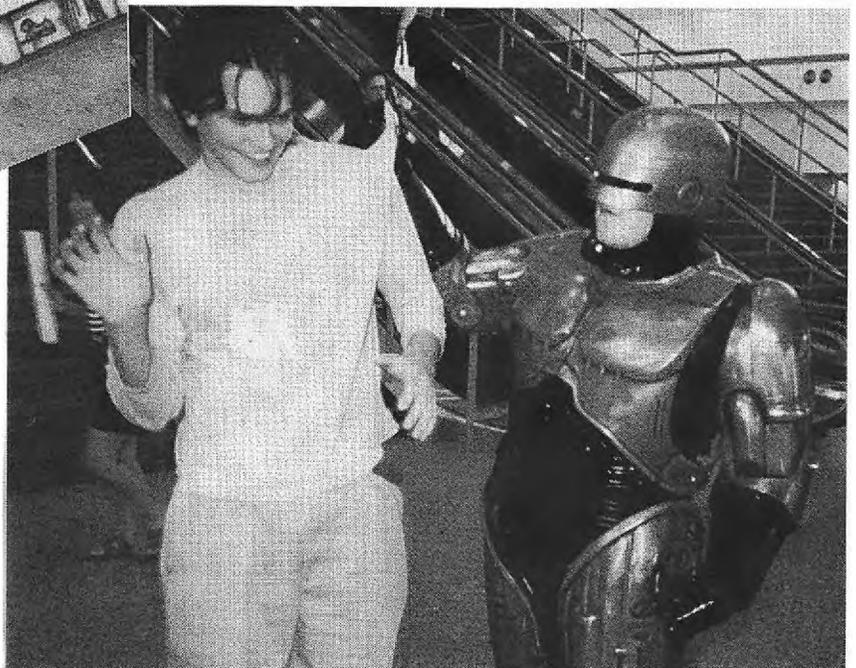
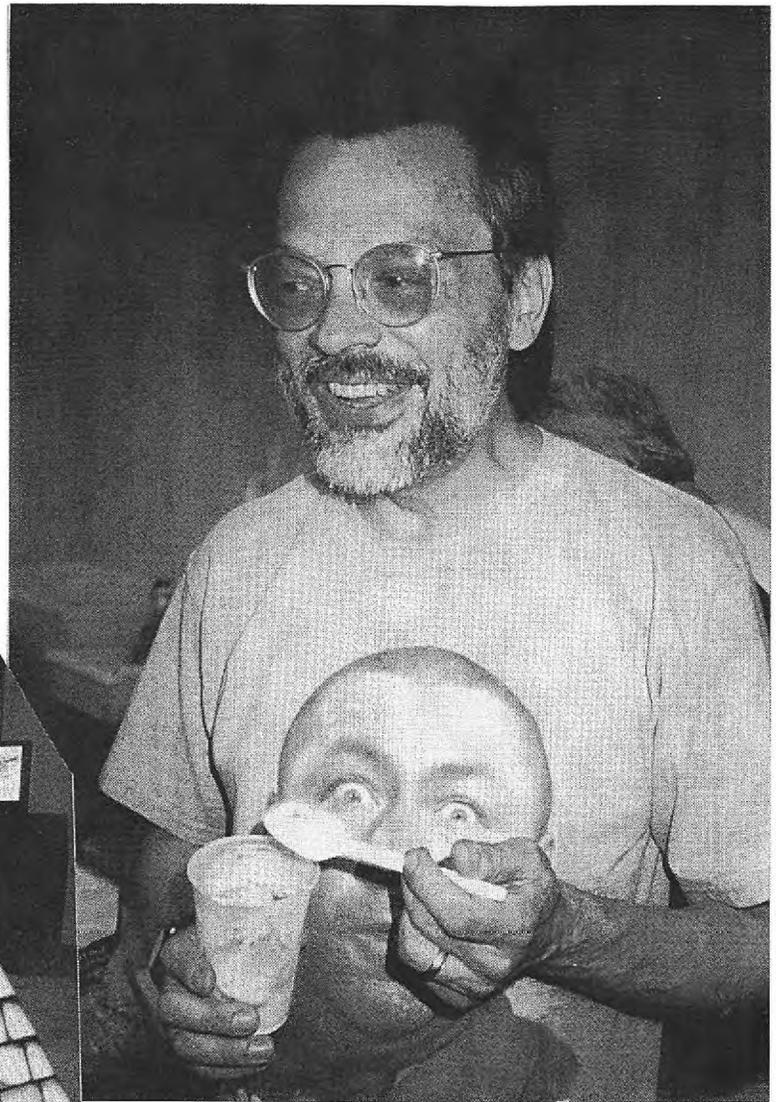


Coast meets coast as onetime worldcon chairs **Bruce Pelz** and **Mark Olson** plot the next move in fandom's ultimate chess game.



Genial **Steve Stiles** (and **Curly**) pack in ice cream in the Fanzine Lounge.

Below, a living pyramid awaits its turn on stage in the Masquerade.

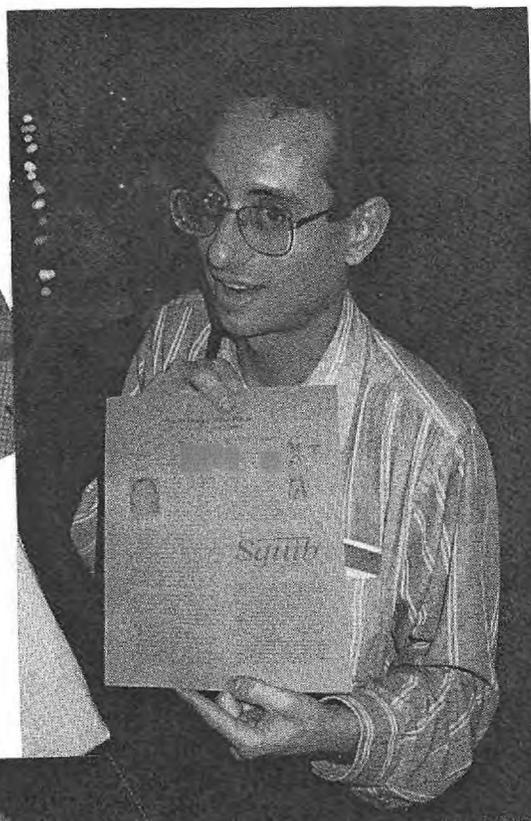
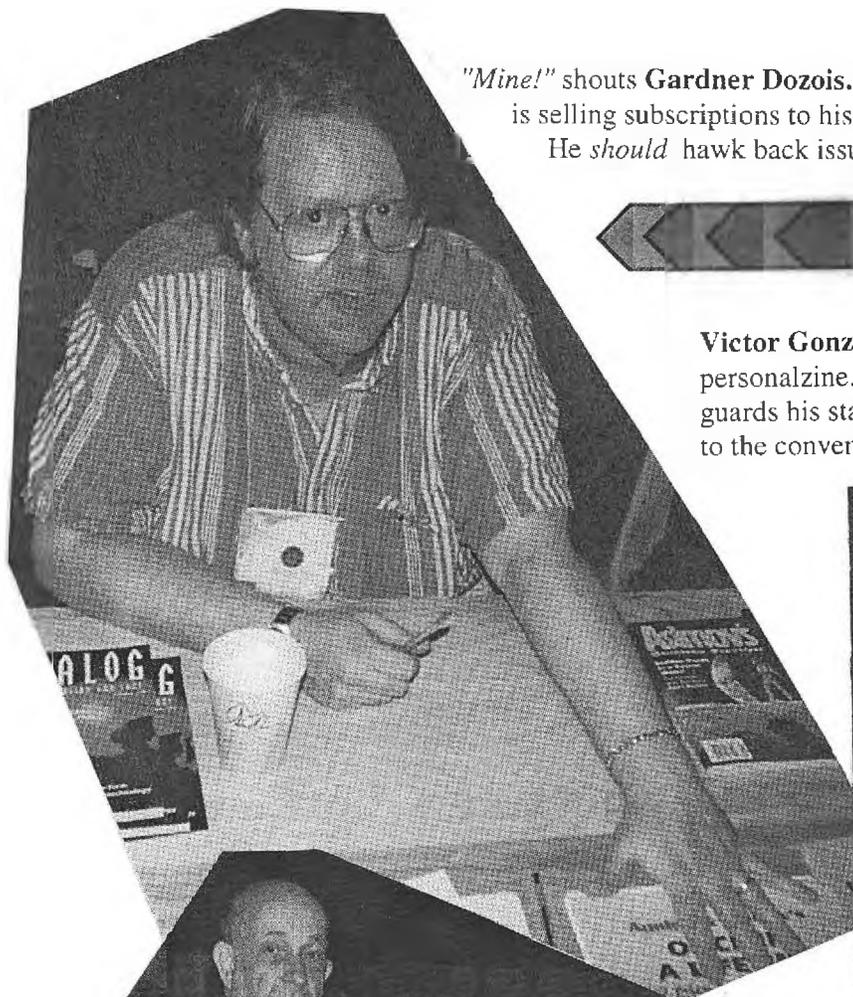


Robocop nails Joe McCarthy. Let's hear it for police brutality!

"Mine!" shouts **Gardner Dozois**. "All mine!" Actually the editor of **Asimov's** is selling subscriptions to his magazine and **Analog** in the dealer's room. He *should* hawk back issues, so I can pick up the Hugo winners!



Victor Gonzalez promotes **Squib!**, his spiffy personalzine. Below left, **Alexis Gilliland** guards his stash of Hugos, generously leant to the convention's awards display.

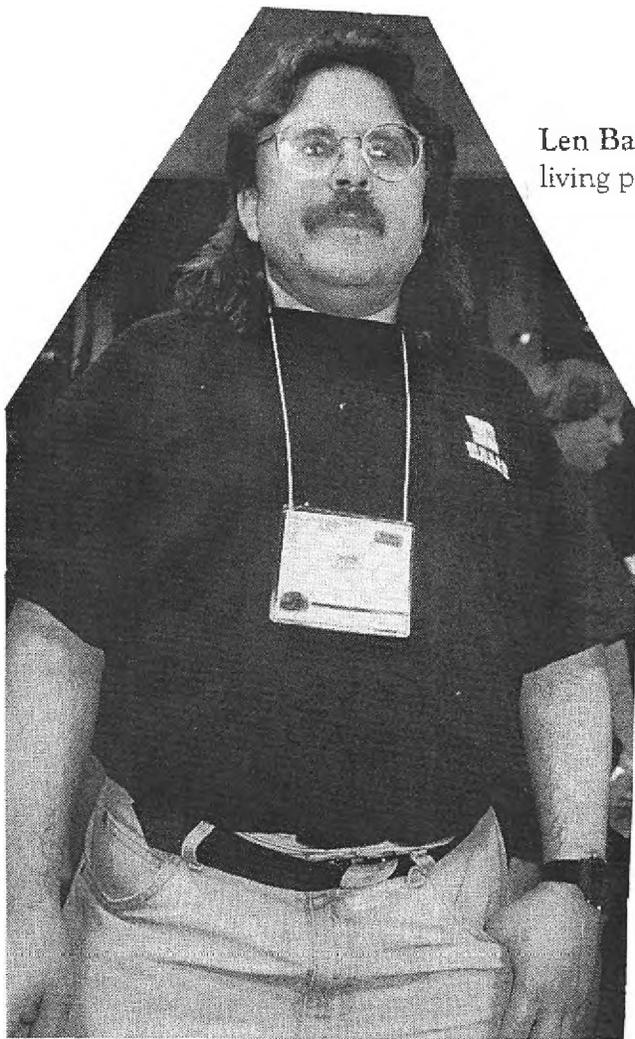


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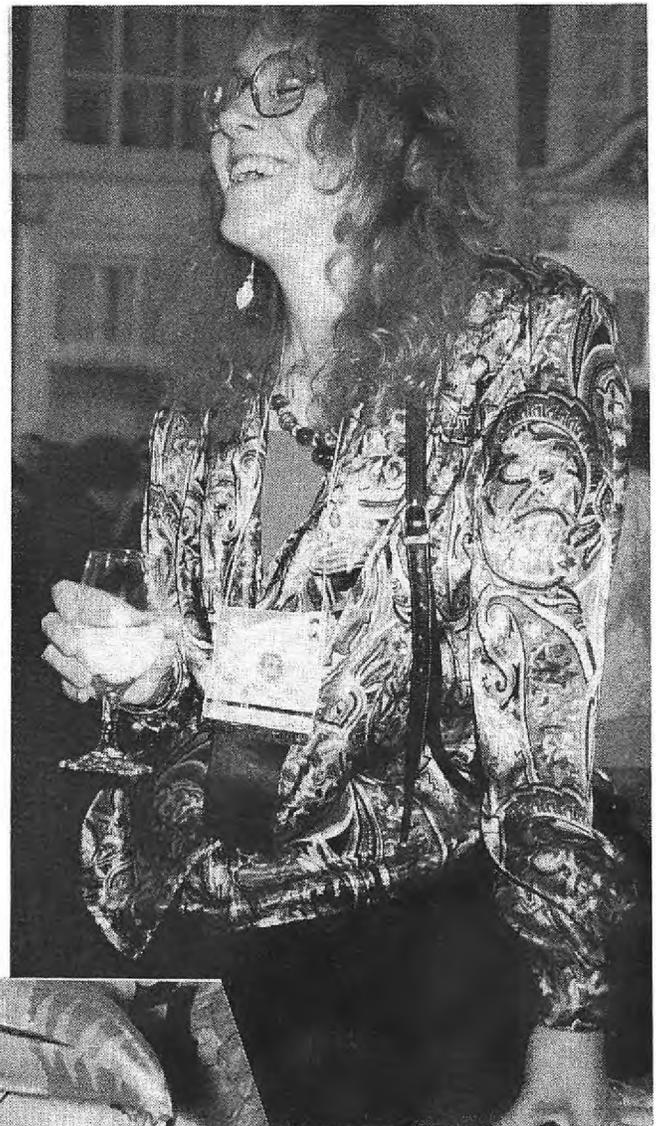


Out of the lettercols for once, **Joseph Major**.

MORE FACES



Len Bailes, a legend in Southern fandom, a living presence at Buccaneer.



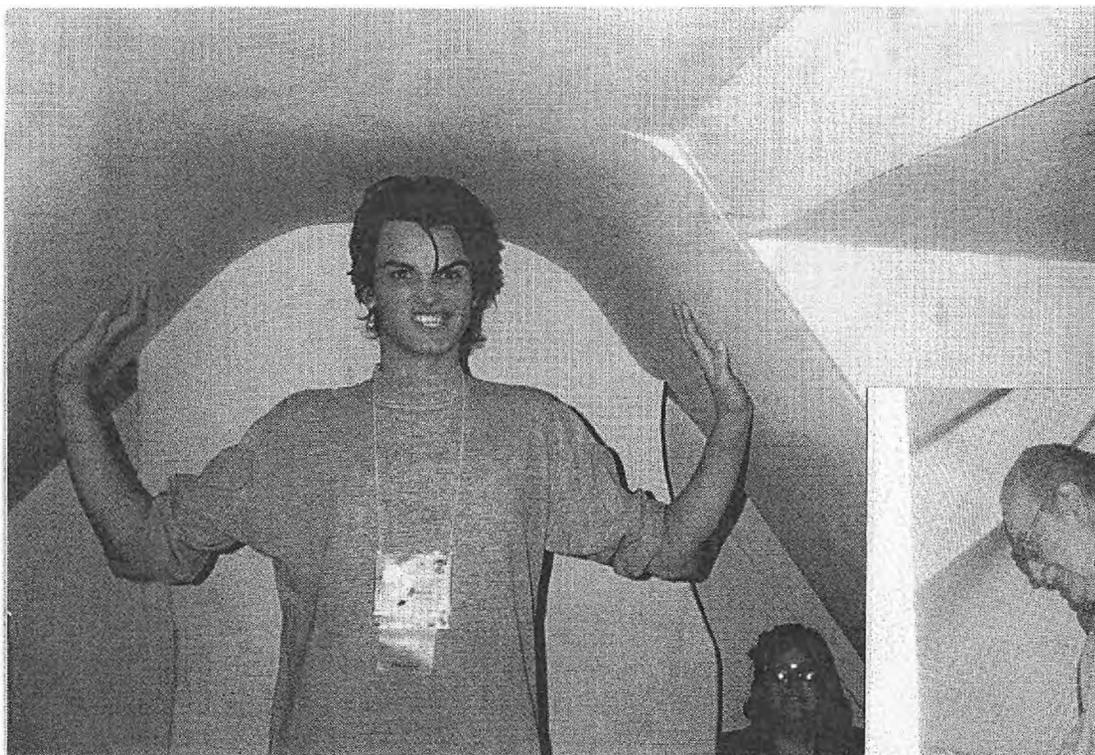
The beloved Becky Thomson



Teddy Harvia totes toucan promoting Cancun for '03.



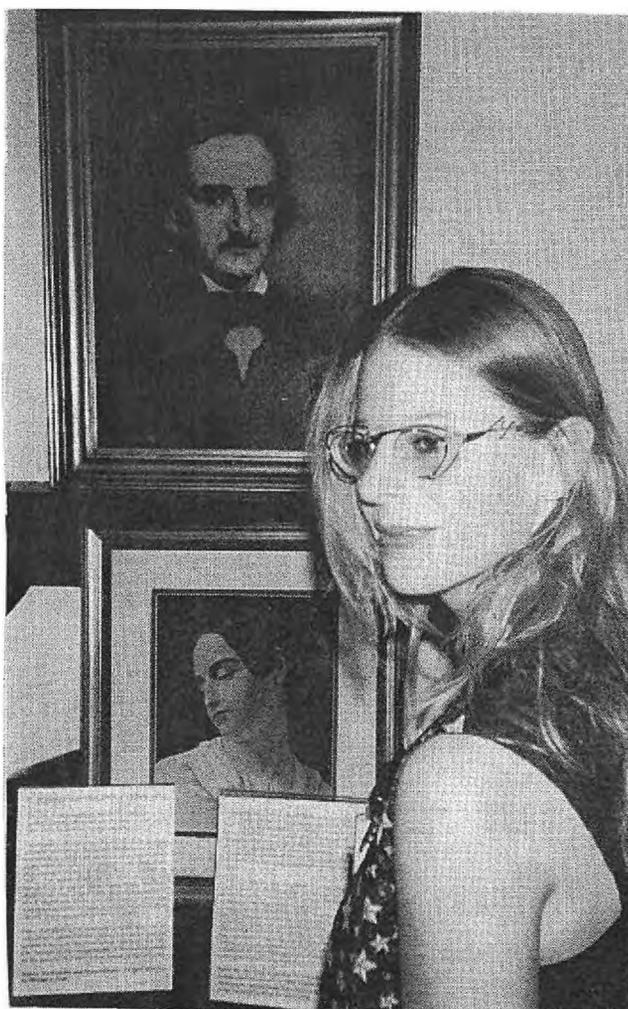
The
POE
HOUSE



McCarthy tests his strength against the walls of Poe's top-floor bedroom. Joe's over 6'2" but you can still see the smallness of the room. The lady in lower right is ascending the near-vertical stairway.



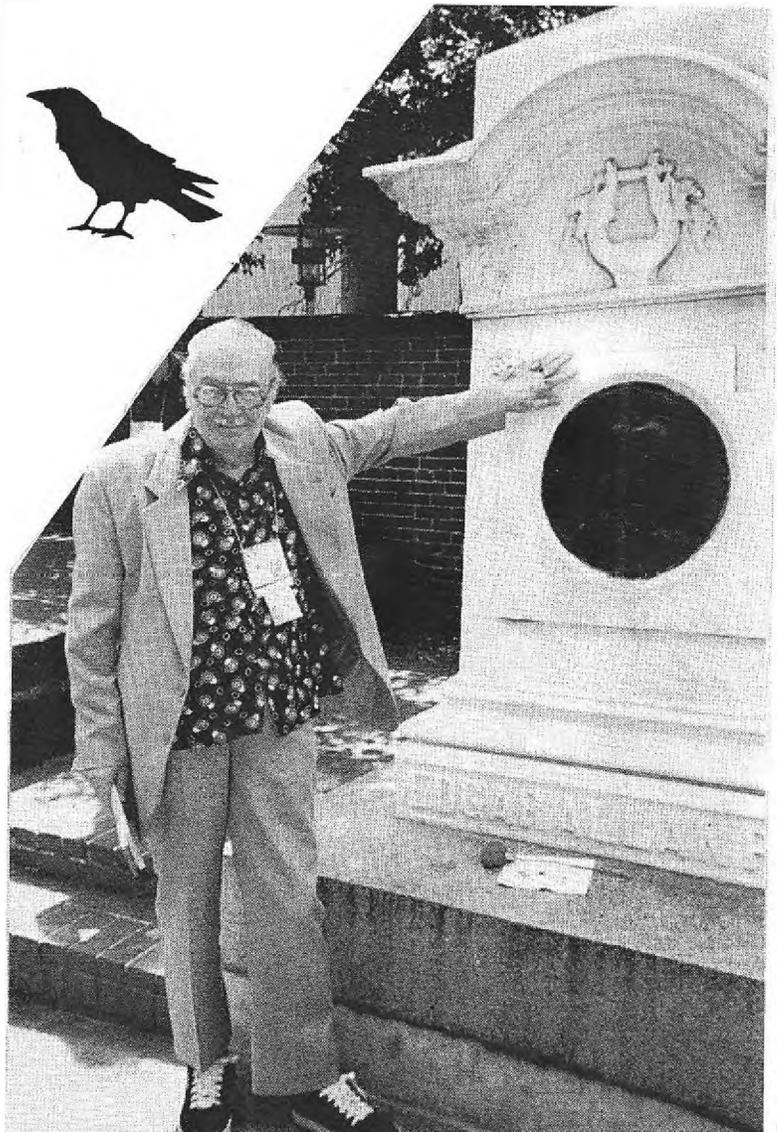
Above, Forry checks out the spot where Poe produced his masterworks, and created genre fiction. It was 4SJ's first visit to this central spot in American letters. Left, Inge with portraits of Edgar Allen and his lady. Later, she would sit by his tomb and read "The Raven".





Above, Poe's simulacrum at his home. Right, Forry Ackerman at Poe's gravesite. Someone had left poems and coins at its base -- and a single rose.

The Poe Tour was one of Bucconeer's niftiest ideas, taking congoers, in small groups, to the home and gravesite of the founder of genre fiction. Poe's tiny, well-preserved three-story house once overlooked verdant pastures; now it sits amidst urban squalor. The modesty of the surroundings, the stifling heat in the upstairs bedroom where Poe apparently did his writing, led Joe McCarthy to wonder if poor Poe's claustrophobic surroundings influenced "Premature Burial". For myself, I felt admiration and pity for a man dead almost 150 years, a genius haunted to this very grave by poverty, drink, and impossible loves.



The Poe Grave



It wouldn't be worldcon without wondrous hall costumes, like this delicate Snow Princess. (If you know the costumer, please let me know so I can send her this issue.) Below, **Megan Bouchard** receives finishing touches on the costume which would win her a masquerade award.

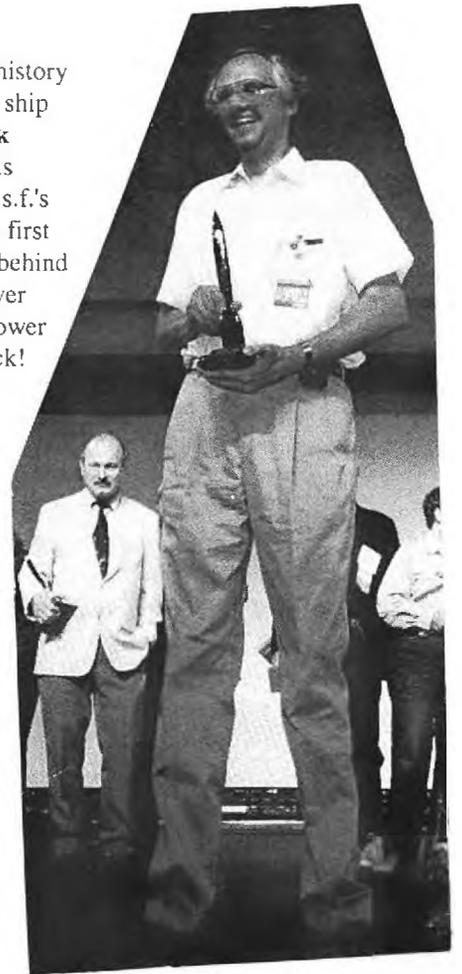


It's a
**Super-
Family
Affair!**



HUGO TIME

BucConeer's tasteful Hugo base had a piece of history in every trophy -- wood from the last Civil War ship afloat, the **U.S.S. Constellation**. **Mike Resnick** wears his wonderful ice cream suit to pick up his award for "23 Antarean Dynasties" while right, s.f.'s own elongated man **Bill Johnson** celebrates his first Hugo win. (His mentor **Joe Haldeman** stands behind him.) Below, **Dick & Nicki Lynch** are agog over their fifth win for **Mimosa** and **Joe Mayhew**, lower left, guards his *first* Hugo as if they'd take it back!



WIGWAM VILLAGE: The Bid-at-a-Glance

Reviving a public service begun by Jane Dennis in *Jane's Fighting Smofs*, Mike Glycer's *File:770* recently had bids for the forthcoming worldcons each answer seven basic questions about themselves. Through an oversight, my 2003 bid for **Wigwam Village**, the all-but-unique teepee motel in Cave City, Kentucky, was not included. But hey, that's why *I'm* here now, right?

1. *Who are the officers of the bid?* Chairman: me. Co-chair: Guy H. Lillian III. Secretary: GHLIII. Treasurer: Uncle Sam; he gets all of my money ~~that he knows about~~.

2. *Meeting Facilities. What is your main facility? What is the size of the exhibit space available?* Wigwam Village refuses to restrict itself to *indoor* meeting space. The size of our exhibit space is therefore limited only by the scope of fandom's imagination -- and the necessity of keeping our dealers' tables off the interstate. If fandom wimps out and insists on going inside, Mammoth Caves is within a few miles.

3. *What is your official mail contact and e-mail address?* **Challenger's** -- already paid for.

4. *How many hotel rooms are available for con members within the following distances ...?* Just down the road from Wigwam Village are Caveland, which actually has a pool, and a Scottish Inn which needs to replace its sign. Closer to the interstate you'll find a Motel 6 and a Holiday Inn and the other usual chain rattraps. Together they offer more than *ten times* the sleeping space of Wigwam Village, about 140 rooms. Think I should save the teepees for the Guests of Honor?



5. *Do you offer presupporting memberships? At what rates? What is your policy for redeeming presupporting memberships as a discount for attending memberships?*

Yes. I'll take whatever anyone gives me. As for attending memberships, you've *gotta* be kidding.

6. *Is your bid part of a tax-exempt entity?* Mike, I know you work for the IRS. We know whose side you're on.

7. *What is your bid's policy for any post-convention surplus?* I'm going to spend it on sex.

Support for Wigwam Village in 2003 has been amazing. I mean, it's amazing that anyone would support it. Nevertheless, in keeping with the name of this fanzine, I hereby *challenge* Teddy Harvia and Diana Thayer, of the Cancun bid for 2003, and their counterparts from Toronto, to appear in New Orleans at the 1999 DeepSouthCon and debate the merits of our bids. Winner to buy lunch.

**WIGWAM WORLDCON in
2003!**

THIS
GON
THEY
GALL
THIS
CITY
OF



P.O. BOX 8010
NEW ORLEANS LA 70182

Ned Dameron was one of New Orleans' secret weapons. Not only did he contribute this illo - originally poster-sized - to our bid's third progress report, he designed our Hugo base and drew our souvenir book cover.



JUST CLIP THE COUPON

Torry Teeves

Looking back through the piles of old magazines which serve as loft insulation and insurance hazard in my home, I can never understand why America is not a country crammed to the gills, ear-flaps or duodenum with highly qualified experts in every possible field of human endeavour.

Why? Well, take the May 1937 issue of Mechanics and Handicraft. Enjoy the fascinating details of floating, Mid-Ocean airports: read how you can take two clapped-out refrigerators, a packet of grass seed and create an 18 hole golf course in your basement. Maybe you would like to add solar power to your lawnmower or convert your cess-pit into an aquarium. Having exhausted such engrossing subjects, take a look at all those opening pages of advertisements which are normally only perused by the criminally insane or people who have eaten too many 'Big Macs'.

What do you find? Wonderful offers of self-improvement - not only by plastic surgery, waist-slimming corsets or height-increasing 'lift' shoes, but by using a variety of knowledge and skills easily acquired by simply sending for the advertiser's free booklet.



**High School Course
at Home**

In the heady days of the thirties, many generous philanthropists were willing to place the entire resources of their mighty establishments at the reader's disposal on receipt of a simple, no-obligation coupon. I'll have you know that these big-hearted souls were not just any Tom, Dick, or what's-his-name. No sirree, they were actually Presidents of their companies. President Petersen of the 'Electric Institute' offered you electricity and the chance to earn an extra five dollars a week in your spare time. Even better, President Smith of the National Radio

EARN UP TO \$75 WEEKLY

RADIO SERVICE EXPERT

Let R.T.A. Train You At Home

Write today for this Free Book that tells you why R. T. A.'s Practical Home Training Course offers the answer to RADIO TRAINING! Includes: Television, Talking Pictures and Public Address Systems. Packed with startling facts and interesting illustrations. Includes our seasonal Service Equipment offer that helps you earn money almost at once. Radio program is astounding the world. Heed the call of RADIO! **RADIO TRAINING ASS'N. OF AMERICA**, Dept. MH-712, 4525 Ravenswood Ave., Chicago, Ill.

This FREE BOOK tells you HOW

Institute' (Box 6A, Illinois) would hand you radio on a plate and fifteen extra bucks a week. Mark you, it can't have been a very big Institute to fit inside Box 6A. 'Engineer Dobe', wasn't a President, but could give you Draughtsmanship - extra income unspecified, but clearly, he wasn't an airy-fairy academic, but a real practical man - to prove it, his picture showed him in overalls and an engineer's cap.

"I'LL SEND YOU MY FREE PAY-RAISING BOOK"



START AT \$1260 TO \$2100 A YEAR

All these generous men were not alone. Others also offered Draughting, Radio, Taxidermy, Welding, Cartooning, Electricity, Saw-sharpening, Money-making (counterfeiting must have been legal in those days), and many other highly desirable skills. Moreover, not one of these people asked for money, you just had to send a measly coupon for their book, catalogue, information sheet or list of available courses.

Usually on the back pages of magazines, Charles Atlas would offer to give you a new body, though it wasn't clear if he included any trade-in allowance on the old one. Elsewhere, a chap called Kolne would help you to release the unused bits of your brain, thus increasing your mental powers.



Elsewhere, a chap called Kolne would help you to release the unused bits of your brain, thus increasing your mental powers. The Rosicrucians would do a similar deal, but in addition, would reveal all sorts of hidden mysteries by letting you work your way higher and higher in a series of concentric 'inner circles'. Here again, they only asked you to send in a coupon - plus a token \$100 for each circle you entered.

Free AIR CONDITIONING AND REFRIGERATION TRIAL LESSON

Ttrained men needed. Good pay. Opportunities. Learn easily AT HOME in spare time. Write today for FREE TRIAL LESSON.

CHICAGO TECHNICAL COLLEGE
8321 York Bldg., 118 E. 26th St., Chicago, Ill.
If you can go away to college to learn Air Conditioning, Engineering, Architecture, Drafting, Electricity or Radio, send for Free Trial Book.

Various correspondence courses offered more tempting ways to self-improvement than you could shake a stick at. Law, Art, Engineering, Astronomy, Appliance repair, Buggy-whip-upholstery and how to become a G-man, mailman or railroad engineer, were all on offer.

With all these wonderful opportunities around in the thirties, what puzzles me is why America is not now crammed to the seams with experts in every possible field, each earning at least fifteen dollars a week extra.

Maybe that's one of the inner circle mysteries the Rosicrucians could have told me about.

T. J.

NEED MONEY?

EARN A DEGREE AT HOME

Operator No. 38

FOLLOW THIS MAN

Secret Service Operator No. 38 is on the job! Running down dangerous counterfeiters. Tells how you can be a regular monthly salary.

Free The Confidential Report Operator No. 38 made to his boss. Write for it.

Earn a Regular Monthly Salary

T.O.U. can become a Finger Print Expert at home, in your spare time, at small cost. Write for confidential full report and details. Literature will be sent only to persons stating their age.

INSTITUTE OF APPLIED SCIENCE
1920 Sunnyside Ave. Chicago, Ill.
Dept. 7808

In previous articles, I have mentioned some of the inescapable problems of aging. But I didn't go into one potential situation: the danger that some of the oldest of us will suffer Alzheimer's or some other disease that affects the workings of the mind.

I worry about this a great deal because of my hermit tendencies and because I have no immediate relatives remaining, no really close friends whom I'm constantly with, no employer who might notice something wrong with my mental processes. I'm the only one in a position to try to discern any signs of this happening. It's a 50-50 situation as far as inheritance is concerned. On my mother's side of the family, I know of nobody whose mind was seriously affected by old age. My mother's mother retained keenness of intellect until the day she died in her late 90's, and my only remaining aunt is also in good shape mentally.

But on my father's side, two aunts lost most awareness of the world before their deaths in old age and my paternal cousin had Alzheimer's in her final years. I think my father's mother may also have been having trouble because one often-retold family story was about the day she saw firetrucks in the neighborhood and stood at the window a long time trying to see which neighbor's house was on fire,



Charlie Williams

when the firemen were up on her own roof, putting out the chimney fire.

So ever since I've reached my 70's, I've been doing my best to watch for any evidence that I may be going that way. Apparently people who suffer these problems don't remember when they are having trouble during the early stages. But I've felt that I should be able to find clues while rational to any odd things I did in irrational spells. This has led to some odd crises in recent times.

For instance, in October of last year I discovered my Social Security check was missing. I keep a record of all income in a ledger as a backup for tax purposes. The entry for that month's check was there. But I could not find my check when it came time to take it to the bank. I tried to remain calm. I looked through all the recent fanzines and zines, thinking I might have accidentally put it among them. Then I ransacked the wastebasket which I hadn't emptied in several weeks. All the junk mail I'd thrown away was where it should be but the check wasn't among the catalogs and envelopes. I went into the cellar and rummaged among fanzines I'd looted recently, imagining the check might have somehow slipped into an envelope. No sign of a check.

I always keep the social security check in the same place in the same desk drawer along with

several other checks that arrive early in the month until they're all at hand, then deposit them in a clump to save repeated trips to the bank. So I emptied everything out of that drawer, thinking it might have somehow become separated from my pension check and several investments that pay interest monthly. Still no sign of it and now I was really worried. Could I have shredded it up and tossed it onto the lawn, or inserted it into the jacket of an LP or thrown it into the garbage can which I'd emptied just the day before, and if so, was this my first surefire evidence that Alzheimer's had begun?

Before I confided to anyone else my problem and reported the check lost, I thought about one possibility that I probably would have considered promptly if I were younger. I looked through the empty space behind my desk after pulling the drawer completely out. There was the check, caught between the wall and the rear of my desk. It had slipped through a small opening at the rear of the drawer far enough not to emerge when the drawer was opened only partially. I couldn't have felt more relieved if I'd finally caught up on all my locking obligations.

My euphoria was considerably shaken a few days later. To explain this new fear of Alzheimer's, I must confide a rather disgusting habit into which I've fallen during my long years of living alone, with no one to scold me for failure to adhere to the common decencies of civilization. Anyone who has a queasy stomach should jump at least a page ahead because there is no way to explain the new problem without admitting the revolting fact that, in cold weather, I often sleep with my socks on.

I had done so on this particularly chilly autumn night. I had just begun to make the transition from pajamas to daytime clothing when I sensed rather than felt that something was wrong. For one awful moment I thought my left leg was about to fall off because it had lost all circulation. Then I looked at it apprehensively and it didn't seem to be any abnormal color. Only then did I realize that my left sock was not on that leg's ending.

This wasn't scary at first. This particular pair of socks fits rather loosely so the left one must have slipped off during the night. I pulled back the blankets and sheet but it wasn't in the bed,. How foolish of me, I next thought. It came off in my slipper when I first climbed out of bed. But my slippers were both sockless. I inspected the floor from the edge of the bed to the extreme limit of the pathway I had taken since climbing out. The sock wasn't on the floor. I used a long-handled shoehorn to scrape around behind the radiator which is near one edge of my bed. Nothing but dustbunnies, none even remotely resembling a sock, came out.

Then that old Alzheimer's fear awakened again, although the rest of me wasn't completely clothed yet. After I finished dressing, I looked again under the bed, between top sheet and blanket, even under the pillow. The sock remained missing. Experimenting with the remaining sock of the pair, I crumpled it into the smallest possible ball and decided it had too much bulk for me to have swallowed the other during the night. There was still some stuffiness in my nose remaining from a persistent cold but not enough for me to entertain serious suspicion that I'd *inhaled* the sock. I was stumped. I had walked in my sleep once or twice as a boy, but it had 60 years or longer since the last time and it seemed unlikely I could have lost the sock while somnambulating. So was this the long-dreaded clue that I am losing touch with myself through brain disease? Could I have wakened during the night, gone into another part of the house, taken off the sock, deposited it somewhere, returned to bed and wakened at the regular time with no memory of the attack?

Deeply troubled, I went downstairs and indulged in my poor excuse for a breakfast (fruit juice, slice of bread, coffee). Then I went back to my bedroom to make my bed while I was still lucid. I picked up my pajamas and something fell out of the left leg. It was the vanished sock! Obviously, it had pulled loose from my foot while I was getting my left leg out of the pajamas. It was the first time in my life that I felt deep gratitude toward a sock.

It was only a few days ago when once again I got upset over a possible mental aberration. I came to my desk to use the typewriter and spotted this thing on the heavy mat which protects the hardwood flooring from the wheels on my desk chair and typing table. At first I thought it might be a sick bat. But a tentative kick caused it to make too much noise sliding across the mat for it to be a living creature.

So I picked it up. It was very thin, measured 4 by 3 inches, rectangular except for a slight curve at one narrow end, and rough on both sides, with no distinguishing markings. It felt like neither wood nor metal nor heavy cardboard. It wasn't flexible and I couldn't imagine what it was and why it had been lying there.

Inspection of the under surfaces of my typing table and desk didn't disclose any reason to think it might have fallen off one or the other. I was sure I would have noticed anything this large if it had been there even a mere 24 hours, or I would have tripped on it before it had abided long on the floor. I couldn't remember any activity at the spot in recent days that could have produced this apparition. It looked like something that might have been in an unassembled floor lamp parcel or large audio component carton to prevent shifting of contents in transit. But I hadn't opened any parcels lately. It certainly had the wrong texture to have been kicked loose from the woodwork or the floor near my desk. I toyed with the thought that maybe I had had gotten chewing gum on the sole of a shoe and then stepped on this outdoors somewhere, and brought it into the house in that manner. But I realized I would certainly have felt something underfoot if I'd walked into the house with a non-flexible object of this size adhering to a sole. Nobody but me had been in my house for the past couple of days, so there went the only other theory except for the persistent premonition that I might have spells where I do things I can't remember when I regain command of my intellect. Maybe I had picked this up somewhere, brought it here and dropped it, much like a puppy bringing some pointless object into the house. Worse, could I have destroyed something of value to obtain this small segment?

I tortured myself with the puzzle for several hours. Then I realized I was limping slightly. There had been no heavy lifting or twisted ankle or other mishap in recent hours. An inspiration broke over me. I wear slippers most of the time in the house. I saw that one of my slippers had a slight heel; the other didn't. The mystery object was an exact match for the remaining heel in size and outline. Obviously, it had come off my slipper. For the third time, my probation before judgment had saved me from a possible consultation with whatever sort of physician one sees when he is certain that Alzheimer's is settling in.

I'm sure there have been many instances in the past, now forgotten, when a baffling situation has happened to me and I forgot them as soon as the puzzles were solved. I wasn't old enough then to worry seriously about the mental problems of the elderly. I'm also sure that even if I continue to function properly in my extreme north, I face the risk of encountering yet another irrational circumstance which will not result from my incapacity but rather from circumstances I never manage to comprehend. If so, I'll probably decide not to surrender myself to a sheltered living cell on the basis of one possible symptom of losing my competency, but it will worry me endlessly. I don't know what I can do about the future except for the precautions I've already taken. I've signed a power of attorney to someone who will take over if I get so bad off that I can't make logical decisions. I've also signed one of those forms that authorize physicians to turn off the machines if I'm just a vegetable with no possibility of improvement. I think my income is sufficient to cover via interest and pensions the cost of care at an establishment that specializes in Alzheimer's cases.

Meanwhile, I'm consoled by the fact that people who have lost touch with reality due to extreme old age don't seem particularly unhappy about their situations, and the people who suffer most are their family members and very close friends. Since I have practically nobody in either category [*editor's note: untrue! Harry has a fandom full of friends!*] I won't be the innocent cause of unhappiness. It would be ironic if I should live into the 21st Century without the ability to realize that it has arrived. I wouldn't comprehend that I'd missed the symbolic arrival of another science fiction future. And just think: there's a good chance that I would no longer understand that I have never managed to loc every fanzine that arrived at 423 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown, Maryland 21740, my reputation notwithstanding, and for the first time since I was a teenager, I would have a clear conscience in this respect.

HW

*Warning: you have entered into a place where logic is unknown. Where there are no rules and facts are useless. There is no rhyme, no rhythm, no justice. Expect the unexpected. Everything you are told is a lie. You are in **THE POSTAL ZONE.***

written and illustrated by Robert Whitaker Sirignano

On 1 June 1995, the United States Postal Service released the Marilyn Monroe stamp. I'll get back to that in a moment.

Beginning six months earlier a lot of registered mail began vanishing from the post office where I work. At first it looked like bad accounting and carelessness. By the beginning of May, the total losses were around \$60,000. Word of mouth revealed a lot of frustration among the workers over the robberies ... and the investigations.

People were called into the upstairs offices to discuss the problems with the local Postal Inspectors. The local Postal Inspectors. In my opinion, they're pretty dim. You aren't supposed to know when they're in the building. Yet they have an assigned parking space with "Postal Inspector" labelled on it, readable from 200 feet away, and big cars ...

The Postal Inspectors were very big on saying, "Would you care to submit to a polygraph test?" After I informed my fellow workers that polygraphs are

not real evidence, a number of them calmed down. A lot of people who work for the post office really despise the treatment they are given and frequently talk about doing big harm ... most of them innocent, beyond desires and their imaginations.

One person was told, "What would you do if we told you we found your thumbprint inside a registry envelope?" Answer: "How do you know it's mine?"

Another worker, named Tim, told the inspectors, after a series of tiresome questions, "All these thefts came after a payday Thursday, right?" The inspectors looked startled, and admitted, "Yes."

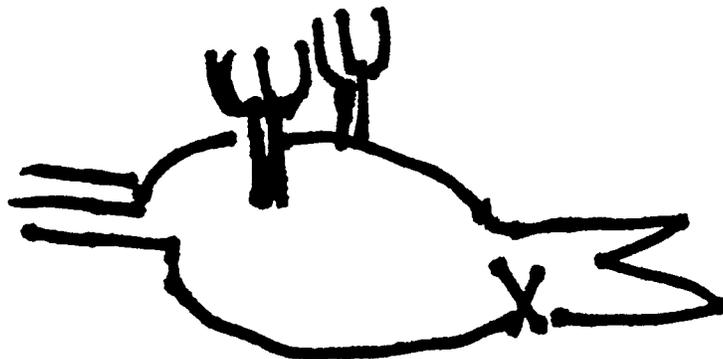
"That's when everyone is in the building and has a right to be in the building, to pick up their paychecks -- even if it's their day off. Yes?"

"Well, yes."

Tim stood. "I have to leave. I can't stand stupid people." Then he left.

The USPS gave the Marilyn Monroe stamp a big premiere, hiring MM lookalikes to grace the offices and sing while the stamp was sold. I stayed out of the sales offices that day: I have respect for the defenseless dead.

Late that night, around 11:30, while working overtime, I looked over at the Registry Cage and



US POST AWFUL

wondered who was doing it ... and how. There was a remote video camera trained on the cage. The angle seemed proper and accurate, able to get a wide perspective of the cage (which was about 20 feet by 15 by 10, and made of tight mesh). The safe was directly framed by the camera. I loitered there for a number of minutes, rattling the door, studying the lock and going "Hmmm, hmmm" a lot. Inside job, I thought. "Hmmm, hmmm."

Someone robbed the safe that night.

Someone robbed it about two hours after I went "Hmmm, hmmm."

The safe was discovered open and all the money collected that day was missing. The estimate was \$130,000. It was discovered missing around 2AM. The inspectors were called shortly thereafter.

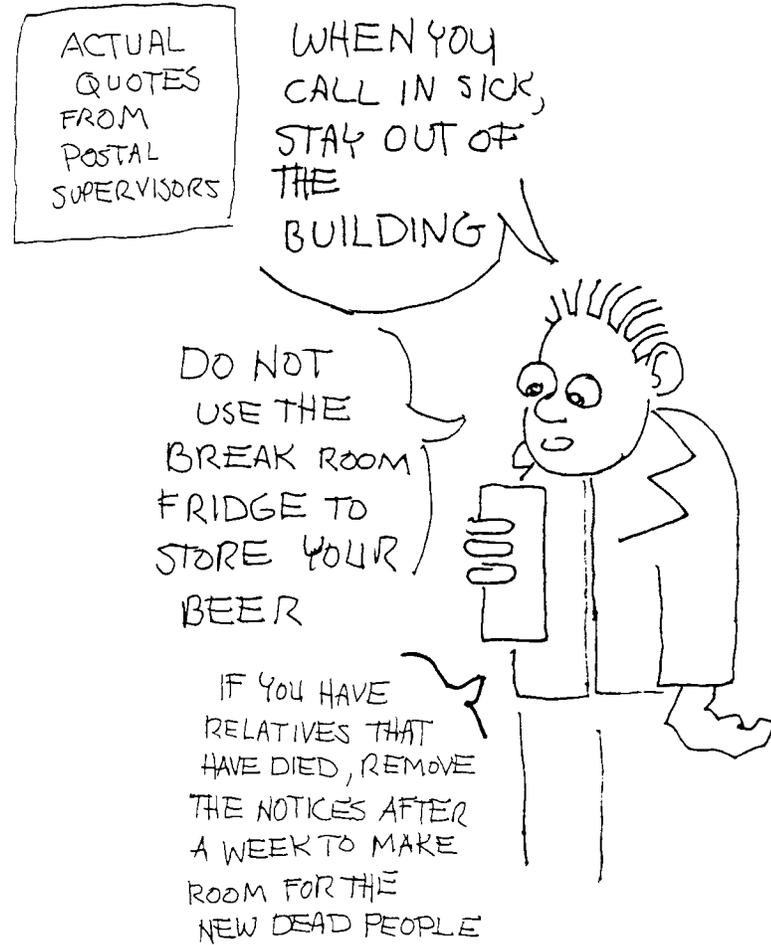
And since this is the United States Postal Service, I must explain a few facts that haven't changed

for three decades since I began working for this "organization." If you call the Postal Inspectors on the phone from Delaware, you get transferred to the Postal Inspectors in Philadelphia. You are told to talk to a machine.

You're thinking, "Wait a minute! This is a crime! This is a major felony! Phone the police! Phone the FBI!"

The post office doesn't work that way. It is its own country, and refuses to let outsiders meddle. Unless dead bodies are involved, the USPS doesn't want any other legal agencies around. Phoning the police would have tipped off the newspapers and the one thing the Postal Service does not want is publicity. Bad publicity. Information that reveals incompetency about how They run the offices.

Sometime in the morning of the 2nd of June, the staff in Philadelphia informed the staff in New Jersey about the theft. Then the information was phoned to the Delaware inspectors, who showed up promptly at 8:30AM.



The people who had staffed the midnight crew were largely gone.

It was discovered that there was no tape in the console for the remote camera operating near the registry cage (so I didn't get filmed going "Hmmm, hmmm").

The safe wasn't locked.

This time, no one was questioned. The inspectors did order the cage moved to the center of the building, which destroyed any chance of finding any incidental, overlooked clues.

I asked registry workers and was told, "No one was fingerprinted." There was no intensive questioning.

The postal inspectors used the theft as an excuse to travel to Atlantic City, visit the casinos, and view videotapes of gamblers, to find out if postal workers had been among the recent high rollers.

A couple of weeks later, a registry package from Newark, Delaware went missing, valued at \$30,000. The postal inspectors did finger a subject, who buckled under questioning and said, "Yeah, it was me. I took the Newark registry. I heard it was easy." Later revealed was that there was nothing but suspicion for the postal inspectors to go on, and if he had not confessed, the inspectors would have been back to Square Zero.

He denied taking anything else.

He was related to a supervisor.

There's a bit more: the Wilmington Delaware News Journal knew of this story from the beginning but couldn't carry it because no one would leave their name. I found and mailed the newspaper an inner office memo that offered a \$5000 (later \$10,000) reward. I did not leave my name. A man whom I will call "Bob", who did give his name, broke the story to the newspapers about two months later. Bob was dragged into the offices and given a lecture about his responsibilities to the United States Postal Service and the value of keeping the news that left the building wholesome.

Bob no longer works for the USPS. He applied for a leave of absence for on-the-job stress-related incidents. After he returned he was maneuvered into a corner about carrying out all the procedures outlined in the leave form he'd signed. Bob countered by showing that he'd signed all the forms, except the ones he was told were "optional." Bob requested that the Mail Handler's Union help him. The crud-flinging chess game between the union and management went on for over a year.

After a period of time Bob gave up trying to get his job back. Bob was disgusted.

So, almost \$200,000 missing. No real clues. No police help. No FBI. Potential evidence destroyed. No suspects beyond the one guy who claimed innocence for other crimes. It hasn't gone to court, so it isn't in the legal record.

Postal hearsay blames one of the plant managers for the theft. One manager spent a lot of time at the Delaware Race Track, and vanished shortly after the theft.

The other manager was transferred to his old home town after threatening a union employee in front of witnesses and captured on audiotape. In this case, the postal inspectors said, We weren't called by the management to review the threat. So we can't do anything.

Makes you wonder what is going on in the USPS on a national level.

Your dollars at work.

Inside job. Hmmm. Hmmm.



Robert Lee

challenger 8

THE SCANDAL ... *by Jeff Copeland*

What do you have when you put together one trumped up charge of moperly, two actual crimes, three political parties, and four possible resolutions? Why you get Ken Starr, and his band of pirates and thugs, of course.

The charge of moperly, of course, is contained in the escaped pornography from Starr's office, released by Congress on Friday 11 September.

It will change no one's mind to review all the facts of the fraudulent cases against the President of the United States. Nonetheless, it may serve as a warmup to mention some of the lesser-noticed aspects:

* The word "Whitewater" appears only four times in Starr's report to Congress, even though his brief was to investigate the Whitewater land deal. Contrast this with five appearances of the word "vagina" and twenty-seven of the word "cigar". Similarly, the name "Lewinsky" appears six times more frequently than the name "Clinton": 3103 to 460.

* Four separate grand juries in Washington and Little Rock have declined to hand down indictments against either Clinton, despite a favorite prosecutors' adage, "Give me a grand jury and I can get an indictment of a ham sandwich."

* Journalist James Retter finally noticed earlier this year that the Paula Jones' case has a fatal flaw. She consistently has claimed that Clinton harrassed her at about 2:30pm. Except that at 2:30pm on the date in question, according to the official logs and reports in the newspaper, he was at the Governor's Mansion in Little Rock, hosting a lunch of European businessmen. He delivered his address at the hotel in the morning and left before luncheon at the conference.

* Little noticed in the thousands of pages of documents Starr dumped on Congress is Ms. Lewinsky's testimony to the grand jury that she was kidnapped and held prisoner by the FBI and Starr's thugs in January of this year. She was not allowed to call her lawyer, or her mother, and she was continuously threatened. (The Miranda rules suggest that any evidence arising from this interaction is tainted and should be unusable.) Further, Lewinsky says in that testimony that much of what she told Linda Tripp was made-up.

* This whole mess started when David Brock, famous right-wing journalist, published his "Troopergate" piece in **American Spectator**. He now believes that everything the troopers told him was false, and admits that leaving the name of the mysterious "Paula" in the article was an editing error.

* Nonetheless, the accident allowed Jones' lawyers to go on a lengthy fishing expedition, which Bill Clinton described as taking a wrecking ball to his private life.

* Linda Tripp appears in just too many places: We all know that she taped Monica Lewinsky's stories about sex with the President. But she denied and then later corroborated Kathleen Willey's tale about being fondled by Clinton. She also was the last person to see Vince Foster alive, and locked up his office after he was reported dead.

* The reclusive billionaire Richard Mellon Scaife, who has funded many of the anti-Clinton efforts, such as the **American Spectator** and was instrumental in offering Ken Starr a chair in the law school at Pepperdine, was Richard Nixon's campaign finance chair in 1972.

* Remember that the only real evidence of criminal activity in Whitewater comes from two sources: the first is David Hale, who was being paid by Scaife and the **American Spectator**

and who was trying to beat a state rap by cooperating with Starr; the second is the late James McDougal, who kept changing his story because he was desperate to escape jail time in the matter of his failed savings-and-loan.

*On other fronts, the charges of campaign finance abuse are equally bogus. The 1996 Clinton campaign used fund-raising scripts and techniques developed by Reagan's minions in 1980, 1984, and 1988. As we're all painfully aware, there has been no change in the campaign financing laws in the last 20 years, so what was legal then is still legal. Worse, the technique of making fundraising calls from the office is used universally by members of Congress -- Phil Gramm openly admits he does this. This smokescreen is intended to paint Al Gore in a bad light. (More about that later.)

*After Robert Fiske had prepared a report on Whitewater clearing the Clintons of any wrong-doing, Senators Jesse Helms and Lauch Faircloth of North Carolina has lunch with David Sentelle. Sentelle, whose wife is employed in Faircloth's office, was one member of a three-judge panel who could override the Attorney General's decisions on Independent Counsels. One of the other members, Joseph Sneed was a top official in the Reagan Justice Department. Two weeks after that lunch, Starr was appointed.

Bill Clinton has actually committed two crimes. Clinton was nailed on the first by Gene Lyons in his book **Fools for Scandal: How the Media Invented Whitewater** The crime is that Clinton has no natural constituency. As a Democratic Populist, he's too conservative for the **New York Time** but too liberal for the **Wall Street Journal** He's not sufficiently anti-growth for liberals from the west, but he's not sufficiently in favor of social engineering for eastern liberals. His natural constituency may be closer to the country-club republicans, but he bears the wrong label. His other crime is the more serious. Historically, the democrats have relied on unions and minorities for voters and campaign volunteers, but the republicans have relied on superior fund-raising ability. Clinton stood that on its head: he's been much more successful at fund-raising than the leading GOP candidates. For this reason alone, the republicans have been interested in blunting his power.

The other problem at play is that there are not two major political parties in the country, but three. There are the democrats, who have purged the socialist wing of the party. There are the republicans, the traditional guys wearing plaid pants on the golf course. And then there is a group we'll call psuedo-republicans. This latter group wants the government off the backs of business, but in our bedrooms; it believes in the sanctity of the family, but most of its members have been divorced (Phil Gramm, Newt Gingrich, Ronald Reagan), or are blantant hound dogs (Dan Burton, Helen Chenoworth); in the end, they violate everything that the traditional Goldwater republicans stood for: those values are now mostly espoused by the libertarians. It's the pseudo-republicans, such as Rep. Bob Barr of Georgia, who have been most interested in forcing Clinton from office. (You will recall that Barr filed a bill calling for Clinton's impeachment at the beginning of 1993.)

The existence of the psuedo-republicans is actually a problem which threatens the continued political health of the nation. By their polarization of the debate in the country, they deny that politics is the art of compromise. They are aided by several factors, all of which owe their existence to technology. The first factor is the rise of tabloid journalism. In the late '70s and early '80s "news" services started appearing, which were merely churning out press releases and putting together television news pieces from some politically motivated group or another. Local television stations, with time to fill, started using these pieces. Ted Turner's invention of CNN provided a non-stop news deadline. With that many hours a day to fill, news is being

replaced by rumor, sources are being ignored, depth is taking a holiday. This means that we cannot have the calm non-partisan inquiry about high crimes and misdemeanors. In 1974, the democratic and republican counsel for the judiciary committee spent months calmly investigating and building a case against Richard Nixon in private. Only then were public hearings held. Today, any evidence gathered by Starr's office or by the judiciary committee is leaked to CNN or the **Washington Times** or the **Wall Street Journal** immediately.

The rise of the television culture also makes us view news as entertainment, to the point that people can't tell the difference between Rush Limbaugh and news. In a study at the University of Pennsylvania, the people who got their news principally from talk radio -- that is Limbaugh and his clones -- believed they were the best informed on the issues surrounding health care early in the Clinton administration; in fact, they were the least conversant with the facts. The myth of the liberal media, begun by Spiro Agnew, is simply false; any liberal bias individual reporters had has been replaced by responsibility to larger-and-larger corporate media entities, who by their nature are conservative. The New York **Times** editorial page is not dominated by liberal opinions, but by the work of former Nixon speechwriter William Safire and former Reagan speechwriter Maureen Dowd. Worse, Fox began a 24-hour news network to compete with CNN, and hired Roger Ailes, campaign strategist for Reagan and Bush, to run it. There was not a peep of protest or concern about the neutrality of the network. And yet, with a straight face, Fox News has promoted itself from day one as the network that isn't biased because you have to decide the issues for yourself.

However, equally important in the ability of pseudo-republicans to exist is an old trick that is made much simpler by cheap computers, gerrymandering.

Gerrymandering got its name from the salamander-shaped congressional districts drawn by Elbridge Gerry, the governor of Massachusetts in the first part of the last century. His oddly shaped districts ensured good concentration of voters for his party's candidates. Today, with the advent of cheap computers, gerrymandering is a science rather than an art. Because so many congressional districts are slam-dunks for one party or the other, there is no need for a political candidate to have a broad appeal. He can pander to the extremists of his party, and be assured that more centrist party loyalists will hold their nose and vote for him anyway, because he has the right label. Assurance of "safe" districts is the reason republicans have been opposed to both the "motor voter" act (which allows you to register to vote when you get a drivers license) and any attempt to improve the accuracy of the census count of urban, and presumably democratic, population.

(Parenthetically, it's worth noting that there is a solution to gerrymandering problem: nowhere does the constitution insist that congressmen be elected from specific districts. By electing all of a state's congressmen at-large -- perhaps in a preferential ballot like the Hugos, or Cambridge's city council -- successful congressional candidates will be forced to the center. Indeed, several states elected all their congressmen at large up until the early 1900s, before the rise of entrenched party politics. The example of Montana is instructive: when it went from two congressional seats to one, the congressman elected in the new single district was to the right of the democrat who had held one seat and to the left of the republican who had held the other, because he had to appeal to all the voters in the state. Better, at-large seats eliminate absurdities like the district in North Carolina which was the width of Interstate 95 for 50 miles to ensure a minority candidate could be elected to one of the state's seats.)

What's likely to happen in the short term with Bill Clinton?

The republicans (in general) and the pseudo-republicans (in particular) have stuck

themselves between a rock and a hard place. Nonetheless, they may win the battle only to lose the war. Having stacked the deck with the current version of the independent counsel law -- which republican scholars believe violates the constitution, and which expires before the next presidential election cycle -- they now have the results of Starr's research into the President's life to contend with. They have to keep churning this data, continuing to falsely paint the Clintons as evil -- but Hillary killed Vince Foster, bellows Rush Limbaugh (ignore the fact that Ken Starr admits that Foster committed suicide). This has two effects: First, it disgusts middle-of-the-road voters. Second, it riles up their partisans. The net effect is that the pseudo-republicans' constituency is more likely to vote, and others will stay away from the polls in droves.

Writing from the perspective of the end of September, I see four possible scenarios from here out:

(1) The republicans manage to push through an impeachment on the only charge of Starr's that has a chance of sticking, perjury, but there's a party line vote in the senate. Even with republican partisan Chief Justice William Rehnquist as presiding officer, there won't be enough votes to remove the President from office.

Do the republicans and pseudo-republicans actually want Clinton to be charged in an impeachment by the house? Yes. Removed from office after a trial by the senate? No, they don't. With Clinton gone, Gore becomes President, and they have to run against him in 2000. Worse, since they're almost certain to drag this into the new Congress, Gore would fill out less than half of Clinton's term, which doesn't count against his two-term limit in the office. They'd prefer:

(2) An open-ended impeachment inquiry in the house, which drags on for a year, finally coming up with some campaign finance problem which can be used to force Gore to resign. (Contrast Gore's resignation for following accepted campaign funding protocol with Spiro Agnew: Agnew quietly resigned because he'd evaded income taxes on the bribes for public works projects in Maryland that he'd continued to receive, often by courier in his office at the White House.) With Gore gone, the Senate can stonewall on Clinton's nominee for Vice President, as they have on nearly every one of his judicial and ambassadorial appointments, while they attempt to browbeat two-thirds of the senators to vote for removal. The big win? While they stonewall, Newt Gingrich is a heartbeat away from the oval office.

Meanwhile, they keep hoping that one of the dirty tricks they've launched from Congress bites. The world economy is bad? Must be Clinton's fault, even though republicans in congress continually voted against funding for the IMF which might have bailed out the Asian economies. Problems in Bosnia? Clinton's failure of leadership, even though congress won't pay US dues to the UN which would support peacekeeping forces. Government computers collapse on 1 January 2000? Clinton failed to direct the federal agencies to upgrade their software; pay no attention to Trent Lott having killed the bill to fund such an effort.

(3) The democrats lose seats in congress in the mid-term elections, to Fire-breathing pseudo-republicans. (Historically, this is likely to happen.) After the house judiciary committee throws out all the charges Starr invented against Clinton, they hold a free-for-all investigation. After eighteen months of public hearings, Henry Hyde will be forced to admit that, gosh, there was a lot of smoke, but nothing we can really impeach him on. But that will be reported on page 72 of the *New York Times*, after the opening of the hearings was reported on page 1. Meanwhile, Jeb Bush (who collected contributions from Mafiosi and Cuban drug smugglers for his father's 1988 and 1992 campaigns) or maybe his brother George Jr, or some other republican

will be running for President, but not against Al Gore or Dick Gephardt, but against the ghost of lame duck Bill Clinton. After all, he'll say, if Clinton wasn't a crook, why was congress investigating him? (Think I'm kidding? Dan Quayle was quoted as saying that the republicans plan to beat Bill Clinton in 2000; I do not put this down to Quayle's usual level of stupidity.)

If pseudo-republicans do gain seats in the house after November, they're going to have to turn on a dime once they're in office. They'll have been elected on the implicit promise to remove Clinton, but they've got to either artfully fail to deliver, or drag it out as long as possible.

(4) The republicans actually pull off a massive win in the mid-term elections. They gain ten seats in the senate, which means as a block they can do anything they want. They vote to remove Clinton, force Gore to resign. (Or alternately, force Clinton to resign, and impeach Gore on campaign finance charges.) But it doesn't do them any good. Political life runs in cycles. Richard Nixon did himself in because he was a criminal, but he was elected as the harbinger of a move to the right politically, after southern democrats defected from the party in revenge for Lyndon Johnson supporting civil rights legislation. Nixon was removed from office, but the movement for which he was point man succeeded beyond his wildest dreams -- Reagan's years in office were an unending party for the country club set, the Berlin Wall fell, the student movement stopped, civil rights were eroded. Nixon's removal didn't blunt the movement, it only made it more entrenched. Scaife's personal disgust with Nixon only caused him to fund right-wing causes rather than right-wing candidates, which in the long run turned out to be more successful. Clinton came to office as the middle-class became disenchanted with the swing to the right, and frustration that the rising economic tide had only lifted their bosses' boats. Despite David Brock's comment, "After Iran-Contra, the defeat of Supreme Court nominee Robert Bork, and the bloodying of Clarence Thomas, I viewed Troopergate as not only a good story, but as 'an eye for an eye'," taking revenge on Clinton will not stop the pendulum swing to the left. A left-wing Scaife will come out of the woodwork to fund liberal think-tanks, and secular humanist revivals.

Consider Jimmy Carter: He left office a laughingstock, but has more power as an ex-president than he did in Washington. Clinton forced from office would remain a powerful draw for democratic party faithful, and his talents as fund-raiser would not be restricted by rules that apply to officeholders, one can see the replay of the scene from August, twenty-four summers ago. William Jefferson Clinton standing on the steps of the helicopter on the White House lawn for the last time, and paraphrasing the words of Obi-Wan Kenobi: "You can't win, Newt. If you strike me down, I shall become more powerful than you could possibly imagine."

Editor's P.S.: The October 11, 1998 New York Times Magazine carries a splendid article by Andrew Sullivan on the warped nature of contemporary American conservatism, which I recommend highly to anyone seeking an intelligent perspective of the loony coup d'etat in progress in Washington. Clinton's tormentors are not traditional Republicans but religious zealots, determined to force their morality on America no matter what the cost to individual liberty. They could not be more false to Barry Goldwater's conservatism, which "want[s] morality but ... [not] the big government that could effectively enforce it. For true conservatives, the evils of moral chaos are usually outweighed by the evils of a moralizing big brother." I fear we will begin our new millenium a less free people thanks to the same demagogues who are trying to destroy Bill Clinton.

EPSITLES ESPITLES EPTISLES EPLISTES EPILSTES *LETTERS,* DAMMIT!

WAHFles for breakfast: Sheryl Birkhead, Alex Bouchard, Dave Truesdale, Roger Sims, Benoit Girard, Algis Budrys, Fred Chappell (now the *poet laureate* of North Carolina!), William Danner, Tom Sadler, Harry Andruschak, Mike Friedrich, Rodney Leighton, Toni Weisskopf, JoAnn Montalbano, Inge Glass, Gene Wolfe, Brad Foster ("Who was the woman who had a child with this guy with the tattoo on his forehead?"), Robbie Bourget, Joseph Nicholas, William Breiding, Murray Moore, Michael Waite and the members of SFPA and KAPA.

David Drake

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received 3-22-98

Challenger is a beautiful job.

Your question about who Sam Mines was made me think. The short answer is that he was the editor of the Standard Magazines (**Thrilling Wonder Stories** and **Startling Stories**) during the early '50s. He's widely credited with creating cutting-edge magazines which published things like **The Lovers** by Philip Jose Farmer with its exploration of sex in a fashion unique in s.f. at the time.

The train of thought the question set off was a lot more interesting, though. I've never considered myself a fan. I started reading s.f. very early, but I entered the field as a professional and have kept a pretty low profile. I stay home and do my work.

But I've read through my set of **Thrilling Wonder Stories** and am now working through my set of **Astounding**. That's not the same as going to conventions or putting out a fanzine, but it certainly isn't something a mundane does. I guess the truth is that I *am* a fan, and the wonderful thing about fandom is that it has room for people as different as you and I -- from each other, and goodness knows from the world at large.

So splendidly well put I had to run your letter first. At its best, fandom is perhaps our society's most buoyant and non-judgmental celebration of individuality and creativity, chaotic and wild, a joyful noise. Let's give ourselves a hand and continue ...

Darrell Schweitzer

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received 2-28-98

Since you remark that someone can start remembering Sam Mines by explaining to you who he was, I'll do it.

Sam Mines was the second editor of the "adult" **Thrilling Wonder** and **Startling Stories**. According to Tymn and Ashley's **Science Fiction, Fantasy, and Weird Fiction Magazines**, Mines edited **TWS** from December 1951 to Summer 1954, and **Startling** from November 1951 to Fall 1954. His predecessor, Sam Merwin, had raised both titles up from juvenile junk to a level where they could begin to challenge the absolute dominance John W. Campbell had over the field in the '40s. Mines continued that tradition, improving the tone of the magazines further. Where Merwin had gotten rid of Sergeant Saturn, Mines got rid of the covers showing nearly naked ladies wearing measuring cups. He

published a lot of good material, including much by Jack Vance, but his real claim to fame is discovering Philip Jose Farmer and publishing **The Lovers** when neither Campbell nor H.L. Gold had the courage or wit to do so. He was, as far as I can tell, well-liked and respected by both fans and pros alike.

It's necessary to remember these things, as the memory of fandom seems to be declining rapidly and the Amnesia Curtain sweeps forward and we find fans unaware of the accomplishments of people who still attend



conventions. These days it is not only possible for a writer or editor to outlive his career, but to outlive the memory of his career. (I wonder how many fans know the name Robert W. Lowndes anymore?)

I would disagree with David Drake's equating Sam Mines with Gardner Dozois. While it is no longer possible for *any* to be as dominant as Campbell in his prime -- because in those days there were only a very few magazines, and no book publishers other than fan-run reprint presses -- I think Gardner Dozois has come as close to Campbell as it's possible for a latter-day editor to come. Mines was a respected editor of a second-rank magazine. He lasted a little under four years. Dozois may not like to start arguments the way Campbell did, and he certainly lacks Campbell's embarrassing proclivities towards pseudo-science, but he's pretty much dominated the magazine field now for over a decade. It's possible now (as it wasn't in Campbell's first decade) for a writer to have a significant career without being involved in the magazines at all, but Dozois has still managed to make *Asimov's* the magazine which matters. That's where the majority of award-winning or award-nominated stories appear. That's where most of the anthologized stories come from. A science fiction writer's appearance in *Asimov's* is an announcement that he or she has "arrived" at a level to be taken seriously. (Or at least more seriously than before.) I'd admit that *F&S* is trailing not too far behind. Between the two, they're *the* showcase for short fiction. If a writer can appear regularly in both titles, then his or her first novel is going to be an *event* and a major career is likely to follow. Look at Ian MacLeod, for example.

Mines, for all he did excellent work, just wasn't at such a level. Dozois is a leader.

On the Willygate (or Bimbogate) scandal, I quite agree with you. The "scandal" is (1) transparently



manufactured by the Republicans and by the press and (2) ridiculous. In France, the President has a mistress and she's actually well-known and liked. But then, as someone commented, in France sex is a fact. In America it is a *fantasy*. Certainly Hillary may have grounds for divorce, but she isn't apparently seeking one, and that is her business. End of discussion.

I predict the result of all this is that the public will become so used to "scandals" that it will be assumed that they're part of the routine political operating procedure. The Democrats, no moral superiors to the Republicans, will try to pin one on the next Republican president. You have to be over 40 now to be able to remember a time when there wasn't a major scandal brewing, most of them during Republican administrations, from Nixon onward. The Republican scandals tend to have more substance to them: a president setting up extra-legal secret police, the cabinet selling weapons to our country's enemies, the biggest financial ripoff in human history, next to which it hardly matters if Billy Clinton wears his boxer shorts around his waist or his ankles.

It's going to take treason or murder in the White House before anyone pays attention to a presidential scandal again. There's been too much crying of "wolf!" So it's a wolf. I've seen wolves before ...

The whole purpose behind the Jones/Lewinsky scandal has been to embarrass and incapacitate the President -- indeed, a right-wing conspiracy. No misconduct of constitutional proportions has been revealed.

Pursuing this nonsense has been a waste of public resources and a disgrace to American law.

Richard Lynch
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received 2-28-98

Some interesting comments about my "Russia '94" article in your lettercol. I was bemused by Alexis Gilliland's comment that it "reads a lot better than hearing it in person." Lloyd Daub suggests "put color pictures in that article and it was right out of *National Geographic*." I thank him for the compliment; actually, I've now done just that -- I've created a website for the essay, which includes some of the photos from the trip. (The URL is: <http://www.smithway.prg/eurodiary>) As for Walter's comment, "all the was missing, from my point of view, was some mention of the conclusions his group came to about the problem they were meant to solve," I can say that even now, four years later, a definitive solution

hasn't yet been put in place. There have been several feasibility studies for new types of power generation for the cities of Tomsk and Krasnoyarsk-26, but any solutions will depend on the economics of the situations -- private industry will have to determine that it makes economic sense to invest there. Such is the way of the world.

Janine G. Stinson
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received 3-1-98

My eternal thanks for sending me a copy of **Challenger #7**; you must have read my plea for more fanzines in a recent SFCB issue! May the gentlest of jasmine-scented breezes waft you into your favorite dreamland for a thousand nights!

I continue to be impressed with the fanzines of s.f. fandom. **Challenger** matches other fine zines I've received in quality content and appearance, but what really zapped me from the git-go was the wondrous David Cherry cover. What a coup! I tell you, it's almost scary to contemplate how much talent resides in his family (that we know about). Wow.

I elected early to give Cherry's art the best treatment available. I halftoned the original at the same shop where I get my photographs shot-to-dot, and instead of relying on xerox to put it to paper, had them print the piece on high-quality stock. The cost was about 1/5 as much as 'roxing the entire rest of the issue, but I could do no less.

As for your editorial request for responses to Gene Stewart's "Now Go Play", I'm curious as to why you "disagree with almost everything" that's in it. Does that mean you think pain is a requirement for creativity? Does it mean that you think the use of mind-altering substances fuels the artistic vision? If so, I must take exception.

It's experience, the living of life, not pain alone, that acts as the catalyst for creativity. Using mind-altering substances is one way to potentially partake of artistic visions, but there are physically and emotionally safer methods like quiet concentration or certain modes of meditation. Of course, these aren't the only ways creativity manifests itself, the child prodigy in music being a good example. I believe some people's brains are "wired" from birth for high levels of creative expression, and as long as they find an outlet for that expression, they can and will amaze us with their artistic gifts. Life experience doesn't preclude those in their late teens or early twenties from exhibiting creativity. And there's no age limit on art; one can start at 12 or 60, as long as the creative fire is there.

Well, yes,
I do have a
problem
seeing your
point.



Kurt Cobain's demise may have more to do with his family and friends not seeing, or feeling unable to do anything about, his depression and suicidal expressions. Others of his age-group who are musicians have written about suicide and not performed it, so that alone cannot be held up as a glaring light of warning. Cobain had a wife who apparently loved him, a new daughter, and from what I saw, a whole lot to live for. Certainly he could have benefitted from professional help, but no one seems to know why he didn't get it. I wasn't a big fan of Cobain, but I was sad to hear he'd chosen to end his life.

Re: the mention of Neil Young's song ("it's better to burn out than fade away"), I think Young was singing from the opposite viewpoint: rather than endorsing, he was decrying the idea that getting old is bad and going out in a burst of fireworks, making a big splash, etc., is better than dying quietly. True, the Who did sing about "My Generation", but do we really know whether that's what the songwriters believed, or were they singing someone else's viewpoint? Too often, the artist is confused with the perspective presented; they are not always one and the same.

Artistic expression, whatever its form, is often play-like, but (speaking from experience) there are times when the words or the images or the music just doesn't come, and these are incredibly frustrating times to an artist. I believe that one creates because one cannot imagine *not* creating, that life cannot be lived without that outlet for expression. Dancers work themselves into massive sweats, looking for just the right combination of steps and movements that will make their blood sing. Musicians play for hours until the right melody or rhythm finally arrives (that's what all

those miles of tape in the studios are for). Writers sit and stare at blank pages or monitor screens, or just type and type until something besides "Now is the time for all good men" appears from behind the keys.

No, it's not magic, but it's not entirely understood how the creative aspect of human beings operates. There are ways to enhance it, ways to discipline it, but as far as I know, no ways exist which can instill it. Creative expression can be an exhausting, draining experience, or it can be as light and easy as digging in a sandbox. Many "artists" have experienced both "forms." Most people also experience both "forms" in their daily lives, where what they do can be just as hard or easy. Athletes talk about being "in the zone," and I believe this is part of the creative expression process because it sounds so much like the anecdotes from writers who talk about an idea for a story just appearing full-blown in their minds, and about all they had to do was write it down.

I spent a good chunk of my college and grad-school days laying half-baked creative theory on other writing students and our teachers -- poor Fred Chappell had to listen to me b.s. twice a week for two solid years -- and finally decided that to create art you had to have something to say and the ability to say it. Profound, huh? It's what the old saw means, "an artist has to suffer": he has to see the world and understand it through the cracked and distorted lens of self-experience. So the would-be artist must do two things, metaphorically: listen and speak. My problems have always been the neurotic filters with which I've blocked my ears, and the fears with which I've gagged my voice. Now that I'm officially an old fart -- or will be in '99, when I turn 50 -- maybe I can get rid of them and pass along what I've managed to learn. Whatever that is.

On to another topic. I was very glad to see "The Fanzine Dump", because I'd been wanting an updated list of at least some of the fanzines currently in print, and I got my wish! I will be happier than a pig in slop for the next few weeks, I can tell you. For those interested, Donald Franson is fine, albeit probably busy.

Finally, I thought your photos from LoneStarCon were *much* more interesting than those published in *Locus* ... after about the fifth group-of-writers photo, my eyes tend to blur up. Thanks for being there.



Go to your corners...
and come out loccing!

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received 3-1-98

Challenger 7 received and greatly enjoyed. Nice presentation on my article and if one photo in this mailing had to be murky, best it was the photo of me. That'll only help my reputation as the mystery man of Southern fandom. Perhaps fans will look at that photo and leap to the conclusion that you've got Claude Degler writing for you under a pseudonym. At least the photo of Toni Weisskopf on page 19 didn't print murky -- that would have been a true tragedy.

Your picture fell victim to laziness on the part of Office Depot, my printer. Like every other photo I publish, yours was screened to halftone before paste-up. Office Depot, hoping to save themselves some time, shot a master copy which they then pumped through their xerox machine. You see the result. I've had to lay down a Challenger publishing law -- photo pages are hand-placed, not printed on the "photo" setting (because they're already halftoned), and collated in later -- more expensive because more hassle, but the only way besides printing them myself to insure decent reproduction of the pix.

Magnificent cover. If there were awards for fanzine covers (and why aren't there?) this one should win easily. Nice art throughout, with Joe Mayhew's rendering of Lynn Hickman on page 3 having a special impact on me. Nicely done. My favorite single illo in the issue is the one by Charlie Williams on page 87. Somehow it has a very 1950's British feel to it -- like something from an old issue of Eric Bentcliff's *Triode* or John Berry's *Retribution*. In fact, the fellow wielding the baseball bat bears a striking (sorry) resemblance to The Goon himself. I wonder if Charlie was influenced by the artwork of Terry Jeeves or Eddie Jones?

I doubt it. Charlie to my knowledge hadn't heard of fandom 'til the Lynches enlisted him in the late 1970's, and he was already cartooning. The bat-swinging illo was remarkable in a way only I could know: going on the vaguest of descriptions, Charlie created the spittin', swingin' image of Farley Jenkins, accurate to the nth.

Susan Whitmore's article about her daughter Ellie touched me on a deep emotional level that every parent would recognize. She makes me think of my own wonderful daughters and remember how wonderfully blessed Liz and I are that they are both healthy. She also teaches us one of those fundamental lessons of life that we should all recite to ourselves

every morning: "Never give up, never stop asking questions, never stop looking for better answers."

Good lettercol. Congratulations to David Drake on completing his run of *Campbell Astounding*. I completed mine about a year ago, and can tell you that it's getting harder and harder to do. I'm sure that I'll never complete my run of that magazine all the way back to the first issue of January, 1930 since many of those issues now sell in the hundreds, but I do enjoy being able to read the full span of John W. Campbell's years as editor. Some wonderful fiction there, and I still claim it's more rewarding to read those classic stories by Heinlein, Asimov, and many others in the original pulp presentation. No one will ever convince me otherwise. Plus there are a great many fine stories there that have never or rarely been reprinted even yet. Curt's pulp tip of the month: read "Magic City" by Nelson Bond in the Feb. 1941 *Astounding*. It's the good stuff.

When I first joined "real" fandom during my college years, the Little Men would meet at J. Ben Stark's house. His basement boasted the world's greatest stock of used s.f. -- including zillions of Astounding. What made those publications irreplaceable, even by the most faithful of reprints, was the art. The Kelly Freas and Chesley Bonestell covers, later supplemented by that neglected s.f. genius, John Schoenherr ... man, they looked like science fiction!

About Harry Warner's *Spaceways*: When you look at fanzines of that period (late '30s/early '40s) there was *Spaceways* and Bob Tucker's *Le Zombie* at the top of the pack and not much else even close to them. Those two zines are probably responsible for the fact that American fanzines advanced beyond the level of very serious clubzines or amateur science club newsletters. Many fanhistorians credit Walt Willis' *Hyphen* for the creation of the modern form of fanzine -- and indeed Willis certainly perfected it, raised the standard to a much higher level, and provided the model that new fan editors have striven for ever since. But Warner and Tucker blazed the trails for us nearly a decade earlier. It's a true shame that both those zines are nearly impossible to find today. If anyone has copies of either to offer -- or even photocopies -- I'm in the market.

Nice letter from Roger Waddington, who pushes a button for me by reminding me of "Postman Pat." My English wife still has a record of the "Postman Pat" song that she cherishes. That and her "Rupert the Bear" doll. And I'll admit to being a Thomas the Train fan. Bought all the little toy trains in that set for my kids a few years ago and then happily reclaimed them when they lost interest. So what if I'm

still a big kid? I'm happy.

I wonder what happens to places like Wigwam Village when they close down? It would make a great retirement home for fannish types. I can imagine my kids packing me off to live in a teepee someday, and I can sort of imagine liking it. I wonder how many books I could pack into a wigwam ...

Madness! Madness! I've unleashed a monster called Wigwam onto the world ... And by the way, thank God you're still with us. Curt's account of the firetruck wreck which nearly claimed his life is bloodcurdling reading.

Marty Cantor
11825 Gilmore Street #105
N. Hollywood CA 91606
received 3-4-98

Indeed, the cover of *Chall #7* was nice; however, I would not rate it as "the finest artwork I've ever seen on a fanzine" as you so understatedly put it in your usual muted phraseology. The cover is certainly to be rated as one of many at or near the top of the quality range of its genre; but it is merely one of many which occupy that niche.

Curt Phillips' goodbye to Lynn Hickman was touching and it is unfortunate that this past Year of the Jackpot has necessitated this type of article. If we are going to continue to suffer these travails I hope that the unfortunate occurrences generate such fine goodbyes. I do not think that Phillips is nuts in his metaphysical experience even though I usually consider such things bunk. What I think is that there may very well be something in his experience that bears investigation; I, myself, had a similar (and equally weird) thing happen to me -- to this day I cannot explain it. Now, I was never a fan of Marilyn Monroe, nor did I even consider her particularly beautiful or sexy. But -- two weeks before she died, I suddenly woke up in the middle of the night and found myself saying, "Marilyn Monroe is dead!"

Thinking of running for DUFF? Go for it! You might even win. I rate my DUFF trip as one of the highlights of my life. I wish that I had the finances to return Down under, but it looks like I will never again be able to afford to go there. My near total gaffiation over the past 6 years has me not even voting in the fan races; now that I am back in active fandom, my interest in DUFF has revived but I will not be supporting any given candidate in any given race until I see all of the candidates. But, good luck anyway.

*Sorry -- not this year. See earlier.
Too late now to re-*

consider.

I remember the Cushman motor scooter even though I did not own one. Contemporary (more or less) with it was an Italian motor scooter, the Vespa (which I also did not own). In fact, contemporary with both of these was another form of transportation, the motorbike, which was nothing more than a bicycle with a motor; again, this was something I did not own. Motorbikes were started by pedaling real hard until the motor started and then tooling off down the road -- rather slowly. A relic of this machine could be seen until recent years in signs placed on freeway onramps prohibiting the entrance thereon of "motorized bicycles." Except for a period of time in my beatnik days (when I rode a motorcycle solely for financial reasons) I have always preferred my means of transportation to be the automobile. [They are] what I prefer given my lack of financial resources which would enable me to own my first real love in transportation -- the private railroad car.

I agree with Gene Stewart's imputation that the U.S. Post Office gets a bad rap. We have probably one of the best postal systems on the planet (and it is also one of the cheapest for a first class letter), but taking cheap shots at it by a dismissive citizenry seems to be something of a national sport. I mean, sending a letter from Bangor, Maine to Honolulu, Hawaii for only 32 cents is something about which to sneer? I mean, fast and inexpensive first class mail delivered rapidly is the norm, not the exception ...

Joseph Nicholas writes about mentally writing and polishing a loc before actually writing it -- with such mental reworking and polishing eventually resulting in thinking one had actually written it that one is eventually convinced that it was written that no loc is actually produced. [What?] Nowadays, when I receive a zine through which a quick peruse incites in me a desire to produce a loc, I turn on the computer and bring up my letter of comment template. I then sit down and commence reading the zine. When I discover comment hooks I get up from the recliner, go to the computer, and type my response. I continue this process until the zine is finished. The computer has been turning me into something of a letterhack, as I am looting more and more fanzines -- and enjoying every minute of it.

Marty goes on to lament the passage of old desert Route 66 -- part of our mutual childhoods. I find myself daydreaming about Arizona and New Mexico more and more these days, remembering the stark beauty of the scenery -- the humbling awareness of space and solitude being out there brings -- wondering what "that lady" at Two Guns does in her time away

from her gas station. Guess it's time for another trip towards the sunset. Look for me around July '99, westerners.

Joy V. Smith
Pagadan@aol.com
received 3-4-98

Fantastically lovely cover on **Challenger 7** and a good selection of interesting articles.

Re: your editorial. I have to admit I'm relieved you didn't run the Eddie article. I think it's wise you do not do it until you feel you're ready.

I'll look for you on the DUFF ballot, so don't dither.

Good photo spread on Lone*Star*Con. Thanks for sharing the fun. Inge Glass' report also gave me a feeling of the con.

Excellent article on magic by Jerry Page, and I liked the bunny illo. No wonder people missed seeing the bunny exodus, the one on the floor is so cute, though it looks a little upset.

I loved the photo essay on the Hugos. I had heard that the bases changed (great idea) but I really enjoyed seeing all the different ones. The Rosy spread was also lovely.

Very good piece on Popeye. You really had me rooting for you. And I loved the illo on page 92.

Glad you got to sleep in a wigwam! I remember them. I never got to sleep in one. (Will file the directions.)

Joseph T. Major
1409 Christy Avenue
Louisville KY 40204-2040
received 3-6-98

Jerry Page shows that magicians have read their Sun Tzu. Sun Tzu said:

17. All warfare is based on deception

18. Therefore, when capable, feign incapacity; when active, inactivity

19. When near, make it appear that you are far away; when far away, that you are near.

- **The Art of War [Ping Fa]**,

Book One "Estimates",

Samuel B. Griffith translation.

The Hitchcock anecdote about building an entire police station set for a scene that he did not think needed it is interesting, but it shows that Hitch might have had problems in thirties Hollywood. Samuel Goldwyn (I think it was) insisted on building an entire ballroom set for a shot set in one corner. To make the setting real, I was given to understand. By this reasoning the entire set would have been needed to help

the actors make the mental transition needed to imagine themselves as their characters. But then Goldwyn had more money to use than Hitchcock.

And Hitchcock had more imagination and talent to use than Goldwyn.

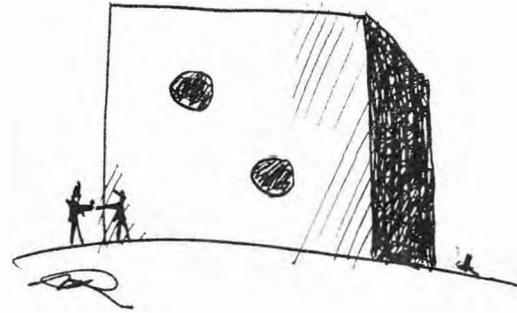
Nice Hugo photo display. It is interesting that the *first* Hugo was an A-4b while later ones have been straight V-2 shape. (The A-4b was a derivative of the German experimental rocket A-4 that became the V-2. The A-4b had wings, like the "hood ornament", for extra range.)

It hardly seems fair to consider Jimmy Connors. At an old age for tennis he comes back and wins or at least loses magnificently after giving the other guy a hard time. His wife is a **Playboy** centerfold and they have a happy family. And of course he is rich.

Character! Character! Character! Character! Connors' distinction among men is neither his wealth nor his trophies, but the determination and intensity and character with which he has attained them. I've seen him beaten, but I've never seen him quit. He's one of those people to whom the word "surrender" does not exist. Did you notice where TV Guide ranked his U.S. Open victory over Aaron Krickstein among the 100 greatest televised sports events? The right to say "shit" is the right to play tennis!

Does anyone else remember a book called **Homer Price**? This was the first of a series of books about a boy in a mid-century small town where a lot of strange things happened. The books were what we would call fixups and what litcrit profs would call picaresque -- each had three or four independent stories with a continuing cast. Some of the stories were merely odd, like the case of the doughnut-making machine that wouldn't turn off. Some were flat-out strange, as with the fellow who planted a seed that grew into a ragweed about the size of a tree -- a large one.

And then there was the one about the guy who slipped into town, put a record in the juke box at the cafe, and left again. The curious locals played the record. Then they started singing along. And they *couldn't stop!* Neither could anyone else who heard them sing. Fortunately Homer saved the day. While the entire town chanted and sang in unison, he led them to the library to find the one book that had the countersong -- the "Punch, brothers, punch" jingle by Twain. With that as countercharm, he beat down the spell. But it could not be totally dispelled -- and some poor fool between trains (early mid-century, see) was cornered, sung to, and sent off on the next train. And so at the finale, as the locals sit around in the cafe realizing that somewhere, someone in the world will



always be singing that song, one of them goes over to the juke box. And plays the *other side* of that record.

Harry Warner may be unhappy with me for having expanded so on one single phrase of his letter, but it evoked youthful memories.

Bill Legate
Box 3012
Sequim WA 98382
received 3-6-98

A beautiful cover!

* The parents of only about 10% of deaf children are themselves deaf. Children of deaf parents learn sign language at home, and other deaf children learn it from those children. So deaf people make up the only cultural group in our population whose cultural information and language are mostly transmitted not from adult to child, but from child to child.

* I recently read Douglas Baynton's **Forbidden Sign**, U. Chi. 1996, an interesting history of deaf education in this country. From concerns like this: that the native language of deaf-mutes, by the nature of their acculturation, differs from that of their parents, so that deaf children form a group apart from the hearing population: eugenicists, and most conspicuously Alexander Graham Bell, used their influence to cause many schools for the deaf to rely on lip-reading and written notes, not on sign language, to educate deaf children.

* Children taught with sign language learn better and faster. But by late in the last century, schools teaching the then-current version of American sign language were in the minority. Mistaken ideas, as they often do in any area, persisted into the present century;

but by the 1970s, deaf adults were being readmitted as teachers, and children allowed to sign each other, in most schools.

* Stewart: I don't care if it's "old," as long as it's stupid.

* The Algonquin-group wigwams found between the Great Lakes and New England were bark, rush mats or hides supported on pole frames. They're round in the east, and can be pointed (conical) in the west. All of the Dakota/plains teepees are conical frames, usually with hide. When I was a child, I knew "teepee" and "wigwam" as synonyms, very likely because of those steel and concrete Wigwam Villages. Later, I understood teepees to be completely different from those round bark-covered huts or even hut-complexes in the east. Your story led me to consult the old Webster's Unabridged: and sure enough, at least in the north-midwest, wigwams and teepees are, practically speaking, the same thing. Now, not everyone knows that the feathered headdress is also called a teepee, tepee, tipi, or t.p., from the Eskimo toupee, for "fire hazard." Native American sit close to the fire, catch his toupee on fire, make his wig warm.

Roy Tackett
915 Green Valley Road
Albuquerque NM 87107
received 3-7-98

"Wigwam for Worldcon" reminds me of 1963 or thereabouts, when one of the boys from MIT stumbled across Highmore, South Dakota. Highmore had only one thing to recommend it. It has a theater which would hold 2500 people. He went back to MIT and convinced some friends that Highmore SD would be an ideal place to bid for the next year's worldcon. Could put the fans up in tents and all that. So they put in a bid and had a lot of fun with it. Until the con committee asked if they were serious because Highmore was out in front for the bidding. The MIT fen quickly withdrew and things returned to normal. Highmore sank back to obscurity.

But it still has, I presume, a theater which will hold 2500 people.

Terry Jeeves
56 Red Scar Drive
Scarborough YO12 5RQ
U.K.

received 3-7-98

Loved that dignified cover, lovely artwork. Give David Cherry a huge bouquet. The piece on Lynn Hickman brought back memories, we had corresponded for years and first met in 1980 when he picked me up at Detroit airport, ferried me to his home and later on to the Dayton Air Museum where we met Mike Banks. He also visited us here in the U.K. a year or two back. I miss him a lot, a great guy.

I agree with you on the Clinton affair. None of my business but I have opinions and I feel it was a dirty trick campaign to do him down. In any case his private life doesn't seem to have affected his efficiency as President.

Very insightful -- and sad -- article about Clinton in the April '98 Esquire, which also carries an apology from the Republican hatchet man who first brought the President's sexuality into national political play.

Loved all the con photos, but was amazed at the amount of facial hair per fan. Do you get tax relief for beards in the USA? Jerry Page on magicians was highly interesting. My own conjuring ability doesn't go beyond being able to

turn a car into a lamp-post.

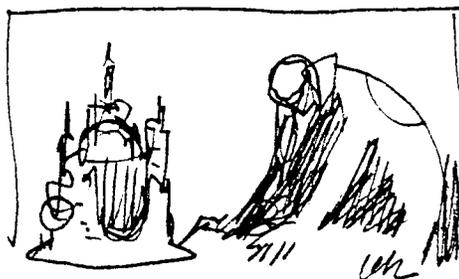
Hugo speculation and design was also good. Especially when one sees some of the *ghastly* awards presented by people in show business, sports persons or writers -- chunks of deformed metal and plastic which, unlike the lovely sleek rocket ship, have *no* visible link to what they are supposed to praise.

Ben Indick
428 Sagamore Avenue
Teaneck NJ 07666-2626
received 3-7-98

Oh my goodness, your cover is breathtaking. The face of the lady in medieval garb is of today, although her hands, while gracious, just a tad less



defined, but David Cherry's beguiling pencil drawing reminds one not unfavorably of Holbein, Ingres and his adoring pupil Degas, and Picasso faultlessly in imitation of both. My wife, who is indulgent at best of fanzines, and is herself an artist, was also most impressed. I note David drew it in 1992, and I am happy you could present it now. I do not see enough s.f. to be acquainted with his name, but obviously, as he has been Hugo-nominated, he has already hit his stride, and I hope he will give you more of his work in the future. Please give him my congratulations.



The thickness of the issue, the abundant photographs, including pretty ladies, and the general bonhomie remind me of Alan White's wonderful old **Delineator**.

Second time I've heard that. Who has an issue they could lend me?

As for the Lewinsky thing, Bill Bridget quotes me in his **Greasepaint and Canons**, so I'll requote it. It began with my own pun, which no one has thought of yet: "'Bill and Monica, Starr-cross'd lovers!' Monica is a Valley Girl groupie twerp who chose very bad friends, and Starr is a vendetta-bound Don, who is trying to make up his years of total flophood in one fell swoop." Like most Americans, I could not care less about Bill's private life, and I laugh whenever Starr falls on his kisser, which is frequently.

Right on, but you're far too harsh on Lewinsky, who is certainly a silly kid, but who has been victimized badly by Starr's winger thuggery and so far deserves our sympathy.

Jerry Page's article on magic is good. Of course, once one knows the secret the trick is dead.

I agree with a lot of Gene Stewart's "Now Go Play". The question is not whether Art is worth self-destruction; the question is whether such a response is necessary. Van Gogh did not cut off his ear to be a better artist; he was a sick man and it was his inappropriate response to an uninterested prostitute. Most of our artists (whether music or graphic) are hard-working people who would find drugs a preposterous so-called aid to their work. Name me even *one* opera star who has died of an overdose or even been accused of using the stuff. They are no less brilliant than rock stars. Pianists, soloists, etc. In the graphic arts, many of our greatest, the late Roy Lichtenstein, Robert Rauschenberg, Frank Lloyd Wright, even Picasso (who may have belted a few now and then, considering the Bohemian milieu in early 20th Century Paris, but very probably not), and a whole array of Renaissance men *and* women, including Michelangelo, Leonardo and Durer, never took a snort. Consider Botticelli, whose genius was aborted not by drugs but by Savanarola.

At the same time, I do not deny that genuine creativity sometimes requires a certain anguish, "pain" of an emotional or psychic order. Some terrible impetus which demands the act of creation. Gene's very first words, John Lennon's "Creating is the result of pain", say this. In a 60-year-old fine if forgotten story by the late Dr. David H. Keller, "The Literary Corkscrew", a writer discovers one day he is able to write better when he happens to be in physical pain. He thereafter uses a corkscrew, applied to his back, to help him. As I recall, a doctor discovers the resultant creativity is actually due to certain body fluids activated, recreates them as an oral dose, and spares him further self-mutilation. Keller was a psychiatrist, so he must have agreed to an extent with the pain thesis.

Toilers in the arts have always seemed to be burdened by the intemperances of the world, and those who would aspire to the arts have often mimicked their excesses, as if one could sneak upon genius through a side door. Reminds me of the people who ask writers if they use a certain type of pen or play a particular background music when they create.

The painful fact is that art doesn't come from the incidentals, and you can only convey what you have to convey.

"Born to Lose" had me in tears at the vast entertainment I had lost in Hackensack's jury assembly when they ignored me. As a juror I would, like Miss Rand, have utterly despised all the defendants and plaintiffs as real losers, but I would probably have gone along with her. I am happy you are not an all-the-time loser, Guy. Now go get a non *pro bono* case, get rich like any profit-seeking lawyer and have more halftones by David Cherry.

Sally Syrjala
P.O. Box 149
Centerville MA 02632
received 3-9-98

Fat Tuesday seems an appropriate date for a

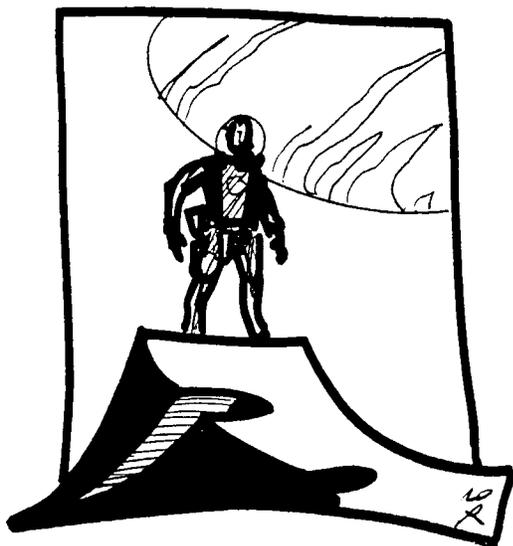
zine from NOLA to arrive. Thanks for sending its essence to these northern climes!

The cover [to **Challenger** no. 7] is delightful. It challenges the contents to match its quality as they do.

The Monica Lewinsky case reminds me of a former witch hunt era from Washington -- that of McCarthyism. My opinion is that people who try to make this issue into a Watergate are confusing issues. Watergate concerned interference with the right of opposition parties to function without interference from those in office. The Lewinsky situation is one of personal actions where none of the people involved seem to be casting stones at each other. Rather outside forces seem to want to create a soap opera on prime time news.

To me this showcases our society's need to drag everyone and everything down. We no longer seem capable of praising anything, only casting stones at anything less than perfection. It's almost as if we think so little of ourselves that we have to find fault with all around so that all will be on the bottom rung with an air of negativism grasping at all who attempt to climb above it. It's as if we no longer dare to ask why things that never were are not. The spark that led us to risk failure in seeking that which is just out of reach seems to have gone out. I'm tired of the atmosphere of constant blame-setting that seems to have settled on society. I would prefer an air of challenge to do that which has not yet been done.

I like the title of your zine -- **Challenger**. It defines what human traits are best to develop -- those which cause us to seek the next horizon and question why things can't be better. To settle for the status quo is to be less than human. For me, true humanity means



constantly striving to do better, to reach for the nearest star and to rise above what has been.

Yet today we seem so reluctant to take any risks so that our dreams can be achieved. Risk-taking is what formed our land -- people reaching out and over unexplored country to find out what was on the other shore.

Today people with the spark of daring that defines life are looked to with shock. Instead of seeing the positive quality of dreaming the impossible dream we see someone who doesn't draw a cloak of security about them to shut out the reality that teems just outside. My definition of life is feeling, passion and daring. What we as a society have become is the death of fear. We are so afraid of dying that we can no longer risk living. Those who dare to be human facing failure or error we tend to condemn.

Humans are not machines. Yet we are allowing a machine-like being called statistics to rule our actions. The food we eat, the lifestyles we choose are more and more saying we are picking the cocoon state of walled-in false security over the risk of the butterfly's flight. In the end death awaits us all. How much easier it will be to accept if we can look back on having truly lived rather than to have spent our time here trying to deny the inevitable.

Ideas that go outside the carefully drawn boundaries are needed. Patterns that entrap need to be broken. We need to learn to live realizing part of what makes life so precious is its fragility.

I was watching a video of an early episode of **Maverick** the other night. It spoke of the chances taken and a bluff made wherein guts was what enabled victory to be attained. Maybe our challenge is to find the guts to take risks once more, to dance up the mountainside and persevere until no reserves are left -- only the dream.

I liked "Gun Shy", the episode which parodied Gunsmoke and got James Garner and his producers sued!

"Knarley" Welch
1525 16th Ave.
Grafton WI 53024-2017
welch@warp.msoe.ed.
received 3-9-98

Murray Moore's comments in regard to the Welch "binker" are a bit misleading. As far as I know I made up the term as a variation of bink. We use it to mean the touching of noses which is a bit more sanitary than sloppy baby kisses. It also gets bizarre stares when your two-year-old binkers all the statuary at the local nursery.

I see you've taken to comparing my 9-year-old to a hardened criminal. Next thing you'll notice is that she has two eyes and two legs like a bunch of other criminal scum. Where will it end ...?

With two eyes and two legs the young lady also bears a startling resemblance to every American Vice President and most of the New Orleans Saints. Is she available for the '98 season?

My wife and I almost spent our wedding night in the Cave City Wigwam Village (we were married in nearby Crystal Onyx Cave). I noticed that Toni Weisskopf's **Southern Fandom Confederation Handbook**] also mentions this accommodating aberration.

Buck Coulson
2677 W. 500 N.
Hartford City IN 47348-9575
received 3-16-98

An impressive fanzine. Nice piece of artwork on the cover, though I'm not sure how appropriate it is. (But then, who cares?)

Lynn Hickman was, I believe, the first fan I ever met. I'd had a loc published in a fanzine, and he was coming fairly close to my home on his sales route, so he took a small detour and looked me up. I was amazed ... I also probably made a poor impression, but it didn't appear to bother him. Saw him frequently at MidWestCons. At one early Detroit con -- Border Cities? -- we drove to Lynn's place the day before, stayed overnight, and followed him the next day, since he knew where the hotel was and we didn't. He delighted in going through stoplights on the caution, leaving me fuming at a red light, until I started closing in on him if there was a stoplight ahead and going through right on his bumper.

I guess I've pissed off a lot of fans over the years, too; the main difference is that I usually intended to do it. I have a pretty good idea of how I come across in print and in person; I just don't care.

But ... you're such a nice guy!

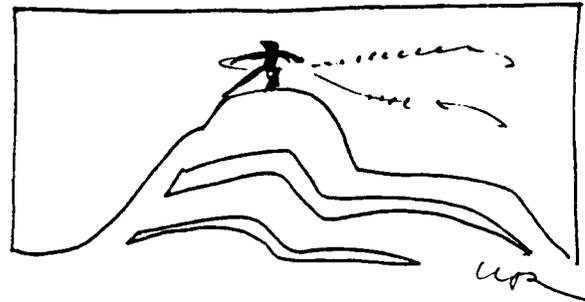
Nice photo-article on the Hugos. Ours is one of the plain ones, except for being rather thoroughly pitted; it looks like that rocketship banged around in the asteroid belt for years before being retired. (We received it nine months after the convention. Juanita said that seemed a proper gestation period.)

Sorry to hear about Susan Whitmore's daughter, but I agree that there are a lot of things that medical science doesn't know. I have a disease without a cure: diabetes. Regular doses of insulin keep in at bay, but nothing cures it. I have had doctors who were personally interested in us; one even subscribed to our

fanzine. (And when I made nasty remarks about the medical technicians at the local hospital, our doctor posted that editorial on the hospital bulletin board ...) But then, we don't live in a city, and never have, and we still have the "family doctor." He may shunt us off to a specialist for some problems, but he's there with our medical history and usually willing to supply what medicines we think we need. And in whatever quantity we want, since he knows we won't overdo dosing ourselves. (By following instructions, I've stayed alive with the diabetes for somewhere between 30 and 40 years.)

I don't believe in an afterlife, but I do believe in getting violent individuals removed from society permanently, and I don't trust jails for that. Anyway, what's the sense in preserving people who will kill *you* without a qualm?

I never believed anything else John Lennon said; why should I believe that creating is a result of pain? Personally, I had a lot of fun co-authoring novels with Gene DeWeese, and several people have told me that they had fun reading them. Though my biggest tribute came from the anonymous reader who



scribbled in the front of one of our books in the Indianapolis library that "This is the funniest book you will ever read." Of course, they weren't *serious* novels, which are popularly supposed to cause their authors anguish. They may have; a few of them have caused me anguish when I tried reading them.

As for my loc, the sciation disappeared quite a while ago. I've been dealing with an infected hole in my ankle (about 4" by 1" and deep enough to involve the Achilles tendon) but it has now pretty much healed. Still hurts, and probably will for some time ... I'm doing more walking around the house, though I'll still use the wheelchair at cons for awhile: hotels have very long distances between guest rooms and program rooms.

You seemed in jolly fine shape at DeepSouthCon last June, which I hope you enjoyed despite the hotel's broken air conditioning. Fun riding that panel with you, Janice Gelb and Tucker!

Harry Andruschak
P.O. Box 5309
Torrance CA 90510-5309
received 3-16-98

How much of your workload as a public defender involves those caught up in drugs and alcohol? 100% How many of your clients have had any real chance at treatment? Damned few, I'll bet. Every time I read your stories about your clients I wonder how many have had any real chance to rehabilitate themselves.

As I work in a court especially constituted to deal with drug crimes, I do indeed see few people not befouled by "the white sustenance." Dope has also played a role in many if not most of the crimes I've dealt with in other courts; many if not most robberies are committed to finance drug habits; many if not most murders are committed to settle drug turf wars. Rehab at a parish clinic is prescribed and required for every first-time offender placed on probation in our court, but funds have run out for the "Blue Walter" program that used to be in place for Louisiana's incarcerated. Even my judges, generally conservative, find that atrocious. Blame our state legislature, which is composed of crooks and morons and which wouldn't dare support an expenditure "to coddle criminals" -- even by getting them off drugs.

Pamela Boal
4 Westfield Way
Wantage, Oxon, OX12 7EW
U.K.
received 3-20-98

Thank you for **Challenger 7**. Great photos! Great article from Susan Whitmore. Having worked for and with disabled people for many years, not to mention having the odd problem myself, I know she has learnt the major lesson. Most especially in degenerative diseases, treatments that alleviate symptoms or even cure one person are often of no help to the rest. There are always pointers though and Susan is right to keep on fighting. Gene Stewart's "Now Go Play": so right; wish I had written it.

Mike Glicksohn
508 Windermere Avenue
Toronto ON
M6S 3L6 Canada
received 3-20-98

Over the last five years, as I expect you know, almost all of the fanzines that have arrived here unrequested have remained unresponded to. I do not feel guilty about this. I spent a quarter of a century

replying to almost every fanzine I received and then I announced publicly and widely that I was done. A few fanzines I want to remain a part of continue to get the occasional reply from me and a few extremely kind fanzine editors send me their output out of a sense of gratitude to the years when I could be counted on for a prompt and (I like to think) publishable response. But most of the fanzines I'm not a part of that reach me nowadays are merely skimmed and filed away without a reply.

I do not believe I've responded to previous issues of **Challenger** that you have sent me. I assumed that eventually my lack of response would result in you dropping me off your mailing list since we don't have much history of personal interaction.

In all honesty, if you dropped me from the **Challenger** mailing list, I wouldn't mind. I have to admit that I don't find that I like you or what you seem to stand for.

We've never spoken as far as I can remember. I think I'm a peach.

On the other hand, I cannot and will not pass up the opportunity to admit that **Challenger 7** moved me to a considerable degree.

I did enjoy your photo-spread on Lone*Star*Con which I did not attend because when that convention was accepting memberships I thought my involvement with worldcons was over. Now that I am C-Chair of a worldcon bid the successes and failures of recent world conventions are important to me and your photographic coverage of the 1997 World Science Fiction Convention was something I enjoyed.

But what really moved me in **Challenger 7** was Curt Phillips' eulogy to my old friend Lynn Hickman. I know Curt and he is a good person. I knew Lynn and he was a wonderful person. I wept while I was reading Curt's article which is partly a testament to the power of Curt's writing and partly the cumulative effect of just having read commentary in **File:770** about the deaths of Ross Pavlac, Ted Pauls and Bill Rotsler who were all friends of mine.

I may not like you but I owe you for publishing such a fine tribute to a fine man.

Dale Speirs
Box 6830
Calgary, Alberta
T2P 2E7 Canada
received 3-21-98

The death penalty having been abolished three decades ago in Canada doesn't stop a few law-and-order types from demanding its return. However, they've been silenced recently by two cases where persons

convicted of murder and sentenced to life were subsequently found to be innocent. A tremendous hoorah in Canadian politics, but while the falsely-accused spent a dozen years in prison, at least there was the chance of an apology and compensation. The Saskatchewan government, having convicted one man on "direct" and "solid" evidence beyond any reasonable doubt, issued an apology and settled with him for a million dollars or so to compensate for 13 years in prison. Had he been executed, no one would have bothered to investigate his case, especially since he was in fact a habitual criminal. But not the murdering kind, as the eyewitnesses recanted and the physical evidence [was] re-examined in light of today's forensic technology. The bring-back-the-noose movement has been stopped dead (pun intended).

The Wigwam Village motel brought back fond memories of a similar motel in Crowsnest Pass, Alberta, on the B.C.-Alberta border in the Rocky Mountains. I stayed in the Crowsnest Wigwam motel many times when I was fossil hunting in the area. Freezing in a pup tent in a mountain pass may be jolly fun for some tourists, but I preferred to drive out each morning to the fossil lodes after spending a warm cozy night in a wigwam where the running water wasn't the ice-cold Crowsnest River but a heated shower. I don't know if Toronto has any such motels for its 2003 bid; perhaps Lloyd Penney can advise.

E. B. Frohvet
4725 Dorsey Hall Drive Box #A-700
Ellicott City MD 21042
received 4-3-98

You have certainly raised the standard for cover art in fanzines; unfortunately you may have raised it too high for the rest of us! Not many faneds have access to David Cherry art.

Nor do I, except for the piece on Chall 7's cover. I'm back to using fan art, and feel lucky to have what I get.

Fannishly speaking, nothing would please me more than seeing **Challenger** maintain a regular twice-a-year schedule, which would create (in my mind at least) a strong argument toward nominating it for the Hugo next time.

I appreciate the implicit compliment very much, but aren't schedules inherently un-fannish? Shouldn't a fanzine appear when it's done, and get done when it is?

I encourage you to run for DUFF. The disclaimer of being, in your imaginative neologism, **fubbo**, is insufficient. The perfect jocks and prom princesses of the world are content with reality and

immune to the charms of escapism; few of them are likely to be fans.

Maybe not fans, but content with reality? Leslie Van Houten was a prom princess. Fellow Mansonite Tex Watson was a high school athlete. Which one of us, scanning our Analogs during football games and watching Star Trek rather than enjoying school dances, didn't imagine the lives of such people too splendid to need escapism? But what escapism could be more extreme or terrible than violence and madness?

The photo on page 14 suggests that "bald" is a fair self-critique, but that's just the luck of the generic draw; the others are probably not really descriptive.

Concerning Mr. [Curt] Phillips' tribute to his friend, in which he perceived the unseen presence of the late Lynn Hickman, one can only say: I don't know everything, and I *know* that I don't know everything; therefore I for one don't rule it out.

I endorse your suggestion that Dave Langford remove himself from Hugo consideration. Others among the Usual Suspects should follow the fine example set by Teddy Harvia.

And Harry Warner, and Rick Sternbach, and Michael Whelan, and ...

You are apparently one of the few who is paying attention. Yes indeed, the point is exactly that "Frohvet" could be anyone. Must be that southern air. Thanks also for the kind review of my zine: I hope you will continue to find some interest in **Twink**.

No doubt about that -- Twink is a good, solid zine rich in perspective and personality. You keep pubbing, I keep reading: deal?

Not to exacerbate the situation, all I will say about your legal essays is: if I were an attorney, I would feel more comfortable practicing in civil law, wherein people at least screw up their *own* lives.

Not necessarily! In tort law, for instance, people sue folks who have injured them through negligence (or on purpose, in rare cases). Terrible suffering has been brought on by careless manufacturers or slovenly business owners.

"Wigwam Village" was a first on me. Ah, the endless creativity of the human spirit ... In a wholehearted *non sequitur*, if the Wigwam for 2003 bid, or any other bid, wants to declare Fuming Purple Siolean Fog Cutter its official beverage, I remind fandom that I still have the only surviving recipe. Anyone who deconstructs that as shameless cadging for party invitations clearly has not grasped the concept.

I understand you showed up at Bucconeer. Missed you again, dammit.

Harry Warner Jr.
423 Summit Avenue
Hagerstown MD 21740
received 4-7-98

Congratulations on another splendid Challenger.

Curt Phillips' narrative of his sentimental journey to Wauseon is very impressive, and it maintains the perfect record in everything I've noticed so far in everything published in fanzines I've received about Lynn Hickman: nobody has been able to find anything so far anything about him to write critically about. It's good to know that Lynn's son is planning to keep Lynn's pulps in existence by selling them to collectors. I'm still shaking in horror over the item in the new **File:770** about burglars who were ravaging Darrell Richardson's collection when apprehended.

The photo section is notable for giving me my first looks at a number of individuals whom I've never seen in person or in pictures previously. Kim Stanley Robinson looks as if he's just stepped out of a movie in which he starred in the 1950s on an occasion when Cary Grant wasn't available to the producer. Toni Weisskopf might be a reincarnation of Marlene Dietrich in a film like **Destry Rides Again**.

If Jerry Page continues to write articles for you about magic, he should win fan writing Hugos as regularly as they've gone to a contributor on hospital life in **Mimosa**. I wonder, do magicians forbid the use of camcorders by members of the audiences during their shows nowadays? If it's a rule never to repeat a trick for the same audience, the presence of camcorders would imply breaking of that rule, in the sense that the possessor could look repeatedly at the performance at home and perhaps catch the secret of the illusion through reruns in slow motion.

I think Susan Whitmore's article held my attention better than anything else in this issue. At a time when parental neglect of their children is epidemic and more than a million unborn babies are murdered because they're unwanted every year, it's so good to read about someone who is fighting so hard for the well-being of a little girl. Fortunately, medical marvels are multiplying so rapidly that there must be a good

chance that a method to alleviate or wipe out this child's problems will be created before she reaches maturity.

Recent news stories seem to indicate that there is indeed water on the moon, as Alexis Gilliland speculates. But there's one thing I don't understand. If water accumulates on our satellite as it scoops up the leavings of comets and other celestial junk, why is water apparently so scarce on Mars? Mars is much larger than our moon and should get quite a bit of it because it no large near neighbors to compete for water in space, such as earth must do to the moon.

I'd love to see the fanzine library suggested by Gene Stewart become a reality. But where would the financing come from? The person chosen to run it and keep it would need to be bonded, there would be

monthly rent to be paid for whatever structure was chosen to house it, insurance would be needed and would be high on such inflammable contents, and the cost of postage and other incidentals. There was a big scandal some years back in the United Kingdom when a fan library of sorts suddenly began to appear as objects for sale, so expensive protective measures would be needed to prevent a repetition.

Hastily, I must deny totally and absolutely Joseph Nicolas' belief that "we all" mentally plan our locs while doing other things, long before sitting down to write them. That is because I never give a thought to what I'm going to type before the paper is in the typewriter and I've typed my address, the date, and the name and address of the recipient

at the top of the first page. Then I might give 10 to 15 seconds to thought before I begin the loc. This applies only to the letters I've written on this typewriter. When I used the old Underwood that served me from the mid-1940s until about a decade ago, I didn't need those 10 to 15 seconds because that typewriter sensed my needs and began to pound out paragraphs as soon as I placed my fingers on the keys, with no output from my mind. I can't be sure if I can teach this tiny Royal the same trick before I get out of fandom.

Re-reading your description of the Wigwam Village, it occurred to me for the first time what headaches one or more of them might give archaeologists centuries in the future when bookworms



or nuclear bombs have wiped out most written history. At least fragments of these structures might be uncovered on some future day from beneath the thick layer of topsoil that has formed above them over the centuries. Just think how such discoveries will cause science to revise its image of North American Indians and the building materials they used.

Craig Hilton
P.O. Box 430
Collie, Western Australia 6225
Australia
docrat@altu.net.au
received 4-7-98

I must start out fill of praise for the stunningly beautiful David Cherry cover on 7, which in no way demeans the excellent work of Ian Gunn's cartoonery on 6. Even though they say you can't judge a book by its cover, when I open up a manilla envelope and draw a weighty 'zine which faces me with such exceptional artwork, well it's a flaming good start.

And the content backs up the promises all the way. All of it.

But not to beat about the bush: hoping to find another of your tales of life as a defence lawyer I scanned the pages and there at the end was the very thing I was looking for. Guy, I really enjoy these anecdotes. You really have to write more of them. Perhaps one day -- and here Yours Truly gazes into the setting sun -- you might collect enough of them to put into a book, a sort of Garrison Keillor of the deep south, a John (Rumpole) Mortimer of the 24th Judicial District Court of Louisiana. Well *I'd* vote for you.

I love to collect stories on the job. From DC Comics to the Pathology Lab at Charity Hospital (I still dream about it; most can imagine; you would know) to the Employment Service to the Public Defenders Office, the positions have paid little but leant at least one or two decent yarns each. Such is the only wealth I've managed to gather.

I love the way you take such a pragmatic view of the ups and downs of representing the poor, the downtrodden, the uneducated and often the more-or-less criminal. I get inspiration from your underlying philosophy that the law is not just there to put Bad People behind bars, but is also part of the fabric that holds together a civilised society.

I wasn't quite sure about the illustration at the end of the article, at the dinner table "and then I and then I". Was the man meant to be you? It doesn't seem to look like the you I remember.

In that illo Charlie Williams depicted my fantasy of squiring juror Roark to a posh dinner and sweeping

her off her feet ... but you note what she had on her mind. Charlie hasn't seen me in a while and doesn't know the vast corpulence which has come to sheathe my course. And would I talk incessantly about myself? Moi?

Susan A. Higgins
P.O. Box 925711
Houston TX 77292-5711
received 4-8-98

Thanks so much for **Challenger** 7, it was a great read and lots of fun.

I was lucky -- I have a chocolate Hugo! It was Tim Burton's, but since he wasn't going to show up -- I got it instead. Eat your heart out, Guy! Of course, I won't eat the little chocolate Hugo -- I'm saving it for when I win my very own real Hugo!

My favorite art and story: art on page 36 and "Challenge on the Cutting Edge" -- it was a very moving and real story. Most fun person I thought from her photo and story was Inge Glass.

Inge 's planning another article!

Gene Stewart
1004 Tigerville Road
Traveler's Rest SC 29690
received 4-12-98

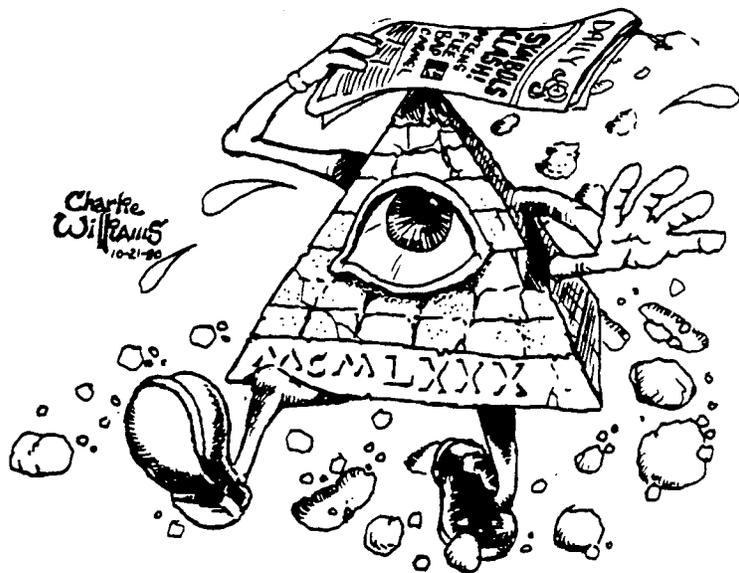
David Cherry's cover for **Chall** 7 was superb, and fit to be framed. It is the finest cover art I've seen on a zine, as advertised. Questions: Is it Guinevere? (Has she green eyes?) (Is she gazing at Arthur, or is it Lancelot?)

By the way, **Challenger** often evokes, or connotes, chivalry and thoughts of tattered honor and bygone glory -- is this part of your mandate? Or is **Chall** haunted, perhaps, by the literary ghost of Don Quixote? (Or Sancho Panza?)

Curt Phillips wrote an affecting goodbye to Lynn Hickman. I'm struck by the tone, which is both celebratory and sad. As for the unbelievable stuff, I think that's called Human. If you don't feel such things at such times, maybe you're an android and ought to go back to the factory on Planet X where you came from. Great writing, and Joe Mayhew's illustrations provided excellent counterpoint.

Your musings on Oz and DUFF in "Midnight Rambler" cracked me up. Also, hey, you've got my vote. I can think of no one who could represent U.S. fandom, or quaff Foster's Lager (I know, it's a Yank myth), as enthusiastically.

The Socratic questions that begin your letter on the media's Clintonian sex-scandal fury are dead on the mark, and I concur wholly with the points you made.



My only addition to your remarks on Karla Faye Tucker's execution is to cite the fact that her conversion and rehabilitation were never tested in the real world. That seems to be a failure of the system to follow through on its own claims. Does it now assert that rehabilitation is a myth? If they still make claims of even trying to rehabilitate people, then surely they should take the risk now and then of proving their claim. Yet they celebrate deaths, instead, and mock conversions.

In the midst of his antediluvian ravings later on in this lettercol, my friend and Hearts benefactor Hank Reinhardt makes one good point: Karla Faye was never intended for rehabilitation. It was decided at Jump Street that she could not be rehabilitated. (Perhaps they also decided that it didn't matter if she was, but I'd hate to think of a society that filled with loathing and despair.) The fact that she apparently really did change, mature, and find peace -- and I know people who know people who claim she did -- makes it imperative for the future that society doesn't abandon the possibility of changing its mind.

For the record, the post-conversion Karla Faye Tucker still gave me the creeps.

Very nice photo-montage of the LoneStarCon, with diverting captions. I've lived in San Antonio a couple times, and it does have its charms. My favorite picture is the one of Bruce Sterling's daughter clutching his Hugo. Is there a better depiction of at least one of our futures?

In case anyone wondered, I got Sterling's OK for that shot.

Inge Glass' worldcon report is almost poetic in

its simple, direct experiences. Sounds as if worldcons are, indeed, something special.

Jerry Page's article on magic is compelling and fascinating. The parallel between movies and magic is a good one, and the Hitchcock example brought home the point well. Learning about Slydini is the kind of quiet revelation that zines allow best, and of course, the analysis of Uri Geller's methods is a bull's-eye. My only frustration is at my own failure to pick up on the clues that might explain how Blaine levitates. Send me a post card, eh?

Having moved 15 or more times in the past 11 years, I've noticed a parallel to move magic -- real estate magic. This involves trying to judge a place by a photograph. Invariably, one finds that the camera has been deceptively selective in what it shows, and what it excludes. Gee, wonder if real estate agents qualify for membership in the Magic Castle?

Mark Verheiden's "Urban Franken-stein" cartoon is hilarious, even as it brutalizes one of Karloff's most sensitive performances.

"Challenge at the Cutting Edge" by Susan Whitmore is superb, as is Peggy Ranson's art illustrating it. Her sense of humor throughout is what impressed me most. She continually offers perspectives that most of us would not have the emotional resilience to make, let alone share.

I learned about the hokum of much medical jargon years ago, and had my lessons come in handy when I had retinal cancer, so I can empathize. Yes, getting even good doctors to work *with* you is very difficult. My condition was rare, too, and it ended up being an aunt of mine who pointed me toward the right specialist. Getting to him through the tangle of military medicine required a concentration of will and many conflicts -- and finally, the decision just to go and let the bureaucrats fight among themselves.

Beautifully written and poignant, it's an article that cries out for wide readership. This is the kind of fan writing that ought to earn a Hugo nomination.

LOCS -- What, no bagels?

Ah, but a Julie Schwartz postcard is an excellent way to start off a loc section.

And a Julie Schwartz letter is a good way to end one.

See later.

I don't think we're actually at odds, GHLIII, regarding academics and literature, eyewash and subtexts, references and phony symbolism. At least, I'm in agreement with everything you wrote about these matters -- which leads me to the humbling awareness that I was less-than-complete in expressing myself. Yes, my rejection of academia does, on second reading, seem rather sweeping. Didn't mean it to be.

Your example of James Joyce made it clear, indeed. There is a place for good academic analysis.

Knowing a little about basic Joycean criticism earned me my first notice from Harlan Ellison, when -- dear God, 31 years ago -- I asked him if he'd had Ulysses in mind when he formulated Dangerous Visions.

Hey, have a heart ... I was 18, and Harlan said I was correct!

By the same token, I've seen an awful lot of nonsense by supposedly respected academics. Usually, they stem from an attempt to force material into an agenda, be it sexual politics, race relations, or some social cause.

Come Back to the Raft, Huck Honey, in which Huckleberry Finn is proven to be gay by reinterpreting internal "clues", is a playful example of agenda-driven revanchism being done by the French school. There has even been a recent attempt to demonstrate that Huck was *black*, based on skewed logic and a misreading of Mark Twain's letters and text. Specious claptrap.

There must be something about **Huck Finn**, eh? My bet is that Clemens got it right on all sorts of levels, which keeps the book pertinent and uncomfortable for all too many. (Twain lovers might want to check out **Fires of Eden** by Dan Simmons for a charming literary caprice about Clemens.)

I said my bit about the "Finn is black" theory last issue. You're right -- the book is central to American literature; Hemingway thought its themes appeared in almost every American novel. Speaking of Hemingway ...

A few years ago, there was a simpering biography about how Hemingway *must* have been gay, despite a Kilimanjaro of evidence to the contrary. The book was full of pseudo-Freudian back-biting and outright envy. It even suggested carnal necrophilia, when Hemingway's first wife died, an ugly canard with no evidence to back it up, not even in the notes. Further, although this most Freudian of biographers attempted to draw significant clues from Hemingway's definition of bravery -- "Grace under pressure" -- he utterly missed the obvious observation that Ernest's mother was named, yes, **Grace** ...

*With all the castration anxiety in **The Sun Also Rises**, it's hard not to wax Freudian when discussing Hemingway's fiction, and **The Old Man and the Sea** is a blatantly symbolic work. But Hemingway is much more interesting than these obvious brackets on his writing. The word "subtext" sings when one thinks of "A Clean Well-Lighted Place" and the entirety of **In Our Time**. (Lillian Hellman told a wonderful but probably apocryphal story about that*

*book.) Interestingly, he revealed complex and profound feelings regarding homosexuality in his memoir, **A Movable Feast**. Hey, too bad old Ernie didn't write about spaceships so we could take him seriously.*

As for evolution, it could as easily be interpreted as survival of the lucky dregs, couldn't it?

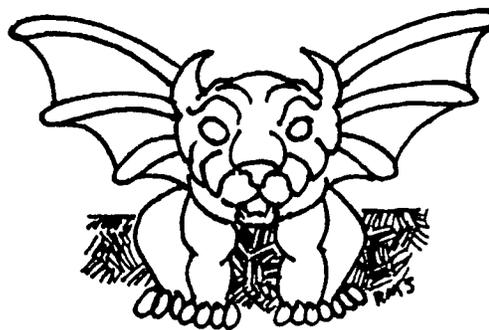
I'm envious that you got to see Zappa in concert -- wow. Was it great? Boggling? Hilarious & real?

Disappointing! I wanted a Howard Kaplan-esque concert a la the Mothers' Fillmore album and got straight -- if brilliant -- music.

By the way, read Zappa's book, it's somewhat jumbled but excellent.

Joseph Nicholas -- I think I recall that Vlad Lenin's brain had been stored improperly and had turned to muck. My question -- how could they tell?

Rich Dengrove -- Nice rundown of the Ramsey



case. Thanks, too, for the stuff about kitchen witches. We've apparently puzzled our good editor, though.

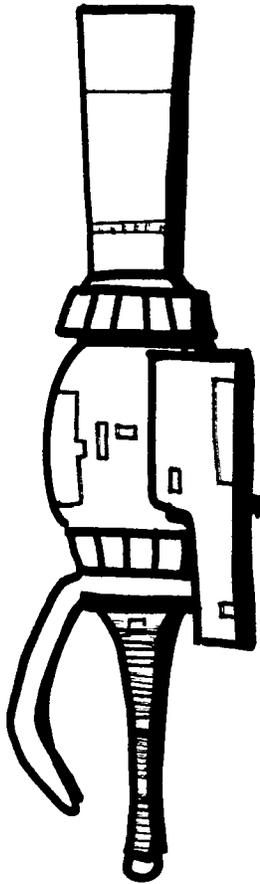
"Now Go Play" by moiseff was illustrated beautifully by Bryan Norris, who captured Cobain's angst and mine own nettlesome blather.

"Born to Lose" by GHLIII -- A great read, and it left me feeling good because for once, hey, the right side won. I like your anecdotal style, but it's the rhythm you establish between conversational action scenes and the expository stuff that raises it above most such material. Maybe it's that Big Easy backbeat, or maybe it's just that you've got the knack of rendering the gift of gab in written form, but whatever it is, it lets you write with feeling and intensity. I can well understand why you'd hesitate to tackle a real downer, when writing obviously affects you so strongly, but your ability to convey those feelings will see you through, because it's communicating that counts, and counselor, you sure can communicate.

I'm eager to see more of whatever you choose to write.

The Wigwam Village story made me smile. So few of our cherished memories from childhood survive into our battered middle years, it's good to know there are still a few out there. And hell yes, you've got my vote for a WigwamCon 2003, especially with Mammoth Caves as a consulte. What a concept. It's so crazy it might work, too.

(Note to self: write to Gene's wife and advise immediate shock therapy.)



Renita Cassano
638 Dauphine St.
New Orleans LA 70112
received 4-15-98

The "Wigwam" story reminded me of my family trips during the summer to Atlantic City (I was born in Philadelphia and lived there til age 11). I remember staying in motels near the Boardwalk, but often we would stay in a residential area, where people took in tourists for one of their extra rooms. It felt so much cozier, because of the little personal touches that the rooms had about them. One funny thing I especially remember my Mom telling me, was that she had to cover the wire hangers with something to protect our clothes, because the salt air would rust the

hangers.

Some familiar faces in the photos of the Worldcon report ... on page 15, Robert Neagle's friend is his fiancée, Ann Cavitt. And on page 17, the Klingon baring leg with the Scottish Blues Brothers [*I think they're Men in Black Tartan, or somesuch*] is New Orleanian Alfred Richard.

Would you believe that I sold my membership to Lone Star Con, when I realized that I just wasn't excited about going anymore. In fact I haven't even supported any WorldCons since presupporting the '97

bid years ago. I have supported World Cons since '82, when introduced to them by a patient of the orthodontist I worked for at the time. And over the years, have been able to attend seven World Cons. L.A.Con II was my first and L.A.Con III was the last I attended. Maybe I feel I've come full circle, but I just don't have the enthusiasm anymore about the World Con as I used to. Hopefully, it's just a little burnout, and the "fire" will reignite, and burn brightly again, soon.

Renita goes on to describe the nifty Grand Cayman snorkeling cruise she enjoyed while the rest of us were in San Antonio. Since starting up Challenger I've found that I enjoy worldcons more than I used to, because, obviously enough, I know more people and more people know me. Conventions are, after all, occasions to put faces to names. (And, for me, an excuse to witness the Hugo ceremony.) For simple fun and relaxation I prefer DeepSouthCon, where, after 26 years of near-perfect attendance, I'm part of the furniture.

Guy, what do you think of the decision by the Boston 2001 World Con Bid Committee to move their site to Orlando?

Moot question since Philly won the bid, but ... even though I enjoyed the hell out of MagiCon, I was disappointed in the Noreascon move. I craved an excuse to visit Boston again. I wanted to walk the decks of Old Ironsides -- something I've dreamed of since I was six --and drive up to Concord to Christa's grave. I almost hoped Kansas City would win ...

Hank Reinhardt
992 Yemassee Trail
Stone Mountain GA 30083
received 4-17-98

I received, and read, **Challenger 7**. I enjoyed it, but I must confess that your editorial was delightful! It brought tears of pure joy to my old and tired eyes! It has been years since I have known such delight! Even the fabulous Toni, not my fabled Moonshot where I put everyone over 100 while I stayed at zero was so heart-warming!

Tis well known that the scream of a dying enemy is wondrous music to mine ears. What is not generally known is that there is one thing I enjoy more! The howls, the moans, the pathetic whimperings, the mewling, puling sounds made by the Liberal Democrats when "Hoist by their own Petard!"

I may mewl, but I do not pule!

It was the Democrats who created the Independent Counsel Statute. The Republicans opposed it mightily. In 1994, when the Statute was up for reauthorization, the Republicans again opposed it, but

the Democratic Congress pushed it through and Clinton quite happily signed it.

It was the Democrats who pushed for the laws regarding sex in the workplace, remember the convention in 1992? That was one of their main planks in their platform. They wrote the laws that allow this, so howl, little man, howl, while I laugh with fiendish glee!

Yeah, but those laws dealt with non-consensual sex -- harassment. How does Monica's pitiful hero-worship compare?

However I am surprised that you are shocked that the mother [of Monica Lewinsky] was asked to testify. It happens all the time, and recently happened down here. But I applaud your deep and generous compassion. I'm sure that you howled just as loud when Ollie North's wife and his pastor were forced to testify before the Grand Jury.

I would have! Marital privilege against testifying is one of the oldest concepts in our law! I feel less outrage about a preacher being forced -- not "asked"; big tough Ken Starr threatened Mama Lewinsky with prison unless she cooperated with his sick little witch hunt -- to answer questions. But that relationship too is traditionally protected; remember that Rosie Grier was forbidden to disclose what O.J. Simpson bawled in his ear.

Poor ole Karla Faye Tucker. I'm very sure she found God on Death Row. Isn't it amazing how many people find God there. He must spend a lot of time on Death Row for so many people to find Him there.

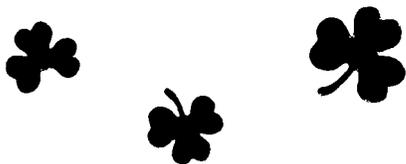
I guess He goes where He's needed most.

But I'm curious. I thought she was sentenced to death for punishment rather than for rehabilitation. I never thought of the death penalty as rehabilitating anyone.

The death penalty and jail are deterrents. They are not for rehabilitation. They are **deterrents!** I am proof that they work. There are a great many people alive today simply because it is illegal to kill them, and I don't want to spend time in jail or be executed.

Baloney! You're the softest and most sentimental touch in Southern fandom. Look at the thousands you contributed to my law school education through the pretense of losing at Hearts. I was never fooled ... No one could play as badly as you appeared to, nor seriously harbor such Neanderthal political ideas!

See you at the next ACLU picnic.



Teddy Harvia
701 Regency Drive
Hurst TX 76054-2307
eushar@exu.ericcon.se
received 4-21-98

If you are serious about your Wigwam Worldcon bid, you could call it **ConTent**. Hundreds of fans per room is not unthinkable. We had that many at parties in San Antonio, although they weren't sleeping as far as I could tell.

The Wigwam Village bid is on hold while I battle lawsuits from those I've named as presupporters. I may be stuck with supporting your Cancun bid for 2003, unless the new Wigwam bid motto by Pat Molloy catches on: "I hope you don't expect me to do any work!"

Roger Waddington
4 Commercial Street
Norton, Malton
N. Yorkshire YO17 9ES
England
received 5-2-98

You know, that first postal clerk might have been right about there being no difference between surface and airmail [to the U.K.]. I see that **Challenger 7** with its SURFACE notice went into your postal system on February 23rd; it arrived here on February 27th.

I've been tending to wonder about letters and submissions on disk; not so much as to whether they'll get through mailing machinery, more whether they'll survive the scrambling in airport X-ray machines. Of course, the real answer is e-mail, where you can thumb your nose at both disks and letters; and the postal system, as well.

But what can I say about Susan Whitmore's article? Well, we can read of the advances and setbacks in medicine in newspapers and magazines; lay them aside and forget about them, once read; but what must it be like to never be able to put them aside, to have to go on living with them? How small and petty all our own problems seem in comparison. Mine more than most; never having married and/or fathered a child, I've never had my own hostage to fortune or the despair over children. Some-how I don't think my response would be as brave or as resigned.

I realise now there's something I left out of the equation when commenting on the irresistible rise of media tie-ins, taking over the s.f. shelves in the bookshops; the saving presence of the magazines, perhaps the one refuge left for traditional science fiction. These can provide a home for both famous

authors and those hoping to start off their writing careers, dipping their toes in the water. Perhaps no longer the route to stardom as they once were, when most authors served their apprenticeship in the magazines; or as popular as they could be, with so much original s.f. going straight into print these days; once, a magazine appearance first was almost obligatory. But they're still the place where you can find "real" s.f., s.f. that explores the boundaries; without a Data, Dr. Who or Luke Skywalker in sight!

And surely, "My Favourite Hugo" must be the one you win!

Just an aside: Roger's note was mailed in the U.K., of course -- but the cancellation reads "MIB -- Men in Black -- Buy it Now on Video."

Walt Willis
9 Alexandra Rd.
Donaghadee
Co Down,
N. Ireland BT21OQD
received 5-2-98

Curt Phillips' farewell to Lynn Hickman was very moving, and left me wondering if I had ever met Lynn Hickman, which seems probable in over 50 years in fandom. But I just couldn't remember, and reluctantly came to the conclusion that I would have to look over my old con reports. I think it's very sad when one is reduced to this, but think how much worse it would be if the old con reports did not exist at all.

I can think of very little fannish that would be more fun than reading over old Walt Willis con reports! I re-peruse my reminiscences of DSCs and worldcons past -- and relive the conventions -- all the time. Isn't that why we wrote them?

I have just broken off to check through my report of the 1962 Chicago convention to check if there was any mention of Lynn Hickman, and found there wasn't. I found myself reading through the rest of **Warhoon** 28, without finding anything about Lynn.

I was interested in your description of Davette Shands as one of the most beautiful women in the world, and scanned through your LoneStarCon album in the hope of finding her photograph, but no. I think you owe it to your readership to publish a photo of her.

In addition to all of her other graces, Davette is charmingly shy. But I'll ask...

Inge Glass' worldcon report was evocative, especially where she describes how it took her and her friends an hour to cross the hotel lobby to get dinner. I wonder if any fans have actually starved to death in such a situation.

Jerry Page's article about magic was well-

written and full of interest, and so was the piece on the Hugos, which was further helped by the beautiful girls whose photos accompanied it.

Susan Whitmore's article about her daughter Ellie was very moving. I'd like to thank her mother for writing it, and for being herself.

I have an accomplishment something like yours, in that I can remember tunes I never heard. It's natural I suppose that when you get to my age ("Now of my three score years and ten, 78 won't come again") you will remember all sorts of half-forgotten tunes. In my case I keep remembering tunes I never heard before. The latest of these is "Little Dolly Daydream, Pride of Idaho". Now I am quite sure I never heard that tune before. How then can I remember it?

NOLA's Justin Winston used to do a wonderful radio show called "Faruk von Turk's Oriental Fox Trot Museum", which featured ... oriental fox trots, all recorded in the earliest decades of this waning century. These included such weird tunes as "Ten Cents Worth of Crackers, Ten Cents Worth of Cheese, and You", "The Night We Did the Boom-boom by the Sea" and "Shave'em Dry", whose lyrics would get me arrested if I reprinted them. Hmm ... could be you've inspired an article ...

And that only leaves what I think of as "the Grisham piece," always the best thing in the issue. This time it wasn't quite so riveting as usual, but it was still brilliant and ranks with "Challenge on the Cutting Edge" as the best thing in the issue. Thank you for both of them.

Brin McLaughlin
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received 5-17-98

Challenger is the joy to read that I remember it was. I had a wonderful time reading about your Wigwam Village bid, and if you need anybody to distribute flyers in the S.F. Bay Area, I'm happy to help. Send'em on!

There is madness in the waters of San Francisco Bay.

Your offer to send me some unpublished Rotslers for the next issue of **Conferring with Earthquakes** [Brin's personal zine -- see this issue's "Fanzine Dump"] means an awful lot to me. I had attended Corflu Wave ('97) with the main goal of meeting Bill, but he was simply too ill to attend. When he died, I read tribute after tribute to him online, then saw Harlan Ellison's loving albeit angry tribute to him during his commentary on **Sci Fi Buzz**. Among other things, he said the phrase that I quoted in **CFE** #1. [To the effect that her fanzine would never Matter, because



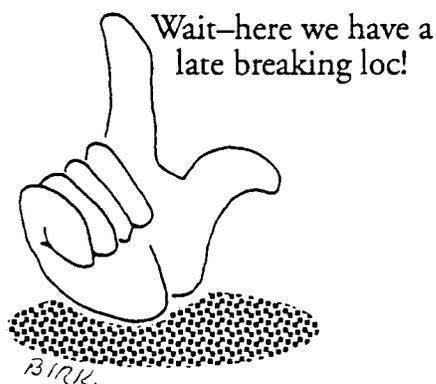
Joan Hanke-woods contributed this harlequin to our bid effort just before the '86 NASFiC ... and disappeared from fandom shortly after winning her Hugo. Where'd she go?

she was "never able to secure a Bill Rotsler illustration with which to grace its pages".] The reason that blurb ended up in CFE was because I had begun to think Harlan was right. The other reason I wrote that is because I wanted people to know that I *do* understand what an integral part of fanzine fandom Bill Rotsler had become. I'm only 33 years old, and there are times when I think I missed the heyday of *everything* fannish.

What has been most surprising to me is the reaction that little statement has received. I was not intending it to be interpreted as a plea for Rotsler artwork, and I'm caught completely flatfooted by the thought that it's been taken that way.

You can go ahead and keep your Rotslers, and the reason you may keep them for your own use is a story in and of itself. I've been something of a slug with my newsgroups lately; extremely lazy or in a hurry and generally marking the newsgroups as "read" even though I've done nothing of the sort. Just trying to keep my mailbox clear without doing too much work. I finished CFE on May 6th, and on May 9th, for the first time in several weeks, I glanced at rec.arts.sf.fandom and actually read every message.

Suddenly there it was. A message entitled "Rotsler Art." My heart raced. I read the message, and sure enough, there was an opportunity for me to



acquire some of the precious stuff for use in CFE. A fan by the name of Bill Warren had posted a message along the lines of "I just helped clean out Bill Rotsler's place and there's a lot of art here. If you haven't had Rotsler art before and you want some now and you promise you'll use it in a fanzine and you can cite somebody as a reference that I recognize, then I'll send you some."

So I applied, and bless his heart, Bill Warren was as good as his word. Within a week, I received a surprisingly large stack of Rotsler art. If I use three pieces per issue (not likely, as CFE is likely to stay

text-heavy), I'll still be in "high cotton" for the next 4 or 5 years, if I stick to a quarterly publishing schedule (hahaha ... fanned sticks to schedule ... what a kneel-slapper ...)

But the notion that you would offer to send some Rotsler illos to me blows me away, and I shall not forget it. It's one of the sweetest, most generous things somebody (other than my wonderful husband) has offered to do for me in quite a while.

So, Guy, again, humbly, thanks. If I were there, I'd kiss ya on your naked scalp.

I don't feel qualified to memorialize Rotsler, whom I first saw at a '71 SFWA/Nebula event in Berkeley, glowering when I tried to take his picture, since we only chatted once or twice and the last time I saw him -- the photo printed in Chall #5 -- he didn't recognize me. But I liked the guy and appreciated his generosity and loved the spontaneity of his cartoons and the drama in his more serious fillos, and we who would praise his memory have to mimic his epic benevolence and spread his genius to as many as can partake of it. Rotsler was and is a treasure we have to share. Good for good guy Bill Warren for keeping the spirit alive.

Richard Dengrove
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received 6-5-98

Lots of things to comment on in **Challenger 7**. There is Curt Phillips' account of the ghost of Lynn Hickman. I think that Lynn's ghost was all in his mind. Of course, why shouldn't it be? What's in our mind certainly exists. In fact, isn't what's in our mind more important than what we detect with our senses? It is true his ghost's importance was not the same as the old English ghost: to right some wrong that it had left unrighted in life. Lynn didn't seem to do that, unless reassuring Curt was righting some wrong.

From ghosts, we go to ghostly evidence, the case against Clinton. You talk about Kenneth Starr's tactics in investigating Clinton. I hear they are normal prosecutorial tactics. Browbeating mothers into testifying against their daughters. Prosecuting someone so they will incriminate someone else. In short, winning by intimidation. The problem is that the right to do these things presumes the prosecutor is a man of good will, and is not out to get someone. In practice, a lot of prosecutors are out to get someone. What is it? Power corrupts and lots of power corrupts lots.

Going from the prosecutor's sleight of hand to a magician's, I was interested in what Jerry Page had to say about magic. He gave me more ammo for my

view: the wool can be easily pulled over our eyes, either by sleight of hand or indirection. People like to believe they can't be fooled, but we all live in a constant state of being fooled, or fooling ourselves. The overwhelming evidence of science -- and this part of cognitive psychology seems to be a science -- is that we are deluded and irrational. Mad men are only people who are deluded in a way different from the norm.

From the delusion of magic, we go to the delusion of nature. Nature has pulled a dirty trick on Susan Whitmore, and her daughter's development has stalled. All the king's scientists and all the king's charlatans can't make her like other children. I am not certain that science's problem is it only deals in large numbers. As the tautology goes, science can't know what it doesn't know, only what it does. I hope ultimately science ends up learning the solution to the daughter's problems. And fast.

From nature's dirty tricks, we go to man's, on himself. Gene Stewart may be right that Kurt Cobain was crying out for help, but the only one who can be depended on to help you is you. I found that out to my chagrin 25 years ago. Others can only be depended upon to follow their self-interest. Only the individual can get off the cycle of drugs and violence. Or the cycle of worthlessness and indecision.

So, in sum, from Gene's and these other articles, I discovered the answer to the eternal question: how's tricks?

Steve Hughes
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Great cover! I really like it.

I don't agree with you on the Karla Faye Tucker execution. Yes, she had the time to repent her crime and maybe even to become a better person. The point is her victims did not. A person can overcome almost anything you do to them as long as they survive it. Rape, major disfigurement, torture, sexual abuse, you name it and people overcome its aftermath. It may take years but most people can do it. But if you take their lives you take away their entire futures, everything they could have become, everything they could have done. Even the most despicable villain may turn into a saint or at least a good human being given time. Karla Tucker may be a case in point. So what do you do to someone who deliberately takes that time away from another person?

Our society does not casually kill its criminals. Insanity is an excepted defense for the worst of crimes; actions done under the influence of drugs or alcohol are

seldom punished by death. You normally have to do something really cold-blooded to get the death penalty. Even after the criminals are convicted, we spend years making sure the punishment is justified. I can just imagine the screams of barbarism and injustice if anyone tried to shorten the time from sentence to execution.

Of course the time lag is a big part of the problem. As time passes we forget the victim and only see the criminal. After a few years the crime doesn't look so bad, its emotional impact deadened by time. Suddenly the perpetrator is the sympathetic figure.

So how do you punish the person who deliberately takes another's life? Life imprisonment? Now there's a just punishment for stealing someone's future. The criminal gets years to "rehabilitate" himself and has the very real possibility of being freed after a few years of imprisonment. I would imagine it would be pretty easy to convince yourself that the *chance* of life imprisonment is an acceptable risk.

Killing someone is just too easy. You know how few murders are actually solved and how petty the motives for the crime often are. We have to make the punishment something that will make people think twice before killing. The only thing that has any chance is the real risk of losing one's own life. Will this stop murders?

No, of course not. Nothing will. I won't use the old "at least they won't do it again" argument. It's a pretty poor one at best. There are probably a lot of murderers who kill once and would never do it again. No, the real reason for the death penalty is the slight chance it will cause some would-be murderers to stop short of actual killing.

If you make that remote chance of punishment even less likely, you must increase the possibility of its happening and that is simply unacceptable. Human life is sacred and must be protected. Everyone has the right to make of their life whatever they can.

Having trouble reconciling that last statement with my stand in favor of the death penalty? I think it's pretty simple, when a person makes a cold-blooded decision to take another's life, he is also deciding that killing is an acceptable thing to do. In effect he's accepting the death penalty by killing someone else. And I agree with his decision.

When you make the decision to kill another person, you are accepting that you may be killed. By the way, it's not just murderers who make that decision, soldiers make it every time they go into battle, even police make it. In short, I believe the death penalty is justified because the person being killed has already agreed with the sentence.

Do murderers sometimes change their minds afterwards? Of course, and I will agree with not killing them just as soon as someone finds a way to let the victims decide not to be dead.

And not one minute earlier.

I don't disagree with a word of what you've said, except that I believe with Justice Harry Blackmun when he justified the death penalty as "the expression of society's ultimate outrage". I find that unarguable, and as I said last time, there are crimes I believe must be met with the death penalty because our outrage must be absolute. My question comes when that outrage has been mitigated by some other factor: genuine rehabilitation, for instance. Our society has established real moral change as a worthy goal for the imprisoned. Should it not be recognized and rewarded?

Life imprisonment may mean something less than life in some jurisdictions -- Van Houten, for instance, has the chance at parole in California, although it still hasn't been granted and we'll see the 30th anniversary of her crime next August. But here in Louisiana the sentence runs without benefit of parole, and so life behind bars means just that. I believe the same is true for Texas. Had Tucker not been executed, she would have spent the rest of her life in prison. Considering her mental state at the time of the offense -- psychotic and on drugs -- and the remarkable and apparently very genuine change she had made in her life -- a claim supported by prison personnel who have seen enough phony religious conversions to know the difference -- keeping her off the table seems to me to have been a very acceptable social risk. I'd've done it.

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Wow! Seven certainly seems to be a lucky number for you! I must say that this issue of **Challenger** ranks up there with the very best fanzines I've ever had in my hands.

I was hooked right from the start with Curt Phillips' bio of Lynn Hickman. I got a bit of a chill reading it since I had much the same

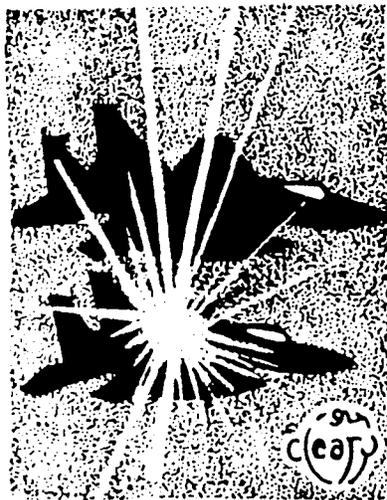
feeling of Lynn *being there* at times in the con suite at Concave last year. Lynn often told me just how much he felt that Concave was one of the things he most looked forward to each year. There were several times in the wee hours when all of the usual suspects were there that I got the feeling that I could just turn around and talk to Lynn.

If Curt's tribute to Lynn was not enough, then I got to Susan Whitmore's story of Ellie. A few nights ago I dreamed that for some unfathomable reason I was working on the roof of my house and had both of the boys up there with me. I vividly remember watching in my dream when my son Nick slipped at the crown of the roof and slid off the edge to the 75-foot straight drop into the back yard. All I could do was watch it happen. I sat up bolt in the bed with my heart racing and my blood boiling with adrenaline. I went into the boys' room and watched them sleep for several minutes before going back to bed and trying to go back to sleep with that scene replaying in my mind.

I can only imagine Ms. Whitmore's day and nightmares in dealing with what must rank right up there with the cruelest things nature can ever do to a parent. Her dedication to Ellie and continuing search for understanding rings exactly true.

Then we had strike three with your own account of the "Popeye" trial. As you say, public defenders don't get to win too many. I've read all of your accounts of your diligent efforts over the years for clients ranging from guilty to pathetic to stupid, and the monotonous litany of guilty verdicts. It was nice to read that at least once, you won one. The story was a great offset to the other articles about loss and tragedy, and served to round out a nearly perfectly balanced issue that worked on many levels. Thanks for a great fanzine.

Thanks for a great compliment! If an envious bachelor may voice an interpretation of your dream, it seems to express a universal anxiety of all good parents: you love your kids more than life itself, yet you can only watch as those kids blunder into life's dangers. I guess this fundamental terror never really goes away, although in time you'll gain faith in how well your dudes handle themselves, and it won't be quite so bad. In fact, it'll be downright delightful.



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I've enjoyed the last two issues of *Challenger* so I guess it's time I told you so. I'll just comment on issue #7, but I equally enjoyed the previous issue.

Curt Phillips' account of collecting his inheritance from Lynn Hickman's home was especially moving, even for someone like myself who never met Hickman. I have no skepticism about Curt's perception that his friend was present; whether it was Phillips' imagination or a real presence, nobody else can judge. and nobody should try.

As for the DUFF campaign, I think you should go for it. Many of us would love to send you to Australia! (I smile, honest.)

That parenthetical comment could be read in various ways. You could be saying that you're smiling -- honest! -- because you're kidding. Or you could be smiling because you're honest. Anyway, I'll make up my mind about DUFF later this year.

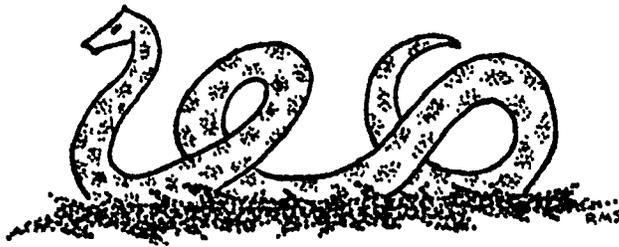
Interesting point about the Karla Faye Tucker execution.

Did you hear Reinhardt at the DeepSouthCon? "Let's talk about the Karla Faye case. I want to pick your brains."

The biggest problem with capital punishment (well, beside the danger of executing the wrong person) is that the long process of appeals and other hindrances to a quick execution do not serve anyone very well. We either need to give it up or find a better process for insuring its fairness (not to mention accuracy). I know, it's easy to say that, harder to find a way to do it. Interesting point by Walt Willis on the death penalty. I like the Hugo photo spread. Your use of photos is one of the best things about the zine.

Susan Whitmore's article is a reminder that most of us are more fortunate than we realize. I hope she is successful in her quest to find help for her child, and thank her for sharing her experience with us. On medicine, I think anyone who deals with a chronic illness figures out that physicians are at a loss for an answer more than we want to admit.

Your various articles about criminals and the justice system fascinate me. I'm very ambivalent about the subject of capital punishment as well as the general problem of justice for the innocent as well as the



guilty. The local case of the Luke Woodham killings in Pearl has been interesting for what the various interviews, articles and op-ed letters reveal about the local community and the attitudes of people who ignore black-on-black drive-by shootings at Jackson public schools but are severely shocked when a white kid shows up at a mostly white school with a rifle and starts

shooting the kids who have dissed him. The rapid passing of a state capital punishment law for murder at a school is a wonderful example of this attitude. And good "Christian" folks write vitriolic letters to the editor about how angry they are that Woodham can't get the death penalty. I think Luke Woodham is an extreme example of what many nerds could become: a troubled kid who found a very dangerous friend who encouraged all his sick fantasies of revenge on the world that he believed had rejected him. (Is it significant that his father and older brother did not attend the first trial?) Hating him won't solve the problem of which nerd, or for that matter, what popular but stressed jock, will be the next to crack up. As other schools have found out; and the press calls it an epidemic; but again, why do we take it for granted that black kids shoot each other but that middle-class kids won't ever take up violence when they despair? I don't think capital punishment will deter someone who has decided he has nothing to live for anyway. And I am repelled by those who scream for vengeance, believing if they can punish somebody it will all disappear. I don't think it is that simple.

People "scream for vengeance" at an event like Pearl because they have to scream for something, and anger is easier to express than grief and bafflement.

It's very hard for rational people to accept the horrible truth that irrationality -- madness -- is real. A sick kid like Woodham is like tornado weather... You can read the signs in the heavens and you can apply all the wisdom of the species to try to predict them, but the variables are just too multitudinous, and when they happen, they happen, and we stop them if we can, and when we can't, we mourn.

Wigwam Village sounds great, but I don't believe I want to share a room with 321.4 people. *[What if they're the right 321.4 people?]* Perhaps if we brought lots of RVs and took turns enjoying the ambience of the wigwams ...

You offer much to think about. Keep issuing your challenges.

Brad Foster gave his pen's approval to the New Orleans bid. He hasn't gone anywhere.



And a special loc on Challenger #6 ...

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At the worldcon I bought a sample ish of your zine, **Challenger #6**. I remember seeing a very favorable review of an earlier ish in **Habakkuk**.

Indeed, some people think that a negative review from Ted White reflects very favorably on a fanzine.

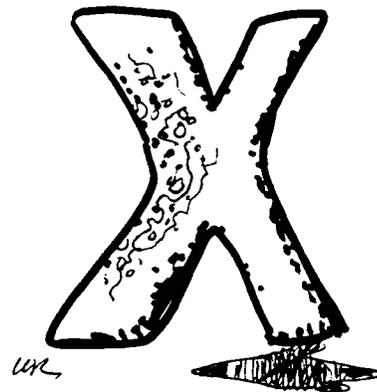
I am blind and have to have fanzines read to me. I pay high school students to do this for me and get in about three hours a week. I read the Baen speech some time ago, but then the zine got buried and just resurfaced. Baen's viewpoint seems to be present in the space advocacy community and even in NASA. Two years ago I went to the Intenational Space Development Conference, an annual con put on by the major space advocacy organization, the National Space Society. NASA was then seeking bids on a small-scale prototype for a successor to the shuttle which would be a single-stage vehicle with rapid turnaround. The idea seemed to be that if a company was subsidized to go that far, then it would go on its own to upgrade the vehicle and sell it to operators. The model talked about there was the airline industry ... Boeing builds the 737, United buys and flies them, and sells space to passengers and those who need freight hauled fast. The same three levels should hold for space.

At the same con Boeing made a presentation on a private launch service it was initiating. They bought in Norway a modified North Sea oil-drilling platform to use as a mobile launch platform, a ship from Scotland to accompany it and carry crew and supplies, a first-stage space booster from the Ukraine, and upper stages from Russia. They were going to put this all together and base it in southern California (Long Beach? San Diego?) and haul it out to the equatorial mid-Pacific for launches. It could launch two vehicles before returning for re-supply, and they had a firm contract to launch a satellite for Hughes. Saw on the Discovery Channel's "Rockets" that the sea platform is in operation, and that in a few years small satellites will be launched by retired Stars Wars lasers vaporizing a liquid carried on a small ship with no motors, as in a Jerry Pournelle story I read in **Galaxy** about 20 years ago.

I did enjoy both Harry Warner's and Bill Mallardi's reminiscences. Before I had gotten into fandom I had played with a hektograph where my father worked, but that was a snazzy deluxe model which was

a snap to use. The gelatin was on a large roll with a cloth backing, perhaps a yard wide. There was a large flat area with a feed and take-up roller at either end, and after running off one page, you advanced the roll to a clean area to do the next. When you got to the end of the roll the leftover ink from the first page would have sunk deeper into the gelatin and you could start all over again. There was some kind of sliding mechanism which pressed the master or copy down and then peeled it up. He had special typewriter ribbons and special carbon paper which could be used to make masters. This was in the late '40s, five years before I contacted fandom and a decade before I did my first fanzine. Obviously this was not for a 50-page fanzine but assumed you only ran off only a few pages at a time.

My father was a chief engineer on freighters in the merchant marine, but for a short time he worked on a passenger liner. I think this Gestetner of hektographs



was on the luxury liner where it was used for passenger menus or notices.

I gather from elsewhere that hekto was the normal mode of fanzine production in the '30s and mimeo was a rare exception. This was the tail end of the Depression and many fan were short on cash. I remember SaMoscowitz talking at an ESFA meeting many years ago about how a group of fan in the '30s found a place where they could get mimeo stencils for only a nickel each and so were able to afford to pub their clubzine that way, and what a big splash it made because it wasn't hektoed. I wonder if any faned ever had ever had access to an automated hekto like that on my father's ship.

I wonder if SaM was talking about the Scienceers, the fabled New York s.f. club where Julie Schwartz discovered fandom. Julie once gave me the first issue

of The Planet, the club newszine to copy: possibly the earliest s.f. fanzine of all, it was mimeoed, as was the first issue of Julie's The Time Traveller, the first genzine.

Richard Dengrove dug out some very interesting history on the Faust story. John Boardman mentioned that the story is constantly evolving and rebounded between England and Germany where it had originated. Marlowe's play was very popular back in Germany and was modified for puppet production. This evolved further totally beyond recognition into Punch &



Judy.

I never thought about the crap postal workers have to put up with until I read Robert Whitaker Sirignano's piece. Not only are there the malicious "pranks" done by socially retarded kids and adults, but all the stupid things mailed by idiots who don't think about the forces exerted by cancelling or sorting machines. The gamey duck [someone mailed] reminds me of a tale told by the late NYC fan lawyer, George Nims Raybin. He got to know many bank workers who shared stories. The bank cannot open your safe deposit box without your key. If you lose it or abandon the box they can only open it by drilling out the lock. Anyhow, one customer got pissed off at his bank and decided to get revenge. He put a fish in his box and never came back. It quickly became gamey and the bank workers didn't know which was the offending box. They couldn't just open up each box in the approximate area of the stench to check it out. George never did tell how they found the right box.

John Boardman has often quoted someone that when St. Kyril was traveling north to "convert" the Russians he had the Roman alphabet in a sack on one side of his donkey and the Greek alphabet on the other.

He had an accident and spilled both bags, which got mixed together. This became his alphabet. *Grand letter, and it was fine to see you at worldcon. Ed had lots more to say but I'm too selfish and lazy to share it all.*

Milt Stevens

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received by e-mail 7-28-98

I didn't know it was going to take retirement to get me started writing LOCs again. I did retire, but they hired me back part time. Working two days a week and off for five is a really much more civilized way of doing business. Now to catch up on the last couple years of LOCs. This is going to be my first attempt at sending a LOC by email. If it doesn't arrive, you aren't likely to notice it.

In **Challenger #7**, your reaction to the DUFF campaign reminded me of a joke. Two guys are walking in the woods when they encounter a grizzly bear which starts advancing towards them. The first guy whips a pair of running shoes out of his pack and starts putting them on. "Are you crazy? You can't outrun that thing," says the second guy. The first guy responds, "I don't have to outrun it. I just have to outrun you." Fortunately, fan fund competitions are only among fans. They aren't on a par with entering a body building competition against Arnold Schwarzenegger. They're more on a par with entering a body building competition against Danny DeVito. "Nervous, pushy, occasionally insensitive, overanxious, hyper-enthusiastic, virulently opinionated..." Yes, you certainly do have all the common fannish traits. Like name three fans who aren't opinionated?

My only contact with Lynn Hickman was through receiving **Pulp Era** years ago. I'm not particularly interested in non-SF pulps, but I always found **Pulp Era** to be an interesting publication. It always impresses me more when someone can interest me in a subject that doesn't particularly interest me. After all, it doesn't take much to interest me in a subject that does interest me.

Curt Phillips brings up the subject of ghosts. My worldview doesn't preclude the existence of ghosts. I have never personally sensed something I believed to be a ghost, but I've heard credible stories from people who have. If a ghost were to walk through the wall in the next five minutes, I would tend to believe in it. Maybe I would prefer to believe in it. If it didn't evaporate on dying, maybe we won't either. Phillips also mentions extra, or at least additional, sensory

perceptions. I've often felt I could sense what was going on behind me when I wasn't looking in that direction. Whenever I've tested the idea, I've always been right. For another type of ESP experience, there is a small Filipina woman at work who seems to exude sexuality. I swear I can sense the presence of that woman when she's within ten feet of me even when I'm not looking at her. That is some dose of sexuality. Of course, a rationalistic explanation might be that she is really lousy with pheromones.

Inge Glass mentions the phenomenon of getting less and less sleep at progressive cons. I think this may be a trend only at the very earliest cons one attends. I think I got the very least amount of sleep at the very first con I ever attended. I must have been quick to catch on to the idea I couldn't possibly see/experience everything that was going on at even a moderate size convention. In later years, I convene until I get tired, and then I go to bed. If I'm not obligated to do anything in particular, I sleep until I wake up.

Susan Whitmore's article is sad. It always seems worse when something happens to a child rather than an adult. It's unsettling when you think of the probably millions of things that might go wrong with the human body. The real wonder is that most human bodies work and continue doing it for a fair number of decades.

In the letter column, there are references to an erroneous attribution in **Challenger #6** to a Bruce Berry. Something like forty years ago, there was a fairly well known fan artist named D. Bruce Berry. From what I've seen of his work, he was a pretty good artist. His fan career ended after he accused Earl Kemp of having beaten him up. Kemp could prove he was in another city halfway across the country at the time of the alleged beating. Everyone simply had nothing to do with Berry after that point.

I wasn't around fandom at the time but I heard all about Bruce Berry later from Bob Jennings, the poor guy who published his infamous "Trip Through Hell". Obviously, the name stuck on one of the jagged edges of my mind.

Also in the letter column, you comment on the dramatic qualities of murder and crime in general. I don't think that's why TV is so chocked full of murder and miscellaneous mayhem. I think they do it because it is easy drama. All you have to do is hold up a severed human head, and you get an emotional reaction from the audience. "Cut to the chase" has always been a Hollywood adage. Now it's either a car chase or a shootout. The only crime show I ever watch intentionally on TV are the

Brother Caedfiel Mysteries. At least in that series, I know the plot will never be resolved with a car chase or a shootout.

Gene Stewart's article deals with what once was called the Byronic Artist. The idea of being a Byronic Artist is that you have to have a "tragic wound" in order to produce art. Actual physical disabilities don't count as tragic wounds. Having your sister lobotomized will do as a tragic wound. Stewart doesn't mention any aspiring playwrights trying to have their sisters lobotomized for the sake of their art. I can imagine the idea wouldn't be popular with the sisters. All musicians have to do is take dope which is readily available. That's almost too simple. Lord Byron had to work on his public image of excess and sin almost as hard as he worked on his writing. Part of his image was that he never worked at anything. The hard work he did on his image was rewarded. Long after his death, a scholar tried cataloging all the women who had claimed to have had an affair with Lord Byron. The number came to over 5000. He may well have been a sexually active man, but...

The expression on my face comes from contemplating the infamous LASFAPA Chart, and how it would have looked had Byron been a member, but never mind ...

Your client Popeye's tattoo reminded me of a crime report I saw a few years ago. It was a chain snatch in a shopping center. The suspect was described as a male Caucasian, 25-30, long dirty hair, missing front teeth, and the words "Fuck You" tattooed on his forehead. Given the attitude that suggested, I could pretty much figure out why he was missing his front teeth. I didn't think our lads would have too difficult a time in locating him, particularly since a couple of the witnesses knew he was a derelict who hung out in the area. It seems like most Bad Guys work on looking like Bad Guys. That isn't very smart. If they had enough brains to realize that it wasn't very smart, they might at least make it to be higher class Bad Guys.

The prosecution in Popeye's case did commit a major screw-up by not having the weapon. However, a metal baseball bat isn't really a very good weapon. They're fairly light, they're hollow, and they give some when you hit something. This may be fine when you are trying to propel a baseball, but it limits them as a weapon. The give combined with a fair sized impact area minimizes the damage they can do. A tire iron is a much more deadly weapon. It doesn't give and the smaller impact area increases the chances the blow will punch through the skull. Even with a tire iron, the human head is one

of the toughest things in all creation. As the result of a fall, one of my nephews once managed to break a brick with his head. The blow didn't even knock him out. Of course, it didn't make him feel too good either.

Lloyd Penney
1706-24 Eva Rd.
Etobicoke ON
Canada M9C 2B2
received 9-1-98

At last, I have a copy of **Challenger 7**. I guess the copy you sent me was sacrificed to the postal gods.

I only met Lynn Hickman once, as I have said elsewhere, and that time was at MidWestCon a few years ago. Lynn would send me the odd apazine about the pulps, being interested, but not being sufficiently financially blessed to actually collect them. It's a shame he's gone; some of the Canadians who regularly attended Pulpcon have established a one-day pulp convention held every April in Toronto. He's have some traveling to do, but Lynn would definitely have enjoyed himself.

Go for DUFF, give it a shot. Yvonne and I took the same attitude when it came to CUFF, the Canadian Unity Fan Fund. The original intention of CUFF was to bring a Western Canadian fan to an Eastern Canadian national convention, and vice-versa. Well, the fund itself had fallen into disuse at one point, but with the good works of Linda Ross-Mansfield and R. Graeme Cameron, the fund became vital again. Interest is being lost again, and we decided that we would run for the fund in order to keep it going. That's why even though we live literally down the highway from Montreal, we would run, and we won unopposed. Most don't, but we do know the value and intentions behind a fan fund, and will try to keep the fund going until someone else steps forward, willing to run it. There's Joe Mayhew on page 18, and this year, Joe finally did get his well-deserved Hugo. After the pain this guy's been through, a silver rocket has probably been a wonderful tonic. I wonder what your Baltimore report will be like.

See it here. If I don't hail Mayhew's grace in devoting his Hugo acceptance speech to sending good thoughts to ailing Ian Gunn, then I do so here. Classy, Joe!

My own report sums up very concisely ... driving Toronto to Baltimore via Trenton, Ontario and the Thousand Islands, then three bid parties, lots of time at the bid table, expensive food, seeing many people

I haven't seen in a very long time, including yourself, and meeting some people for the first time, like Peggy Ranson, and Olexandr Vasilkivsky from the Ukraine and Al du Pisani from South Africa, and more, and then driving back. I'm sure there was a Worldcon in there somewhere.

Over the past 10 to 15 years, the Hugo base has gone from plain to large to ornate to downright tacky. The San Antonio base was nice, but heavy and perhaps too large. At BucConeer, Bill Johnson (winner of the Best Short Story Hugo) floated over to the Toronto bid party after the Hugos to allow us to fondle his newly-won rocket, and I was pleased by the simplicity and historicity of the base. It was a piece of history, containing a piece of the original **Constellation**, but it also allowed the rocket to be the center of attention, as it should be.

Now I know about Wigwam Village. Are you the one who votes for Wigwam Village every Worldcon? We were the ones who voted for Myles' House in '89! Mike Glyer discovered this some years ago, and the Noreascon 3 folks considered it one of the best Worldcon hoaxbids ever.

Good to see you at the worldcon, but where did you get that shirt?

Lloyd G. Daub
5138 N. 58th St.
Milwaukee, WI 53218-4250
lloydgdaub@mailexcite.com

Dear Gly (Isn't that how one pronounces GHLIII?):

I'm glad to hear via the e-mail grapevine that you'll soon be 'Challenging' us again. It can't be soon enough to read another issue of this spectacular zine.

On the other hand, I know all too well the 'Challenges' of producing a zine, even without having your concern for quality. Fear not, three, two or even one ish per year will well qualify you for that Hugo in your future! And not the positive side, this way I can actually catch up on my backlog enough to LOC it.

I happen to be one of those kind of folk who like to start at the beginning, continue until you reach the end, then stop. So I'll start with the cover.

[Lucinda- Yes! Wasn't she absolutely beautiful? I'd love to see her in color!]

[Oino- Never mind color! I'd love to see her in the flesh!]

Oino, stop saying flesssh that way! And do you Guys have to interrupt every LOC I write?

[L- We can't help it, Uncle Lloyd; you keep forgetting to lock your door. Get it? LOC, lock? :-D]

[O- The real point is that we're more popular than he is. And better writers.]

[LB- I am anyway. I'm going to be in Dewachen Magazine, on sale soon!]

Lucy, don't you know it's impolite to mention one zine in another? Now Gly won't run this LOC.

[O- so far, it's no great loss.]

That's it! Five yard penalty for you! (That'll keep him away from the keyboard.) As I was saying, Gly, I thought that cover by David Cherry was gorgeous. So was the model. Or Cherry has one heck of an imagination. It was a pity that I didn't know it was in there while opening the envelope. Fortunately the thumb-mark is off to one side. Warn a Guy, next time, OK?

Curt Phillips' tribute to his friend Lynn Hickman reminds us in obvious and subtle ways how ephemeral human life and works are, and how in the end the 'challenge' is to not forget and to spread the word to those who never knew. That 'Pulp' that Mr. Hickman treasured all those years is doomed. Acid in the paper will oxidize it to powder in a fraction of the lifetime of a Gutenberg-printed book. Mr. Phillips memories of his friend will last only as long as he will. But now I have some memories, too. Of a particular, well-written article, and a memory of a great friendship made known. It's a gift to treasure as well.

Memories of lives and events can be preserved in another way, as our Fotomatical editor demonstrates with his photoessay of LoneStarCon2. Just as books preserved our verbal memories so that we no longer had to remember all those words for ourselves, so pictures preserve our visual memories. Both allow these to be transmitted to others. But alas, even photographs can fade, or their meaning be lost. After the death of my mother not even two years ago, we found any number of photos in her shoebox collection that she had never mounted. They had only the most cryptic identifiers and notes scribbled on them, and many had deteriorated or faded too much to even recognize the image. When she mounted them she would attach pages of explanation sometimes. Or at least a name and place for us to trace. Those of her generation able to fill in the blanks for us are now few and far between. And not even photos can fill in the blanks of what it was like to live her life; one filled with the insecurities generated by the Great Depression and World Wars. And filled with much humbler joys and pleasures. Some things have to be experienced first-hand to be truly understood.

As so it is with Susan Whitmore's life with her daughter. Such an article can only let us see glimpses of the challenges and joys they face- a shadow of a

memory. DNA is yet another means by which information can be remembered and passed along; that most vital information that says we lived, we were here. And yet even- or especially- this process is all too prone to error. Just as no one can help me with my mother's faded photos except wish me well, so all I can do is send my best wishes to Ellie. And remember as long as I can, in case this happens to someone else who needs to have this information transmitted.

Sometimes it's a lesson that needs to be passed along. And some people just don't learn. Or, as Gene Stewart points out, they waste their lives and deaths. Which is about as far as I can get with avoiding discussing GHLIII's editorial and his self-congratulation about getting the guilty party off the hook without forgetting myself and my good intentions. Least said, soonest forgotten.

Julius Schwartz

80-35 Springfield Blvd. #2N

Queens Village NY 11427

To my favorite Guy:

A quickie -- and belated loc -- on Challenger 7: a *super* issue from cover to cover!

F.Y.I. -- and Robert Coulson:

In the mimeographed days of *The Time Traveller* [1932], when a column ran short, it was completed with:

A quatrain is a four-line rhyme

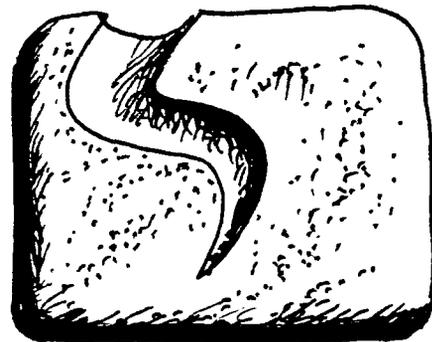
That's never out of place,

It can be used at any time

To fill an empty space!

Skipping (Ha! I can hardly walk!) the worldcon this year, but will try to make it to DragonCon for a First fandom Reunion and the premiere presentation of the prestigious Julie Award!

Which I'd rather win than a Hugo!



ALLEN MONEY - RUMBLE '86



Anatoly Paseka contributed several pages of innovative paintings to the Nolacon II program book. We haven't heard from him since the fall of the U.S.S.R., and we'd love to know how things are these days in Sverdlovsk.

I saw quite a few familiar fanzine faces at the worldcon, and some I hadn't met before. Thanks to everyone who came up to say hello. No more strangers!

Absarka 9-10 / Curt Phillips, 23800 Green Springs Rd., Abingdon VA

24211 / Zine for PEAPS, the Pulp Era Amateur Press Society. #9 is fronted by a funny face by the late Lynn Hickman, whom Curt rightfully idolized. (There's a photo of Lynn by yrs trly later in the zine.) The issue also offers letters to Lynn by E. Hoffman Price, which deal with Lynn's printing of Price's Harry Olmstead appreciation. I'm mainly concerned with its news that Curt and family will soon move due to a plant closure; Phillips' serious injury in a firetruck wreck over the summer could only have made things worse. Sucky world we live in, but the place they're bound for sounds infinitely better than anyplace I've ever lived. #10 features a cool -- and apparently ne'er before published -- article by Lloyd Arthur Eshbach about Doc Smith. I hope Curt distributes extras of these pubs generously; they merit wide attention.

Aces #9-10 / Paul McCall, 5801 W. Henry St., Indianapolis IN 46241 / pmccall@indy.net / \$10 post paid, checks to Paul at address above, no subs, limited trades / Remaining with pulps for a while, here's another gorgeous issue of a zine enraptured with them, rich with a variety of good art, both reprinted and original. Paul's color *Shadow* illo is the most spectacular, but there's a delightful portfolio of Ron Wilber inkworks and a superb article, full of reprinted covers from **Gangster** and other great pulps, on the career of the late Tom Lovell. The research includes a complete bibliography. Inserted: a eulogy for pulps fan Burt



THE ZINE DUMP

Leake by his pal and collaborator, Bud Overn. #10 is probably the most gorgeous fanzine I received in the past year; the cover this time features "Captain Future and Crew", in phenomenal color, and the interiors ... well, pulp covers & interiors

(illustrating *great* articles by Jerry Page), airplane diagrams (accompanying a piece on Bill Barnes, Air Adventurer), a full-page drawing and profile of Doc Savage comrade "Johnny" Littlejohn (who had only one living relative: an Uncle Ned -- Brooks, no doubt). I'm in awe of **Aces**; it's fanzining at its finest, sharing a fan's love for the genre with a scholar's interest and an artist's inspiration.

Adventures in Crime & Space no. 3.3-3.5 / Lori Wolf, 609-A West 6th St., Austin TX 78701 / e-mail: acs@eden.com; web: www.eden.com/~acs / The March/April issue of the great Austin bookstore's newsletter offers some lucky fans a dream job *working* at the store. You might check and see if there are any positions open 7 months later. May/June offers brief but valuable reviews, news of signings, and Hugo recommendations for 1999; July/August the long, impressive guest list for Armadillocon.

Ansible #127-132 / Dave Langford / 94 London Road, Reading, Berkshire RG1 5AU, U.K. / U.S. Agent: Janice Murray, P.O. Box 75684, Seattle WA 98125-0684 / SAE or. / I'm still angry over the vicious tabloid attacks on Arthur C. Clarke reported in issue #127. Clarke expresses thanks in #129 to those who helped him fight back against the calumny. Therein also Dave reviews the Leeds Corflu last March, featuring the fanzine fandom that thinks it's the *only* fanzine fandom. They do seem

to have fun, and it's good to read more than one-liners from Langford. #130 lists award after award after award, reveals the '98 DUFF winner -- Terry Frost -- but leaves my name off the voters tally, tsk. Quit the Hugo race, Dave! We all know who's #1.

Asterism no. 6 / Jeff Berkwits, P.O. Box 6210, Evanston IL 60204 / e-mail: jberkwit@nslsilus.org / \$6/year. / The "Journal of Science Fiction, Fantasy and Space Music" has fallen silent of late.

As the Crow Flies / Frank Denton, 14654 8th Ave. S.W., Seattle WA 98166-1953 / bearlodge@msn.com / Trade / One-sheet perzine from the editor of **Rogue Raven**, in hopes that he can publish more frequently. Frank natters about jazz, books &c on India, and the changes in life dealt by his and his wife's effective adoption of their granddaughter Jenny, obviously an enormous responsibility. Avid birdwatchers, he and his *frau* are always on the lookout for loons, which explains his interest in fandom.

Astral Travel for Beginners / Llewellyn Publishers, P.O. Box 64383, St. Paul MN 55164-0383 / Postcard hyping a "how-to" book by this name. "Learn to leave your body and explore



astral realm with confidence and safety." Llewellyn also sent a card promoting **Time Travelers from Our Future**. I had to mention this someplace.

Aussiecon Three progress report #2 / Mark Loney for Aussiecon Three, P.O. Box 266, Prospect Heights IL 60070-0266 (U.S. address) / info@aussiecon3.worldcon.org / Second zineful of info from the '99 worldcon. Facts fairly easy to find; articles by Bruce Gillespie (on trains, toy & otherwise), Greg Benford (on **Star Trek**, which he aptly describes as "SF Lite"), Jack Dann (an appreciation of "Oz" by a yank) all readable. Rather dull layout, and outside of the ads, no art, but hey, this is an *infozine*, and succeeds well enough as that. Oh ... Marc Ortleib pleads for contributions to the Auld Lang Fund, designed to bring Dave Langford to Aussiecon. I'll be glad to contribute ... *if* Dave withdraws from the fan writer Hugo race.

Batteries Not Included Vol. V #1-10 / Richard Freeman, 130 W. Limestone St., Yellow Springs OH 45387 / \$3@ / Richard's exceptional zine on the *verboten* subject of video porn is of consistently high quality, with excellent columnists (especially Richard Pacheco and Lisa Falour) and filmographies. These issues feature long interviews with the ubiquitous Nina Hartley and Jock Sturges, an article by an entrepreneur just starting in "the industry," a brief but good gag by Pacheco, and several memoirs, many reviews, filmographies, and so on. I'd like to see Freeman and his contributors take on some of the underlying moral issues inherent in porn (such as suggested by Ed Powers' repellant usage of "Mickey Nice", mentioned last issue), as Pacheco -- an intelligent and articulate writer -- occasionally does, and "Phil the Fan" does when he talks about the pathetic Shauna Grant. In #10 that master pornographer, Ken Starr, receives due notice. "Once again," says the editor, "life imitates porn." Jenna Jameson, Georgina Spelvin, Jock Sturges, other names you'd know if you'd know such names. Someday I'll have to tell the story of how a dumb joke I told a genuine porn princess -- Hyapatia Lee -- came close to being my last words on Earth.

Bento IX / David Levine and Kate Yule, 1905 SE 43rd Ave., Portland OR 97215 / davidl@co.intel.com; kyule@agora.rdrop.com / Tiny zine -- but not small enough to fit into a shirt

pocket! (Ulrika says in her loc that they're "a handy size for losing.") We are informed at the outset that "bento" is Japanese for "box lunch." Highlight: a dialog between a consumer and "the Microsoft ActiMates Barney Help Line." I think it's real. There's also a piece on "anti-catty" medication (Prozac; I prefer St. John's Wort), a crossword puzzle, coffee, boomers and "cuspers", and some neat locs. Much material for a tiny package! Shame on the editors, though: they print few addresses.

Ben's Beat 50-51 & Broadway Beat / Ben Indick, 428 Sagamore Ave., Teaneck NJ 07666-2626 / A clever scribble by Hannes Bok fronts the fiftieth issue of Ben's FAPAzine. His lead article -- about the NYC transit systems of his youth -- is nifty and evocative: it has me yearning for the smell of burnt insulation and singed cat hair, always the odor of New York subways for me. His book review section centers on a small press biography called **Willeford**, which has me furious that I didn't know about the author (Don Herron) and his Dashiell Hammett cab tours of San Francisco in 1993. No student of Lillian Hellman could miss that! Indick's memoirs of his earliest days as a theatre-goer are stunning Americana, and his reviews are an enviable flash of a genteel world far from the squalid backwater in which I live.

Broadside #5-6 / Michael Nelson c/o Bucconeer, P.O. Box 314, Annapolis Junction MD 20701 / for members / The late worldcon's mini-progress reports are hardly "fanzines" as we commonly understand, but I had to praise editor Nelson's clever "April Fool" front page to this newsletter of the Baltimore bash, and the bang-up job the publications staff did throughout. For instance ...

The Cat's Cradle / Mandy Pack, 227 Leonard Place, Knoxville TN 38917 / *Journal of the Knoxville Area S.F. Association*

Chimneyville Almanac / Johnry Lowe, 1152 W. 24th St. #1, San Pedro CA 90731 / *Johnryrb@aol.com*

Clang Bang Clang #3 / Robert Lawson, 599b Yonge St. #201, Toronto ON M4Y 1Z4 Canada / \$4 / Life in the fanzine world continues to be an educational experience. Here be the August 1996 issue of a zine devoted to Charles Manson, sent in

requested trade for my Van Houten article from **Chall #5**. I suspect the Manson this zine paeans is not the blithering Gabby Hayes lookalike currently surfing the net from his cell in California, but an icon of adolescent anger and angst created by angry and angst-filled adolescents. As such this zine, and all like it, are worth taking seriously. Sent along with a tape called **Clang!!**, "A Canadian Tribute to the Music of Charles Manson," self-consciously ugly music, well-produced and -performed but maddeningly *wrong*. Let's hope they learn better than the real crowd did that when told they are their brothers' keepers, it's not just other members of the same gang He's talking about.

Conferring with Earthquakes #1-2 / Brin-Marie McLaughlin, 247 19th Avenue Apt. 6, San Francisco CA 94121-2353 / *brininsf@aol.com* / Returning to zining is Brin McLaughlin, with a nifty six-page perzine dealing with local conventions, breadmaking, **The Teletubbies**, Clinton's controversial communion and a few fanzine notices. Brin has a breezy, friendly style and it's nice to have her back in the fray. In the followup issue she dispels any worry about her earlier plaint that she has no Rotsler art to use; if you missed it, check out my locs to see what happened when I e-mailed an offer to share some of mine. But don't miss issues to come: because of perzines like this one I've come to believe that they represent the real spirit of the fanzine game.

Con*tour / Collin Wood, 196 Alps Rd. Suite 2-342, Athens GA 30606 / *ConTour@negia.net* / \$5.95@



Crifanac #1-8/ Arnie Katz & Ken Forman, 7215 Nordic Lights Dr., Las Vegas NV 89119 / crifanac@aol.com / Yet another assay into the fanzinish universe via the energy and generosity of Arnie Katz, with Ken Forman, whom I'm afraid is new to me, apparently learning the hobby by doing the hobby in concert with a master. The justification for the zine seems to be the promulgation of fannish news and natter, but one suspects its real purposes are two: get Forman used to putting his strong wit into print and give Arnie the fannish release he needs since the apparent demise of **Wild Heirs**. Look for a light touch and occasional columns by Andy Hooper and other worthies. #5 mentions JoAnn Montalbano's noble effort to bring Linda Krawecke to the '99 DeepSouthCon, and features an interesting metaphor of Fanzine Fandom as a small town, where all are welcome but where certain Values definitely abide. My experience upon moving in was a bit rougher than implied. #7 moves the metaphor forward as Arnie examines Southern Fandom, the "subfandom" in which I have found a warm and supportive home. Katz' mini-essay is insightful; I will need to reply -- or rather, rejoin, since I don't disagree -- at greater length than I can here. #8 -- received with a flyer for Corflu Sunsplash, to be hosted by the Vicks (627 Barton Ave. Springfield FL 32404) in the last week of April (that's opposite NOLA's Jazz Fest) runs much response to Arnie's metaphor. Katz responds to Vic Gonzalez' *contretemps* with on-line fan writers. I'm impressed that A the K pays so much attention to Southern fan news. As for the whole package, not that my recommendation should carry any weight, but **Crifanac** is fun and frequent, and that rates highly in this house of gloom and sloth.

Cube / Hope Kiefer c/o SF³, Box 1624, Madison WI 53701-1624 / CubeNews @aol.com. / SF³ membership or ... or something.

Detours / Louis Russell Chauvenet, 11 Sussex Road, Silver Spring MD 20910-5436

Demi-TAFF Americain # 1-3 / Ulrika O'Brien, 123 Melody Lane #C, Costa Mesa CA 92627 / unaobrien@uci.edu or ulrika@aol.com / The 1998 TAFF delegate's newsletter, rich with info on voters and vote totals, fanzine auctions (I bought an old fanzine at Bucconeer), and enthused gratitude for what was obviously a spectacular trip. Ulrika

reveals that her successor, Maureen Speller, has to traverse from Los Angeles to New York on the last leg of her American journey; she would have enjoyed a couple of days being fed in and shown around the Big Easy.

De Profundis 309-10 / Tim Merrigan, LASFS, 11513 Burbank Blvd., N. Hollywood CA 91601 / Official newszine of the Los Angeles S.F. Society, crammed with info on meetings past and yet to come, conventions, local bookstores (where is Jeni Burr's?) and the like. I devour the colorful "menace" (minutes) of the LASFS; it's the closest thing I have to LASFS attendance.

The Devniad, Book 40 / Bob Devney, 25 Johnson St., North Attleboro MA 02760 / bobdevney@aol.com / APA:NESFA zine consisting almost entirely of quotes Devney -- a goodfella I met in the dining room of my Baltimore hotel -- picked up at Readercon 10. They're a riot. I never spotted the curtain rods in **Gone with the Wind!** I like the line about s.f.'s resemblance to country music -- that way, the music at Bucconeer's Crab Feast makes sense!

Dragon*Con Progress Report Vol. XII No. 1 / P.O. Box 47696. Atlanta GA 30362 / Another advertisement, this time for the gigantic multi-genre media- and what-have-you convention scheduled, now past. Everything and everyone was on the docket, Bradbury, Ellison, Jonathan Harris ("Oh, the pain...") and a shelf-full of other hams, squads of comics writers, gamers up the wazoo, half the known universe and all for \$60. Mary Ann van Hartesveldt told me they had 30,000 people there, and it was a zoo. Descendants of the New York trekkie cons I attended in the '70s, these behemoths scare me; I like small, in-joke faanish conventions where I'm known and know the other attendees, like Corflu is for so many fanziners and DSC is for Southern fandom. But this newsprint pub and its convention are tempting, for the schlock movie premieres if nothing else. Some day RSN ...

The Drink Vol. 1 No 9-10 / 201 E. 50th St., NY NY 10022 / Free / Slick advertising sheets for Del Rey Books, with previews of coming attractions, worthwhile for completists for the authors' notes.

Drift 93 / C. Fairn Kennedy, Box Forty, 90 Shuter St., Toronto M5B 2K6 Canada / "Free if you can

afford it" -- "send postage for next issue" / Booklet-sized zine of poetry and prose, not punk but still angry, some of which is pretty good (like Karen Bruce's verse), some *outré* for its own sake, and awkward. I sense a strong social emphasis in the number of pieces by and/or about the homeless. Of the prose, "Citizen T Sees the Light" isn't bad at all, but I admit to wondering what his mother calls Art Director Fido Dostoyevski.

Empties / Martin Tudor, 24 Ravensbourne Grove, off Clarkes Lane, Willenhall, West Midlands, WV13 1HX U.K.

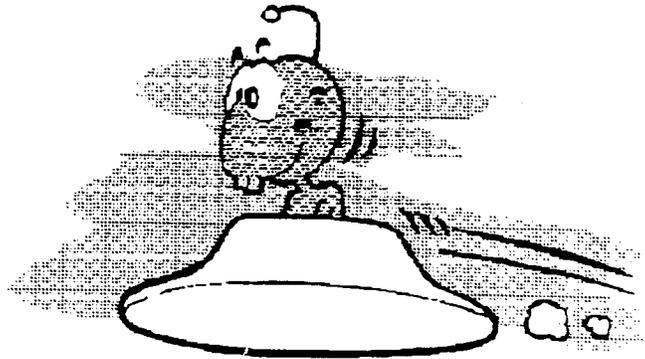
ERB-dom b/w The Fantastic Collector / Camille Cazedessus II, P.O. Box 2340, Pagosa Springs CO 81147-2340 / \$24 for 6 issues US, \$25 Canada. No trades.

Erg Quarterly #141-143 / Terry Jeeves, 66 Red Scar Dr., Scarborough, N. Yorks. YO12 5RQ U.K. / The. / Terry's 39th anniversary issue arrived simultaneously with its follow-up issue. I enjoyed reading both, but I must single out the charming artwork, which hearkens back to a more innocent science fiction and a more callow fandom. Jeeves writes about model-making, pulps and their science, airplanes -- he's a nut for flight -- plus articles by others (Ron Bennet's on great bookstores are particularly nifty). Very kind review of *Chall 7*. In the latest issue Terry mentions his daughter's cliff-top wedding, thanks those responsible for his being nominated for the First Fandom Hall of Fame, then presents a funny article about the ads in

the early pulps ("Become a G-Man"; "Secrets of the Wedding Night Revealed!") and a cool piece on "air cars," airplanes which converted to airplanes and vice versa. He also writes energetically about telecommunications and fox hunting, and illustrates everything in his inimitable fashion. I hope he wins that Hall of Fame Award.

File 770:119-126 / Mike Glyer, 705 Valley View Drive, Monrovia CA 91016 *NEW ADDRESS* / A long and enthusiastic Bucconeer report dominates Mike's COA issue; he attended a lot more programming than I did. Mike wonders why I didn't sign up for DUFF; explanation earlier. Really nice cover by Alan White. / *MGlyer@compuserve.com* / \$8/5 issues, \$15/10. / Mike's epochal news- and gossip-zine does its best to cover the entire s.f. ground with personal news and anecdotes about the people who make up this ludicrous hobby. Coming from a number of different folks, *File's* many con reports are the most comprehensive in zinedom, and I both admire and second Mike's lack of regard for most fan feuding. #124's "Bids at a Glance" section doesn't mention Wigwam Village in 2003! I'll have to rectify that ... Mike wonders why I didn't sign up for DUFF; explanation earlier. Really nice cover to 126 by Alan White.

First Fandom / Dave Kyle, 289 Ashton Rd., Potsdam NY 13676 / *dakyle@slic.com* / *www.firstfandom.com* / The ageless Kyle trumpets his favorite fannish cause in this 6-page pub, consisting of a reprinted *Starlog* article and an application for the magnificent krewe. We're lucky so many of these dudes are still around!



The Floating Fan 1-2 / Pamela Boal, 4 Westfield Way, Wantage, Oxon, OX12 7EW, U.K. / Trade / Perzine from one of the most personable Brits.

For the Clerisy Vol. 5 No. 30 / Brant Kresovich, P.O. Box 404, Getzville NY 14068-0404 / kresovich@hotmail.com / \$2 or trade / Very prolific fanned; this is the latest of many issues I've received. Brant steps away from his political emphasis here to eulogize Akira Kurosawa, director/creator of **Rashomon**, **The Seven Samurai**, **Ran**, **Yojimbo** and a jillion other masterpieces. He's right to do so; Kurosawa's feudal Japan is one of the great invocations of a time, place, and people in the history of cinema; yet his work attains universality bridging not only racial and geographical differences, but time itself. There's a moment in **Rashomon** which ranks as one of the most devastatingly violent acts I've ever seen on film, and it's a *look*. Central to the issue is a long and evocative report on Brant's business trip to Warsaw, where the terrible traffic leads Kresovich



to philosophize on life and death and the skinheads sported Confederate tee shirts. (I'll sue!) Brant's job-hunting; lotsa!

For Dickheads Only / Dave Hyde c/o Ganymeadean Slime Mold Productions, P.O. Box 611, Kokomo IN 46903

Fosfax #189-190 / Timothy Lane c/o FOSFA, P.O. Box 37281, Louisville KY 40233-7281 / \$3 or. / Southern fandom's most ardently conservative publication is so heatedly anti-Clinton that the latest issues alternately seethe with frustration and cackle

with glee over the winger attempts to destroy him. The nuts should learn that Big Bill can't run again in 2000 and that they should be targeting Al Gore. His campaign against George Bush Jr. will be an *epic* political contest. (Me? Need you ask? *For Gore!*) Well, **Fosfax** remains a juicy and energetic read, which is all that matters here.

Four Eyes #1 / Jon Diefenbach, 317 W. 7th St., Hermann MO 65041 / al_jon@juno.com / t.u. / A genuine *first issue* from a genuine *13-year-old*, enriched by contributions from his fannish "parents," Arnie and Joyce Katz, his brother Joe and two friends. *The real thing*. Though Arnie and Joyce provide literate, amusing squibs, as can be expected, and John Coumerilh brings a sincere grin writing about substitute P.E. teaching, my favorite page in this issue belong to Diefenbach himself, writing wittily about Mother Nature. Talent! Let's hope our bug bites.

The Freethinker #7 / Tom Feller, P.O. Box 68203, Nashville TN 37206-8203 / ccws74a@prodigy.com / unstated but the usual, I'm sure / A terrible cover (Scott Patri does fine zines but should be prosecuted for his art) fronts an eclectic journal of opinions on an expansive range of topics. Good reviews of **Starship Troopers**, **Lost in Space**, David Weber's grand Honor Harrington series (which won David a Phoenix Award at the DeepSouthCon last summer), even a local production of **Macb-** ... the Scottish play. Solid piece by Harry Warner (is there another kind?). Biggest rush for me, I must admit, came from finding a page of cartoonery from **Steve Skeates** in this issue. If I've got the right dude, and the artistic style says I do, Skeates was one of the geniuses behind DC Comics' **Plop!** 30 or 40 thousand years ago, when *I* worked for the company! He had an impossible maze in the third **Amazing World of DC Comics**, an issue I moreorless edited. Far out! Tom -- where did you find him?

The Frozen Frog #12 / Benoit Girard, 1016 Guillaume-Boissat, Cap-Rouge Quebec G17 1Y9 Canada / frozfrog@clic.net

Gegenschein / Eric Lindsay, P.O. Box 640, Airlie Bach, Queensland 4802 Australia / eric@maths.uts.edu.au / Trade. / Received along with notice of the **NEW ADDRESS** and the tale of Eric's coronary,

which fills **Geg 81**. (The front page of which is all good wishes from his fan buddies.) #82 is subtitled "Getting Away from it All", and alas, that will probably mean fanzines, since Airlie Beach is apparently a resort community without the cheap photocopying Eric enjoyed while working. Too bad -- such an astute reviewer and breezy writer would be much missed in our mailboxes. But he mentions several conventions he'll be attending, including Aussiecon, so he's not lost forever.

The Geis Letter #s 45-54 / Richard E. Geis, P.O. Box 11408, Portland OR 97211-0408 / CompuServe: 100313,3440; Internet: 100313.3440@compu-serve.com (in ASCII) / \$1@. / If one sought logic or common sense in the various rants about TWA 800 or Waco or Mu or whatever in Dick's zine, one might -- as I have -- find them nonsense, but I'm coming around to a more tolerant, if no more gullible, view. True, I admit to being bothered when people play around with tragedy. Conspiracy theories strike me as one step removed from jokes, and it took me five years to hear a **Challenger** gag that didn't make me furious. (In case you care, it was "'Uh, we meant a *Bud Light*.'") But I won't have Geis think I dislike his zine: the interplay is enthusiastic among Dick and his correspondents and his writing is always fun. The key to enjoying **The Geis Letter** is to take to heart his response to Bill Bridget's LOC: "Maybe if we try to think of conspiracy theory as science fiction ..." That's the ticket! In the latest issue, Dick propounds on Clinton, as if he or anyone else could nail our mercurial President to the wall. More thought-provoking are Geis' musings on the relationship between economic health and sex in the media. Will depression and repression go hand in hairy hand? Stay tuned.

Green Stuff 5 / Murray Moore, 377 Manly Street, Midland Ontario L4R 3E2 Canada / murray.-moore@encode.com / Murray's diary-style FAPazine notes revealing details from this year's Oscarcast that I missed, such as the seeming lack of regard between winners Helen Hunt and Jack Nicholson. He doesn't recognize Harold Russell from **The Best Years of Our Lives**. (Oscars not fannish?!? *Hmmph!*) He laments that he received not a single FAAn vote for best letterhack, and shames me: he should have received many. He reprints David Pringle's list of the 100 best s.f. novels between '49 and '84 -- I'm pleased to see

lots and lots of Phil Dick books and Bester's **Stars My Destination**.

The Hannes Bok Sketchbook Folio / NFFF / Originally published by Ed Meskys (see **Niekas**) sometime in the '60's, these are 15 wonderful loose pages of Hannes Bok doodles taken from "an old black accountant's ledger" borrowed from the owner, "John" Gaughan. They don't say who the old black accountant was. I bought this for seven bucks at the Bucky Fan Lounge auction, and it's more than a bargain: it's a treasure. If Meskys allows I may reprint this -- whole or as spot illos -- in a future **Challenger**.

Hits, Cons and Errors / George Flynn, P.O. Box 426069, Kendall Sq. Stn., Cambridge MA 02142 **new address** / g.flynn2@genie.com / t.u. / George's letter-substitute ("mostly cloned from recent ... apazines") is aptly-titled. The "hit" was by a dum dum Boston driver ... *on George!* He came through the encounter with nothing but bruises, thank heaven. The con was Corflu UK, a far superior way to spend one's time than being run down by a car. The errors complained of come from Andy Porter and **The Encyclopedia of SF** -- and Flynn himself commits an aesthetic error by reprinting a "flamingo carol" he wrote to commemorate the Boston-in-Orlando worldcon bid. Did it backfire and contribute to Philly's upset victory? No telling.

Ichthyoelectroanalgesia #4 / Sean McLachlan, P.O. Box 3734, Tucson AZ 85722-3734 **NEW ADDRESS** / e-mail: c638125@showme.missouri.edu / \$2 or trade. / Marvelous zine on the subject of archaeology, in which discipline the author/editor has just completed his Master's thesis. The thorny question involved? Why prehistoric graves in Denmark resemble those in England. His explanation smacks of anthropological and historical detective work, and is really quite neat. Elsewhere Sean answers archeological queries posed by his readers, this time about the female pharaohs of Egypt, Mystery Hill in New Hampshire, the Mormons, and why "to 86" means "to 86." He includes a long segment of his Syrian trip journal, and even reviews **Chall #5**. He apologizes for thinking me new to genzining, but is so kind in his review that all is forgiven. Find Sean nowadays at the Tucson Museum of Art.

Idea / Geri Sullivan, Toad Hall, 3444 Blaisdell Ave. S., Minneapolis MN 55408-4315 / Well, I tried.

International Revolutionary Gardener No. 1 / Judith Hanna & Joseph Nicholas, 15 Jansons Road, South Tottenham, London N15 4JU U.K. / No price given, but it used to be a pound a copy; no subs / Dated January, 1998, this issue seems inspired in a way by the new Labour government, even though Joseph poohpoohs the importance of politics in economic matters in a rousing article, and Judith's piece on the metaphorical value of gardening to local politico-economic action is a striking (!) bit of on-paper revolution. Handling this zine, my fingers come away green. Addressing the editors: Did y'all see my reminiscence of People's Park in **Challenger #2?**

It Goes on the Shelf 18 / Ned Brooks, now at 4817 Dean Lane, Lilburn GA 30047 / nedbrooks@sprynet.com **NEW ADDRESS /** SFPA and trade, I guess / Brooks is SFPA's senior member and one of the stalwarts of Southern fandom and national book-collecting. Here he yaddas entertainingly about the latest additions to his collection. Ned recently retired from NASA and moved to Lilburn from New Port News, VA; he had to move the entire contents of two houses, one of which he'd bought just to hold his collection!

Jackie Causgrove / No editor given / See **Outworlds.**

Jeu d'esprit de Janice #1-2 / Jan Kazmier, address

unknown / freebie / A letter substitute from a lawyer friend who moved to Chicago to become an *artiste*, found the M.F.A. program there not worth a handful of yellow snow, and published these letters to entice suckers to help her move. She's now safely home in Nawlins, and I didn't have to lift anything, so all is well.

The Jezail #4 / Andy Hooper, 4228 Francis Ave. N #103, Seattle WA 98103 / fanmailAPH@aol.com / t.u. / Old issue from February. I hope Hooper knows he's still on my mailing list. This

old issue trumpets the FAAn Awards, prints locs, presents funny columns by Greg Benford and Ben Drummond (on being toothless in America -- yes, that's what I said) and fanzine reviews, strong but not harsh, at least not here.

Jomp Jr. #17-18 / Richard A. Dengrove, 2651 Arlington Dr. #302, Alexandria VA 22306 / #17 was published in February '97, but #18 came out in May of this year. "Let's just say my pace is leisurely," says Dengrove, a fellow SFPAn who appeared briefly at

Bucconeer. Rich has long been a fan of various types of arcane lore and rare old books: in #18 he examines old folk myths through a 17th century tome called **Pseudodoxia Epidemica**, which debunked legends such as the ostrich eating iron, Jews stinking -- of Brut, maybe -- salamanders living in flames, moles having no eyes and the automatic use of "Gesundheit!" upon the utterance of a sneeze. Obviously, the **PE** was a brave book for its time. Rich goes on to investigate a wonderfully off-center 1896 study on medical



"curiosities" by Gould and Pyle (no, not Chester, nor Ernie), applying an astute critical eye to the antique ideas he studies. It's nifty sharing Dengrove's interest in this wonderful malarkey. I wonder what **Jomp Sr.** was like.

The Knarley Knews #68-71 / Dr. Henry Welch, 1525 16th Ave., Grafton WI 53024-2017 / welch@msoe.edu or LethaWelch@aol.com / A good mix for these issues of Welch's excellent genzine. Don Pattenden's ongoing Australian trip report is, as ever, well-penned and fun. When will he see Hanging Rock? Southern fan Ruth Shields provides a distinctive and evocative cover to #69, and she isn't the only Confederate present: Rebel Award winner Charlotte Proctor also contributes a book review. I wonder if "displaced Midwesterner" Jeanette Gugler -- whose long article is called "Notes from the South" -- has met any fans. She makes a funny observation about how North Carolina pine pollen resembles green snow. Alexander Bouchard has a "somewhat regular" column about his history in fandom. Enjoyed his first encounter with a fannish masquerade. Knarl himself "spumes" over Bucconeer's housing problems, which may have kept him and his away from worldcon; I hope not. He recounts a visit to Las Vegas with horror; everything he says is true, but he should have contacted Arnie Katz's Vegrants. They'd've brightened his stay. Very good and very numerous locs, and a few unfamiliar names.

Lan's Lantern / George "Lan" Lascowski, 2466 Valleyview Dr., Troy MI 48098-5317 / george_lascowski@cc.cranbrook.edu / *As with too many others of our community, Lan's health has been a source of worrisome rumor. Be better!*

Last Resort #7 / Steve George, 642 Ingersoll St., Winnipeg, Manitoba R3G 2J4 Canada / t.u. / Neat perzine with a terrific section on the birth of Steve's third child, who was so easy on his mother he "literally squirted out into the world". Welcome, Robert George, from another member of the "two first names" club! Elsewhere Steve chats up the recent career of Norman Spinrad, present at the most important club meeting I ever attended and a wry presence throughout my early years in fandom.

MarkTime #47 / Mark Strickert, 300 S. Beau Dr. #1, Des Plaines IL 60016 / \$1.50@, trades, or. /

Fine perzine, even though this issue is a self-confessed "backlog cutter" devoted to zine reviews ("mundane" and fannish) and letters (good mix of regulars and music types), and *lots* about baseball, to wit, brief criticisms of the major league ballparks. He likes the former Chavez Ravine as much as I did the one time I went to a game there, 36 long years ago. The Dodgers crowd nearly busted a gut cheering for the Mets manager, Casey Stengel!

Memphen #240-244 / Barbara & Tim Gatewood, 3125 S. Mendenhall #353, Memphis TN 38115-2808 / memphen@aol.com / \$12/year / The "semi-official" clubpub of the Memphis S.F. Society improves with each issue. Good covers on these numbers by Tom Foster, R.B. Cleary, and Ruth Thompson (very Di Fate-ish), and contents that include book, movie and fanzine reviews in addition to the usual club bizness. This is a good krewe; they should try for another DeepSouthCon in, say, 2001 ('99's already booked for here, and DSC's heading back to Jekyll Island GA on the millennium.) I must single out issue 243 for special mention: the cover and much of the interior is devoted to a tribute to local fan Claude Saxon, who passed away in April. The Gatewoods give him a touching send-off. Wish I'd known the dude.

The MimeMeow of Bill Bridget / Bill Bridget, 4126 Mountain Creek Rd. #6, Chattanooga TN 37415 / [<bbridget@mail.cha.bellsouth.net>](mailto:bbridget@mail.cha.bellsouth.net) / trade. / Bill uses the prettiest *envelopes* in fandom, adorned as they are with Anime figures. He also spreads Japanimated art throughout his zines: all gorgeous but some slightly raunchy. Bridget say/s he has to watch that he doesn't mail to anyone under 18. Anyway, the content here, with the exception of excellent locs from Sally Syrjala (ah, that permanent teardrop), Ned Brooks and the like, is literally colorful and often abrasive; Bill is never one to flinch from even the most meaningless fights. He praises Brit Jim Trash for his excellent treatment of Ulrika O'Brien during her TAFF visit, contrasting him with his fanzine antagonists, whom he wails on in good order. Well, let the good times roll; I've said my bit and am happy right where I am.

Mimosa #22 / Richard & Nicki Lynch, P.O. Box 1350, Germantown MD 20875 / e-mail: lynch@access.digex.net website: [http:// www.](http://www.)

smithway.org/mimosa / \$4 or. / Another splendid issue of the zine atop fandom's pyramid, the perennial (now *five-time*) Hugo winner, the standard, an original: a zine truly unlike any other in its thematic emphasis on fan history, both past and in the making. Superb art (the spring-&-winter cover set by Peggy Ranson and Teddy Harvia are beautiful, and the interior spots are clever) and production values, and a contributors' roster rife with fannish immortals. N.B. Dave Kyle's account of the first worldcon and the horrors thereto pertaining, Forry Ackerman's memoir of his encounters with H.G. Wells and Edgar Rice Burroughs, Lowell Cunningham's creator's-eye view of the **Men in Black** movie, Richard Brandt's backstage look at the LoneStarCon Hugo ceremonies (he played God) and Curt Phillips' first-hand firefighter's saga. Is there a flaw to the **Mimosa** formula? Only if you count the unwillingness of the Lynchi to sully their zine with *fresh anger*, i.e., current controversy or personality conflict., and to keep their own warm and caring selves mostly in the background. Peerless.

Mind Wallaby 2-3 / Ian Gunn, P.O. Box 567 Blackburn, 3130, Australia / e-mail: fiawol@ozramp.net.au / t.u. / #3 is the latest issue received, and it shines with unquenchable humor, as when he relates the nuisance of receiving an Avon's seller's old phone number and prints another "vidio revue" by 10-year-old Brad Butter, this time on **Singing in the Rain** and **Godzilla vs. Seamonster** ("This ones just plain silly"). Lots of locs -- and lots of luck, Ian. (A Hugo'd be fine in '99, too.)

MSFire Vol. 4 no. 1-3 / Lloyd G. Daub, MSFS, P.O. Box 1637, Milwaukee WI 53201-1637 / e-

mail: lucindab@rocket-mail.com / Trades, contributors, club members. / Great clubzine from Milwaukee, always deep variety and high quality, good humor and zippy energy. Let's go through them quickly. There's fiction about olfactory communication, another NASA article by Oino Sakai (giving the crew of the first space station), enviable chatter re the Web, superior zine reviews, lotsa locs. #2 of this volume focuses on First Contact issues with poetry, suggestions towards a reference library, more NASA, more locs, and an extremely kind review of **Chall 7**. #3 is subtitled, "The **MSFire** of Fu Manchu" after Joseph Major's terrific article about Sax Rohmer's inscrutable menace; surely I've mentioned here that I recently re-purchased all 14 of Sax Rohmer's Fu Manchu books; the first is unreadable but they rapidly become great fun. No. 4 is no different. Enthusiastic and varied natter from Lloyd on naval bell-bottoms, female cosmonauts (did *any* Red ladies fly after Valentina Tereshkova?), neutrinos, dinosaurs ... Poetry from Sabina Becker, Oino Sakai and others ... Astronomical musings (did the sun develop from a cluster of similar stars? if so, could life have developed on their planets? if so, would they take Visa?) ... NASA natter from Sakai ... locs, reviews (*too* kind to yhos), humor, art, *the works*. Y'all noted, of course, the editors' three-handed loc earlier. Right back atcha, dudes: this is a zine I always love to find in P.O. Box 53092.

Munich Round-Up 167 / Engadiner Str.24, D 81475 Munchen, Germany / U.S. Agent: Andrew Porter, P.O. Box 022730, Brooklyn NY 11202-0056 / Copy found after a panel at Bucconeer. German genzine, profusely and nicely illustrated, with several pages of photos from LoneStarCon. I'm sending it to Inge Glass.

Muse 134 March 1997 / Stephen desJardins, 1711 Massachusetts Ave. NW #134, Washington DC 20036 / steven@desjardins.org

The Nashville SF Club / Debra Hussey, 115 38th Ave. N., Nashville TN 37209 / dah2@hotmail.com or nashville_sf@geocities.com / webpage: <http://www.geocities.com/area51/dimension/4242>

Never Quite Arriving #s 5-6 / Christina Lake, 12 Hatherley Road, Bishopston, Bristol BS7 8QA U.K. / e-mail christina.l@virgin.net / Trade / Christina said hello at the Baltimore Hilton bar. Even a year



or two after publication, it's good to see zines from the Nolacon II TAFF delegates (see **The Wrong Leggings**). #5 dates from November 1996 and features a *terrific* L.A.Con and Etc. trip report. Lake sees the worldcon (doesn't mention me), Las Vegas, and most of the South, getting a good view of Savannah and a *destructive* look at Mobile (she rams a motel with her bumper), but, alas, misses the charm of Charleston altogether (how about Fort Sumter? the weird sideways porches on almost all the houses? Angel Oak?). But taken as a whole, it's a spiffy account of her journey, and Steve Stiles' cover -- as I mentioned to her at the Hilton -- is an inviting come-on to the story within. #6 -- on delightful A4 paper -- talks about Thailand (don't Brits *ever* stay home?), endorses Victor Gonzalez for TAFF (I told you these were old issues) and reviews the Australian fanzine scene.

Niekas #45 / Ed Meskys, RR #2 Box 63, 322 Whittier Hwy., Center Harbor NH 03226-9708 / edmund.meskys@gsel.org / \$9.95. Delivered by welcome hand at worldcon, **Niekas** is a magnificent publication devoted to Dark Fantasy. Thoughtful essays by many -- Joe Christopher (who edited the issue), Sam Moscovitz, Tom Whitmore, Don D'Amassa, Andy Offutt, Fred Lerner (who was on a panel with me at worldcon), Ben Indick, Darrell Schweitzer (who's also interviewed), and many others. Quality -- and often funny -- illustrations by many, mostly unfamiliar. Professional printing and binding, a very, very classy act indeed. A different animal from perzines like, for instance, Christina Lake's? Of course. But welcome in these hands anytime.

No Award #3-4 / Marty Cantor, 11825 Gilmore St. #105, N. Hollywood CA 91606 / T.u. or \$5 / The 3rd issue of Marty's genzine begins with the sad story of his "civilised" divorce from Robbie -- an oxymoron, since divorce is inherently uncivilized -- and the glad story of his new job. I always thought Cantor was wasted at U-Haul. Follows a review by Mike Glycer of a Dave Langford novel, quotes from Bill Rotsler selected by Bruce Pelz, a car article by Ed Green, all LASFS members, all good reads. Locs, naturally, and finally an in-depth review of a South African fanzine by Joseph T. Major, who is *not* in LASFS. Marty sparks a spasm of nostalgia when he describes fitting an A.B. Dick stencil onto a Gestetner screen. I haven't done a mimeo zine in 15 years. In #4, Marty proclaims that NA is not a

LASFSzine, that he is simply taking advantage of available talent, and to lay off, dammit! but then presents an autobiographical piece by Len Moffatt (most evocative of World War II days -- has Len ever written about his experiences in Nagasaki?), good articles from Mike Glycer and Milt Stevens, and Laney letters to William Rotsler, *all LASFans!* Well, no disgrace in printing such work, because it's good reading! Texan Teddy Harvia contributes the cover, and the many locs come from every-which-where, but I can't help sighing for L.A. fandom when I scan this excellent genzine.

Notes from Oblivion #29-32 / Jay Harber, 626 Paddock Lane, Libertyville IL 60048 / Trade / A mostly-handwritten zine dealing with the writer's undivulged "nightmare" of a health problem, which



makes it difficult for him to focus on print, therapists, and new **Trek** (I wonder what he thinks of **7 of 9**, whom Jeff Copeland calls **2 of 38**). The author is very interested in audiotape correspondence. I wonder if he's heard of **Niekas**? #31 is typeset and explains Jay's problem: he has Environmental Illness, Multiple Chemical Sensitivities, and incredible hypersensitivity to light, apparently a form of epilepsy. Mindful of the Poe emphasis in this issue, his description reminds me of the Ushers. His zine are literally cries in the dark -- he ends this one, "My life has value" -- and of course, we wish him luck.

Nova Express Vol. 4 No. 4 / Lawrence Person, P.O. Box 27231, Austin TX 78755-2231 / e-mail: lawrence@bga.com / 4/\$12 U.S.; 4/\$16 Canada &

Mexico; 4/\$22 International. / Excellent sercon genzine, with heavy card-stock covers and exceptional contents. This issue centers around a fine interview with Stephen Baxter (whose **Time Ships** *should* have won the L.A.Con Hugo), but also features intelligent criticism of Kim Stanley Robinson's splendid Mars spectrum and a symposium on s.f. "post/cyberpunk." Person wastes space arguing with Andy Hooper about whether NE is a fanzine, but other than that this excellent sercon *fanzine* is righteous.

Opuntia #33.5-40.2 / Dale Speirs, Box 6830, Calgary, Alberta, T2P 2E7 Canada / \$3 @ or. / I've forgotten Dale's incredibly complex system of zine enumeration, so I just read each issue of this unspeakably prolific and energetic zine as it popped, rubber-stamped, into my mailbox. There's a piece about an urban legend involving 1,000,000 stamps -- a long piece about public letter-writers (who else immediately flashed on **The Man Who Would Be King?**), and #40 deals with chain letters throughout history. (I think my favorite pages are badly reproed photos of hectograph products. Thank God I wasn't in fandom *then*.) Many good zine listings and solid locs form the body of 40.1, adorned by a drawing of an opuntia plant as are most others. .2 indexes the subjects covered in the previous issues, from conventions to geology, fanhistory to "Canadianisms" to "premature technology," whatever that is. I love the piece on indexing Dale reprints from an 1848 **Punch**. Received with another **Canadian Journal of detouement**, among the oddest slips of paper to pass recentlly before my saturated eyes. "[T]he fanac can never expire," says Speirs, speaking of the Toronto bid for 2003, and indirectly of **Opuntia**, which just keeps on keepin' on.

Outworlds 69-70 / Bill Bowers, 4651 Glenway Ave., Cincinnati OH 45238-4503 / E-mail: xenolith@juno.com / \$5 @, 5 for \$20; #70 is \$7.50 / All-but-legendary publication which I hadn't seen in decades. Good Brad Foster cover to #69, excellent interiors by Linda Michaels, Stephen Leigh & many others, and superb content. I mention but a portion. William Breiding's piece on exploring the WV wilderness with his estranged father is particularly compelling, but Bruce Townley provokes smiles with his short article on Ed Wood (and Ed Wood) and Stephen Leigh's

blue, misnumbered section on world-building is quite entertaining. More than diverting, Bowers' Bill Rotsler writings, especially "Bill Who?", almost a self-eulogy, and a joyful, defiant shout of life. And then there is issue #70 ... 150 pages and over 30 contributors (not counting locsters) strong, so thick that it comes with its own "bOWkmark", a masterwork of lists, memorials, and memories. Dave Locke's eulogy for Jackie Causgrove is standout, a poignant memoir, but there's lots and lots of fine material, articles on everything from "Doc" Smith to Harlan Ellison's place in 7th fandom (whatever the hell that is), poetry by Joe Haldeman and others, lists and lists and lists of everything you can think of about a fan's life, and then more articles, by writers as diverse in age and outlook as Joel Zakem and Lloyd Arthur Eshbach ... Bowers says OW 70 is his 200th fanzine, which isn't a lot if you consider how long he's been at it, but if many are this superb, then he's given far more to this hobby than people five times as prolific.

The Papyrus of Leather / ? / ? / ? / To repeat myself, ? An insane page of praise, without colophon or signature, addressed to the "King of the Cow Gods", Bagabovina (!). "Beloved by him that has been licked by thy tongue." Who the hell sent this to me? "If you think this is weird, just look at yourselves." Hmmm. Maybe he has a point. **MOOOO**

PhiloSFy #9-10 / Alexander R. Slate, 8603 Shallow Ridge Rd., San Antonio TX 78239-4022 / slateal@swbell.net / \$1 but trade preferred. / First 8 1/2 x 11-sized issues of Alex's zine, which has a strong philosophical bent -- thus the title. Superb covers, knight-&-dragon by Real Musgrave, mermaid-&-porpoise by Linda Michaels. E.B. Frohvet in #9 shares recipes; Alex then wades in with ethical ponderings on death, governance, war and medicine. **Phil** is a most thought-provoking fanzine! Like its preceding number, #10 also begins with a diary of the editor's enviable family life ("I forgot to tell you about the kitten") and many business travels, a nice mention of **Chall** 7 ("under-appreciated," he calls us!), a good lettercol and an even better compendium of reader responses to some of the issues brought forth in previous issues. This is what's unique and particularly valuable about **PhiloSFy** -- its *focus*. Where else in fandom will you find Ruth Shields and Dale Speirs

bumping heads over "The Morality and Ethics of Medicine"? Slate gives his readers a lot to think about and the freedom to talk about it.

Pinkette No. 16d / Karen Pender-Gunn, P.O. Box 567, Blackburn, Victoria 3130, Australia / fiawol@ozramp.net.au / "The **Pink** You Have While You're Not Having a **Pink**." / Received with **Mind Wallaby**, this is a very brave zine in addition to being quite funny. News from spring of Ian's cancer, some advice for the millennium (I like, "Mean what you say") and an interesting paragraph on anorexia nervosa, apparently named by the 1880's physician sometimes fingered as Jack the Ripper. It might fit: Leslie Van Houten is now anorexic. Anyway, a zine published at a terrible time in defiance of the time's terrors, **Pinkette** is especially nifty and moving.

Proper Boskonian Nos. 41-43 / NESFA, P.O. Box 809, Framingham MA 01701-0203 / pb@thor.com / NESFA membership + a \$16 subscription, \$3/issue or. / #43 is an atypically thin issue at 36 pages, but editor Lisa Hertel reveals the splendid reason right at the front: the birth of her first child, Liana Rebeckah. *Happy happy! Joy joy!* The content which follows is anticlimactic, of course, but still there's a lot of it and it's enjoyable: "brain fiction," a report on ProSpace pro-space lobbying (we need a new dream), the script for the Wiscon 20 opening ceremonies (which seems a bit *long*), some great art from Ian Gunn, and a eulogy for NESFA's Monty Wells. We're seeing far too many of those lately.

Pulp Fandom no. 2 / G.W. Brown, Beacon Publications, 5111 Hillrose, Baxter TN 38544 / \$5 / One of the strangest zines to float into my p.o. box this summer is this 16-page newsprint tabloid, a vanity pub like few I've seen. I don't know where to begin. The editor/publisher declaims passionately about local elections in which he has run (and lost, or did you guess), reviews **South Park**, runs some truly unreadable fiction and much shall-we-kindly-say *amateur* art ... Well, what can I say? We have a weird hobby. The way I look at this zine is the way the world looks at **Chall**. I have to be generous as a matter of simple self-preservation. Anyway, the editor is begging for contributors to issue #3 and features a lonelyhearts column, so I say to him good luck and get lucky.

QUANt Suff #6-7 / Joyce Worley Katz, 330 S. Decatur, Suite 152, Las Vegas NV 89107 / Joyce recently endured cataract surgery. These zines, done for FAPA as well as for general distribution, are friendly stretches of fine natter, anecdotes and thoughts on a number of subjects ... like why fandom is not a hobby (she loves it too much) and how she once saw a UFO, and the energy of Las Vegas fandom, and light bulbs (!). There are mailing comments (entitled "The 100-Mile Circus") and locs (entitled "The Scientific People" -- Joyce knows her Gully Foyle!), and poems by Ray Nelson, and get well at once, dear lady!

Quick Dummies #10 / Robb Roemershauser, 6810 Bellaire Drive, New Orleans LA 70124 / E-mail: Quickdummies@hotmail.com / Newsprint punkzine, rock-oriented (lots of reviews of bands I never heard of, interview with Marky Ramone, whom I only know through **Rock'n'Roll High School** -- hey, what do you expect from a guy who's almost 50?), incomprehensible text (although I rather liked "Easter Bunny"), and a good cartoon about making a Molotov cocktail signed "LSW" (who better watch his ass; they're suing people who give such directions if someone follows them and spills his guts). The most bloodcurdling page in this zine is the bacover: an autographed photo of O.J. Simpson. Punkzines are strange; such is their rage and such is their despair that the main impression they leave is *loneliness*, but no one should ever make the mistake of thinking them idle noise. It is always important to listen.

Quipu 9 / Vicki Rosenzweig, 33 Indian Road, 6-R, New York NY 10034 / vr@interport.net / Vicki greeted me at the worldcon, but wouldn't let me take her picture by flash. Herein she provides at least a partial self-portrait: her bicep tattoo. Most of this brief but remarkable zine is devoted to an evocative anecdote from Vicki's British trip, exploring a ruin in Leeds. Makes you wonder what kind of ruins we'll leave in our time. Some pleasant, very personal, letters of comment.

Raw Goof #2 / Bill Bodden, P.O. Box 762, Madison WI 53701-0762 / Trade / The second issue of Bill's very pleasant perzine has a cool cover caricature by (John) Kovalic, the editor in a French *Cuirassier*, a neat segue into his central article on the importance of **hats** in warfare. Bodden's historical analysis is as rigorous as his fashion

sense. (He could have mentioned the chapeau "Lo" Armistead stuck on his sword when he led Pickett's Charge; the act had style even if the hat didn't.) A wild trip to a trade show and more scary medical news, which fortunately worked out well, fill the issue. Bill expresses surprise at the volume of zines he received in trade for his first issue. He can expect more!

The Reluctant Famulus #51-52 / Thomas D. Sadler, 422 W. Maple Ave., Adrian MI 49221-1627 / E-mail: tomfamulus@dmci.net / Or \$2. / One of the best zines to review this go-round, TRF is well-written, well-balanced, well-reproduced. #51: Splendid half-toned punny Alice-esque cover by Peggy Ranson, superior interior work by Joe Mayhew, Teddy Harvia, Sheryl Birkhead, and others, a nice Rotsler portfolio ("Through a thousand tongues, the death of the poet is kept from



his poems") ... even some color! Content is solid, too. #52 opens with a strong editorial about time's passing and depression (I recommend St. John's Wort, busy-ness, and a trip), and continues with contents I can only describe as tremendous -- varied, beautifully illustrated (often with *color* photos; I'm jealous), and exuberant. I think my favorites are Peggy Ranson's autobiographical squib (even though I'm not mentioned by name *snf*) and Ulrika O'Brien's funny-serious study of Swedish fandom, with great illos by Mayhew. RF is indeed a rich, diverse package. I love it. Included with #52 is a tributezine for Jackie Causgrove with nice commentaries by D. Gary Grady and Jodie Offutt.

Resin Vol. 2 #s 35, 43, 46 / Norm Metcalf, P.O. Box 1368, Boulder CO 80306-1368 / SAPS and

trade / Mostly mailing comments to fellow members of the Spectator Amateur Press Society, with Norm's familiar emphasis on strict historical accuracy on fannish matters and insight into genre writers, whom he insists on calling by their real names. Also: PEAPSzine **Sulph** and FAPAZine **Devil's Work** and lots of invaluable tear sheets from the local newspapers on the JonBenet Ramsey case.

Riverside Quarterly Vol. 9 No. 3 / Leland Sapiro, P.O. Box 12085, San Antonio TX 78212

The Rogue Raven / Frank Denton, 14654-8th Ave. S.W., Seattle WA 98166 / bearlodge@msn.com / *See As the Crow Flies.*

San Francisco in 2002 Progress Report -2 / Kevin Standlee, P.O. Box 61363, Sunnyvale CA 94088-1363 / <http://www.sfsfc.org/worldcon/> / Very preliminary come-on for the S.F. in '02 bid, hyping the facilities (completed by now, I hope), committee, dates (8-30/9-3-02), presupporters (I'm one) and so forth. Their list of movies set in their great city somehow misses **The Maltese Falcon** ... and **San Francisco** itself!

Scavenger's Newsletter 174 / Janet Fox, 519 Ellinwood, Osage City KS 66523-1329 / foxscav1@jc.net / \$2.50 per sample copy / The monthly marketletter for genre writers and artists involved in the small press. A guide to zines seeking contributors of fiction, poetry, etc. Different crowd than this! I only saw one familiar name in the "Flea Market": **MSFire**.

Science Fiction Times no. 454 / Frank & Ann Dietz, Box 216, Syracuse NY 13209 / 30 cents/copy / This is the May, 1968 issue, so better not trust either the address or the subscription rates. I picked this up at the Bucconeer fan lounge for the lead article, "Arthur C. Clarke Talks about 2001". Very challenging to realize that the greatest single work science fiction ever produced is 30 years old this year. No matter, Clarke's insights remain invaluable, even though the vision was, is, always will be Stanley Kubrick's. The age of this zine makes for compelling reading: its con reports and calendar of upcoming events list happenings only a few still remember. The rankest of neos, I was around fandom then ... Here's a Little Men meeting I may have gone to, with Alva Rogers'



Ken Hafer is an eternal New Orleans fan; in 1969, when I moved to the Crescent City, he was already here and doing fan art. His ad appeared in regional convention program books.

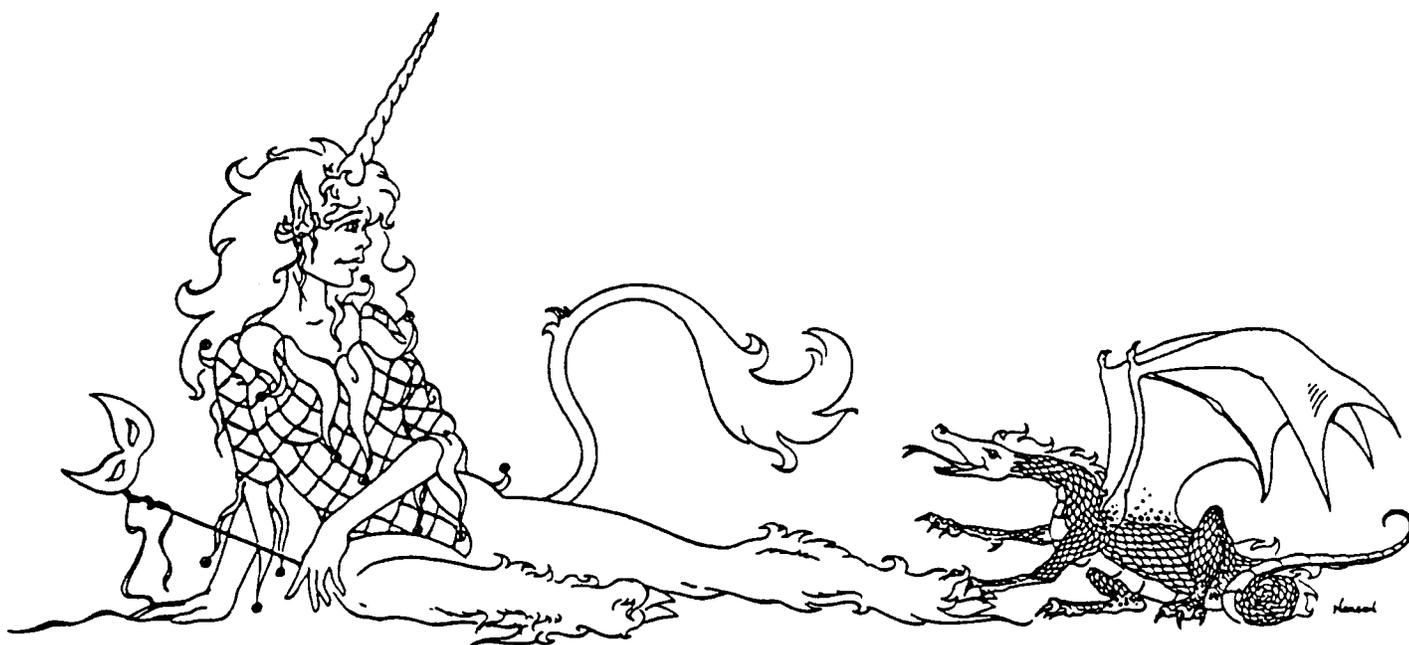
house given, and DeepSouthCon VI in New Orleans, for which I was a mere week late. Forthcoming books mentions a collection edited by Groff Conklin (I want a hardback of **Thinking Machines!**) and a juvenile by Alan E. Nourse ... cost \$3.95! And here's a listing for **Space Chantey** by Lafferty, just beginning the career that would thrill Bob Whitaker and I to our hearts' hearts. Don't it take you back ...

scopus:3007 #7-9 / Alexander J.L. Bouchard, P.O. Box 573, Hazel Park MI 48030-0573 / The or \$1.50. / ae019@detroit.freenet.org. / \$1.50 per. / I must thank Alex in print for his exceedingly kind

traumatic stress disorder, in response to a question from here that I now see was thoughtless and stupid. I grovel in apology. Nevertheless, Megan tells her PTSD tale with clarity and strength and without self-pity, a splendid piece of writing in a zine that refuses to fall down. By the way, #9 has an explanation of the title if you need one.

S.F. Film Fan / Mike McInerney, 83 Shakespeare St., Daly City CA 94014-1053

SFSFS Shuttle No. 133-135 / Mal Barker, c/o SFSFS P.O. Box 70143, Ft. Lauderdale FL 33307-0143 / Good-looking and good-reading clubzine



review of **Chall 7**, and for doing a far better job reprinting Dick Geis' **Like Crazy, Man** cover than I did in that zine. (That blonde beatnik is breathtaking.) Also nice to see are Bouchard's photos from LoneStarCon -- Benny Girard and the Welches are prominent -- and Megan's perspective of the convention, which she hails as handicapped-friendly. Gail Goodhand's piece on traveling with costumes brings up a fannish problem I, whose costuming is never more complex than a Superman tee shirt, never had to consider. A wacky Joe Mayhew "Bears in Space" strip finishes matters. #9 -- a.k.a. **The Fannish Inquisitor** -- is jolly and light until Megan's piece on the source of her post-

from the South Florida S.F.S. Barker infuses the zine with high energy and good writing: a fun editorial (love his photo from 1967, smeared with dirt) and a piece on the original Tom Swift books (they had a fine set on sale at LoneStarCon ... for \$2000). Add a report on an **X-Files** expo (who else was confused and bored by the movie?), a piece on Neil Gaiman (GoH at next November's Tropiccon XVII), and some good locs from a selection of the usual suspects. #134 continues to praise Gaiman -- whose "Dream of a Thousand Cats" is one of the five best comics I've ever read, and which caused Dennis Dolbear to swear off reading **Sandman**, for the sake of his nerves -- features an account of the

Nebula Awards from Adam-Troy Castro, an enthusiastic review of Mike Resnick's **Kirinyaga**, and some good locs from a selection of the usual suspects. Didn't I just say that? I could say it again for #135, which reviews **Armageddon** (to quote my brother: "It stunk -- that's all -- it stunk") , introduces (through sonogram) an incipient (i.e., unborn) SFSFS newcomer, reviews a Ben Bova novel, and introduces "Johnny Ricoh," the non-xerox xerox which printed the issue.

Shooting Stars #1 / Mike Siddall, 133 Duke Street, Askam-in-Furness, Cumbria, LA16 7AE, U.K., & Dave Hicks, 1 St. Woolos Place, Newport, South Wales, NP9 4GQ, U.K. / mds@askamite.demon.co.uk or little.jim@dial.pipex.com

Skosh #2 / Steve Stiles, 8631 Lucerne Rd., Randallstown MD 21133 / Trade / One-sheeter from the great fan artist, this copy of **Skosh is addressed specifically to me -- clever! -- and deals with the creation of **Hyper Comics**, a funny 1979 underground he encloses. Stiles isn't drawing professionally these days, which is a waste waste waste -- somebody do something about this! Love the comic -- I miss the golden days of undergrounds.**

Southern Fandom Confederation Bulletin Vol. 6 No. 11-12 / Tom Feller, P.O. Box 68203, Nashville TN 37206-8203 / Tom's stewardship of the SFC, as President and Editor of the **Bulletin**, ended at DSC in June. He won a Rebel Award for his work and left a clean desk for Julie Wall, his successor. These last two zines of his *regnum* (sounds gross) are typically comprehensive, with very complete club, convention, fanzine and membership listings. (He gives the entire SFC roster.) Ruth Thompson provides another powerful cover illo for #11, and there are some good letters.

Southern Fandom Confederation Bulletin Vol. 7 No. 1 / Julie Wall, 470 Ridge Road, B'ham AL 35206-2816 / SFC membership or. / Julie's first issue of the **Bulletin** is clean, cool, fannish, informative and funny, very well done indeed. I liked it from the cover -- making sly fun of one of *the* preeminent Southern fans, Hank Reinhardt -- through the reports on the steamy DeepSouthCon (some lifted from SFPA), to the comprehensive con and club listings which compose the meat of the issue. A very good start to Julie's term.

The Space Cadet Gazette / R. Graeme Cameron, 1855 West 2nd Ave. #110, Vancouver BC V6J 1J1 Canada / graeme_cameron@mindlink.bc.ca / \$1 /

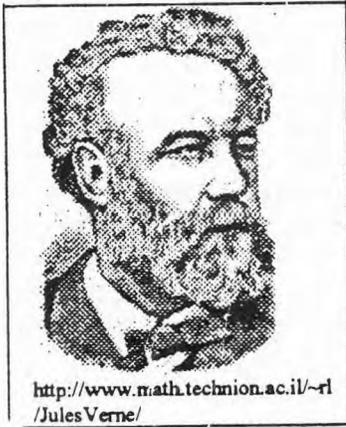
Splish Splash Autumn 1996 / Joy V. Smith, 3403 Providence Road, Lakeland FL 33809

Squib #3-4/ Victor Gonzalez, 905 N.E. 45th St. #106, Seattle WA 98105 / squib@galaxy-7.net / "the real thing, for the usual price." / Sheila Lightsey introduced Victor at worldcon, and he gave me #4 there. His latest perzines slide into involved reflections on the standards set by fanzine reviewers through his displeasure at a one-word notice by Jim Trash; he segues to stylistic criticism of Ulrika O'Brien and the newfangled exchanges embodied in "rassf". He wonders if the net represents fandom's future, to the detriment of antiquated media such as print fanzines. I'll speak as a detestable illiterate in matters electronic: probably so, and there ain't much anyone can do about it. Exchanges formed with thought and care, such as should be the case in anything offered in print, are the wave of the past. The superb lettercol shines with that most precious commodity in written language, *focus*. It deals with the response in earlier issues to Terry Carr's laments on fannish involvement in fan Hugo voting. If I ever feel that a ludicrously minor thing to be upset about, I should remember how irritated *I* am because general fandom has ignored newcomers' quality work for decades in bestowing its trophies. #4 is superb fannish stuff, a dream-inspired, dream-sustained report by Victor and several on the British Corflu (referring to Linda Krawecka as "the Great Holy Mother of Fandom"; I still miss her long hair), spiffily illustrated with halftoned photos (hooray!) of various worthies. If that's Ted White I indeed did **not see him at worldcon. Judging by the lettercol, in which White and others yowl vituperatively about issues that must matter a tremendous lot, considering the energy expended, but which leave me baffled and a bit bored, I guess my feeling is that one should take fandom seriously, but not enough to let it hurt.**

Starfire 9 / Wm. Breiding, P.O. Box 2322, Tucson AZ 85702 / wbreiding@juno.com / The first issue in 21 years. Wm. admits that **Starfire is "word oriented and not particularly fannish," but those are positive qualities, as the words are very good indeed. Included are articles on Catholicism,**

gardening, favorite male actors (the author names Burt Lancaster; mine, if anyone cares, is John Hurt), an inspiring gospel singer; the prose is varied but uniformly elegant. Bill's father (I imagine), G. Sutton Breiding, contributes some exquisite verse. "I plunge my hands into the frozen morning / and pull out golden crickets, / cicadas of crystal, your eyes from deep / in sleep." Sorry to reprint without permission, but I want to keep such a line *close*.

Stefantasy Vol. 54 No. 1 (#122) / William M. Danner, R.D. 1, Kennerdell PA 16374 / Trade. / Bill starts off this latest issue of his *very* venerable perzine discussing his work in the early 1930s, when jobs were "like hen's teeth." His employment with studio photogs reads just as strange. Great and unique lettercol -- the locs seem mostly



composed by Danner's contemporaries, and as a result the whole zine oozes nostalgia. A high point for me was Robert Lichtman's letter -- he mentions the Watts Towers! (Remember from **Chall 5** how much I admire them.) Worrisome stuff on "The Last Page": the editor, who claims his middle name is "Mildew", collapses and has to get a pacemaker. Knock that nonsense off, Bill.

Tail Spins #29-30 / Brent Ritzel, P.O. Box 1860, Evanston IL 60204 / tailspin@interaccess.com / \$3 for a sample copy, \$15/6 issues / Quality punkzine -- "Can you say 'oxymoron'?" -- replete with purposefully ugly ads, sharp music reviews, brief notices of other pubs and other punkzine standards. Not a **Challenger**-type s.f.-fandom pub, of course, but well done, and the editor's tale of

being stalked by a weird, wired 39-year-old U.K. cutie is sad, scary reading no matter from what genre the zine emits. #30 centers on *cannibalism* -- its history and its famous gourmets. The research is exhaustive and the text both gross and engrossing, but in a couple of instances I found myself wondering what happened to the cannibals; not all of their fates are revealed. Astonishing group of people, though; truly, they served their fellow man.

Tangent No. 19 / David Truesdale, 5779 Norfleet, Raytown MO 64133 / internet - 103133.1350@compuserve.com; <http://www.sff.net/people/Dave.T/index.htm> / \$5 @, \$20 one-year sub. / For the second year in a row Dave Truesdale's superb **Tangent** came within a few scant votes of winning a well-merited Hugo. We should see to it next year. True, one could reasonably call **T** less a fanzine than a semiprozine, but labels schmabels, this is a professional-level pub in every respect. Excellent reviews, essays, author profiles (that of Mike Resnick is particularly fun; Dave gleans laughs at Mike's expense throughout the zine), articles (my hero *Ken Keller* reappears!), good photos from LoneStarCon ... a superb labor of love.

The Texas SF Inquirer / Brad & Cindy Foster, c/o F.A.C.T., P.O. Box 9612, Austin TX 78766-9612

Technocracy Digest no. 328 / 2946 - 272 St., Aldergrove, B.C., V4W 3R4 Canada / \$2 or 4 for \$6 / I picked this freebie up at Bucky. Technocracy is an environmentally activist social movement which began 80 years ago. This zine is plump with outrage, and indeed, the ecological and economic crimes against which it rages are out there. It's hard for a Berkeley boy to be critical of such serious and worthy concerns, except that any group that boasts "sections" and cells and so forth takes *itself* too seriously. But hey, millennium coming, and these issues are probably going to be on a lot of people's agendas in the next ten years ...

Thyme #119-122 / Alan Stewart, P.O. Box 222, World Trade Centre, Melbourne, Victoria 3005, Australia / a.stewart@pgrad.unimelb.edu.au / The or \$A 3; subscription \$A 15. / More good issues of the newszine of, by and for downunder fans. In addition to the usual reviews and lists of newly released s.f., there's a nice GUFF report by Irwin Hirsch and a couple of good accounts of

LoneStarCon. #120 reports on more international s.f. awards than I knew existed, DUFF candidate Susan Clarke's wedding, lists lots of zines for trade, and much more. Perhaps it's projection, but I sense great energies building for the 1999 worldcon ...

Trap Door #17-18 / Robert Lichtman, P.O. Box 30, Glen Ellen CA 95442 / Trade / Robert's beautiful fanzine is a class act in every respect. Lots of Steve Stiles art, article-specific; many and varied pieces on many and varied topics, all readable; a myriad of well-known contributors, all putting their best work forward. For example, #17 numbers among its writers Karen Silverberg, Carol Carr (whom I met once, long ago; I was boorish), Richard Brandt, Steve Stiles, and many others. Decrying Lichtman's insistence that **Trap Door** is not an "obitazine," #18 begins with a long section by many contributors "Remembering Rotsler"; it continues with a most candid memorium of Dan Curran by Bill Donaho, a piece which doesn't flinch from its subject's faults and thereby etches a more human and powerful portrait of a real man. Lightning matters is Ron Bennett's tale of his search for Jules Verne's tomb, with its, ahhh, *excessive* marker; a morbid but irresistible thought: a photo essay on the tombstones of great writers. The accomplished poet X.J. Kennedy contributes his memories of SAPS, which he helped found. This is good fanzine, interesting and unique work attractively presented, friendly, accessible, and always worth reading.

Trash Barrel / Donald Franson, 6543 Babcock Ave., N. Hollywood CA 91606-2308 / Trade / Good enough, Franson's back! Short fanzine notices from the man with the hat, four pages worth this time.

Tripe Reportcard 29 / Bruce Pelz, 15931 Kalisher St., Granada Hills CA 91344 / Whenever they leave town Bruce and Elayne send forth touristy postcards -- excuse me, *potscrads* -- adorned with labelled text. This one depicts a gorgeous international expo of some sort in Lisbon. I wish I got to travel.

Twink #9-11 / E.B. Frohvet, 4725 Dorsey Hall Dr. Box #A-700, Ellicott City MD 21042 / The u. / One of my favorite zines. Frohvet really wants to do a good job and the effort shows. He (?) even

goes so far in #9 as to print an argumentative (well, **duh**) piece by Ted White about standards of fanzine quality, which seem to be utterly subjective. It elicits good response in #10's lettercol. Lots of juicy material -- Frohvet's own piece on S.F. and the Law is of obvious interest here, and I second his disgust with our stagnant Hugo ballots. In #11 Eeb reviews *Bucconeer* -- true to his word, he wore white jeans & a pink shirt, so people could find him; nevertheless, we eluded one another. (Maybe we passed each other; he claims he's nondescript.) Good book reviews of unfamiliar volumes (recent Andre Norton among them), very personal fanzine



notes that frankly, remind me of mine (as mine remind me of his), a typically fine lettercol (he was kind enough to print my postcard), and his continuing editorial gripe (which I heartily second) that the fan Hugos need a wider spread of winners. **Twink** is unapologetically fannish, well-informed, distinctively designed. But just *who is* E.B. Frohvet?

Vanamonde Nos. 240-277 / John Hertz, 236 S. Coronado St. No. 409, L.A. CA 90057 / Trade. / Multiple issues of John's weekly zine for Apa-L,

his part of the LASFS multilog, interspersed with literate opinionating on Mozart, Nabokov, the Hugos, toffee, eulogizes Gary Anderson, disses the novel **Flowers for Algernon** as the gilded version of the immaculate short story (I admire both). He eulogizes Shari Lewis, who was indeed wonderful (I once saw her convincingly cast her voice to Lamb Chop and Charley Horse *simultaneously*), reviews Placido Domingo, Elephant Heart plums, and the obscure but brilliant 1988 Nobel winner, Naguib Mahfouz (if you've never heard of it, the Nobel Prize for Literature is like the Hugo, only it seldom goes to a science fiction writer and *never* to the same scribe *twice*). Hertz proves every week that fannishness is in the looker, not the looked-at. If that idea offends you, he also chatters intelligently about fannish matters such as worldcon newsletters and suchlike. *wahh* I want to live in L.A. and go to LASFS every week ...

Violet Books #29-30 / Jessica Amanda Salmonson, P.O. Box 20610, Seattle WA 98102 / Jessica's catalogs of "Antiquarian Supernatural, Fantastic & Mysterious Literature" are fascinating reading in themselves; her descriptions of her fare are most evocative of the weird and dare-we-say decadent subject matter. Among the offerings is **The Collected Stories of John William Corrington**, by a onetime teacher of mine in my Berkeley years; his novels were fine (**The Upper Hand**; **The Bombardier**, perhaps the best fiction I've ever read about the '60s) but he later wrote very bad movies for Roger Corman (including **The Omega Man** and **Battle for the Planet of the Apes**) and died too young to make up for them.

Visions of Paradise #s 75-76 / Robert Sabella, 24 Cedar Manor Court, Budd Lake NJ 07828-1023 / bobsabella@nac.net / Very literate and intelligent stuff here. Don't expect a lot of dopey fan politics. A teacher, Sabella hosted Princeton's 1997 Conference on the Nanking Massacre, and the most interesting entries in these issues deal with Princeton's conference on the subject, "one of the most exciting and fulfilling experiences of my entire life." If Bob finishes his book I want a copy. His accounts of the disruptions caused by radical Chinese students remind me of my college days at dear old Cal. A Clarion graduate, Sabella also displays a keen critical sense, exercised in good reviews of LeGuin, Simmons, Ellison, and other challenging writers ... and rock'n'roll, too. To

show that he pays heed to fannish matters as well, he also reviews **The Reluctant Famulus**, and of course fanzining's invaluable chorus of locmeisters chimes in.

Whimper's Law/Brief/Class/Game / Craig Hilton, P.O. Box 430, Collie, Western Australia 6225, Australia / No policy given. Stories writ and illustrated by good Dr. Hilton set in the world of Xanadu, as created by Vicky Wyman and Lex Nakashima, originally published in Lex' **Ever Changing Palace**. They deal with Whimper, a rat who is incidentally a lawyer (I heard that remark! Rather *obvious* don't you think?!?) and a detective. Much fun, well done, by one of the true stars downunder.

Wild Heirs 20 / Arnie & Joyce Katz, 330 S. Decatur, Suite 152, Las Vegas NV 89107 / February '98 issue ... and as far as I know, the last. Too bad; though this issue lacks the traditional WH Ross Chamberlain cover, there's a good reason -- this is the issue mourning Rotsler. There is much else, but the Katzes' grief for their friend permeates all. For other Katzines, see **crifanac**, **QUANt Suff**, and **Xtreme**.

W.O.O.F. / Victoria A. Smith, 12627 Harbor Dr., Woodbridge VA 22192 / *Contributors / Missed contributing this year. Is the copy requirement still 300?*

The Wordsmith/Eclectic Collector No. 5 / Vince Nowell, P.O. Box 1258, Simi Valley CA 93062-1258 / Wonderful zine of fannish antiquaries, mixed with trade lists and ads. Ted White responds to the revival of his onetime magazine, **Amazing Stories**. Dick Geis -- a *long-time* contributor to Nowell's zines -- predicts another great depression, with s.f. used as a Roman circus to distract the population from its woes. Nowell himself reviews **Weird Tales'** six incarnations, and Ed Mcmanus looks back on the Bradbury Building's connections with science fiction -- missing that it was the setting for Ellison's **Outer Limits** episode, "Demon with a Glass Hand". Best item: Nowell's review of Robert Bloch's **8th Stage of Fandom**. Evocative stuff of fandom's rich heritage.

The Wrong Leggings 4 / Lilian Edwards, 39 Viewforth, Edinburgh U.K. / L.Edwards@ed.ac.uk / Trade / The first zine by my namesake (I was on

the planet first!) in four years, **TWL** has kindled inadvertent controversy (see **Crifanac**). Too bad, as Edwards is a breezy, friendly writer, whose evocation of the British fan scene is winning. Her story about the suicide note found amidst Corflu pub quiz questions is both scary and touching. The lady who wrote it is obviously both fun-loving and people-loving, which signifies to me that her seeming derision of Bill Rotsler's friends for mourning him is unlike her and untrue to her, and should be forgiven and forgotten. Anyway, every other word is here for the fun of it, and fun is what's to be had reading it.

Xtreme nos. 6-7 / Arnie Katz, 330 S. Decatur, Suite 152, Las Vegas NV 89107 / February and May issues; I hope Arnie doesn't think I stopped publishing. Illustrated by gobs of Rotsler art (plus illos by others), these are tremendously entertaining zines, as Arnie -- who has *forever* deserved a Hugo nomination -- orates upon any number of subjects. Most enlightening and fascinating is his fannish autobiography, "Fandom in Mind," which is a righteous gas. Katz can write about anything -- pizza, cats, UFOs, boxing, *anything* -- and make it fun. After all, everything is fannish if a fan makes it so.

Ye Wickle Puckle Cat / Suford Lewis, Pussywillows, off Wheeler Lane, Natick MA 01760 / Apa-NESFA zine dealing with the funeral of Ann Layman Chancellor, God bless her. Read it here, later.

Zero-G Lavatory / Scott Patri, Box 1196, Cumberland BC V0R 1S0 Canada

Zine World / Doug Holland, 924 Valencia St. #203, San Francisco CA 94110 / \$3.50 @, 7 for \$20

Plus mailings of SFPA, KAPA, ANZAPA and LASFAPA. *Italicized* entries are zines I waited for, but never saw. Cut-off date: **October 31, 1998**. (Happy Halloween!) If I saw your zine after then, you'll see it noted in **Challenger** #9.

A final note. I have to mention here in Challenger that Steve Hughes, of SFPA, does the most technologically sophisticated -- and beautiful -- fanzines I've ever seen. His **Spider Pie** #13 in SFPA 202 is incredible. Truly exotic color work (*gold* printing) and photographic repro that makes my little shot-to-dot work look as primitive as

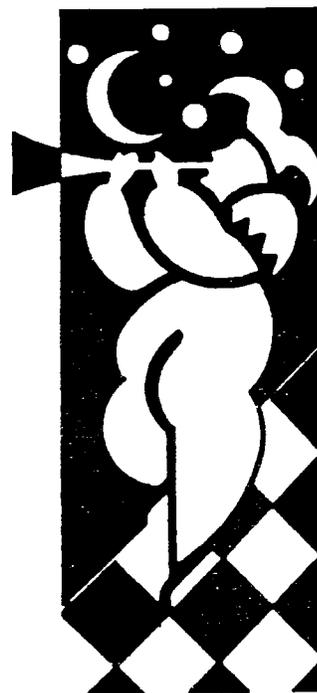
hectography.

NAKED

We tried to talk a dozen times before
But, close, we were Too close and, on the
phone
We each drew back from cutting to the bone
Of our contentious friendship, to the core
Of caring and uncertainty. No more.
Upon the Net, with only written tone,
No interruptions, spies (thus all alone)
We shed our shells and open wide the door.

In distance, safety -- that was all it took
To let us bare our griefs and make our peace.
No fear of how we'd sound or how we'd
look --
Our naked prose could bring us sweet release.
Once, we might have come to terms by
letter;
Net-talk, swift-erased, is even better.

(c) 1994, Binker Glock



Peggy Ranson

The state of Kentucky allows any citizen without a felony record to carry a concealed deadly weapon, providing he or she can pass a training course. Here's how Scotty Offutt's went.

GUNSLINGER

Scotty Offutt

I had a most unusual experience. My boyfriend Jim has a college buddy, Robert, who lives in Richmond and is an instructor for permit-seekers for carrying concealed weapons. Jim has felt strongly, since the law went into effect October 1, 1996, that I should get a permit. He also wanted one, since if he wins the Lottery and resigns from law enforcement, he could no longer legally carry a concealed deadly weapon without a permit.

Tonight was the first installment of our training for the aforementioned permit. We'll have eight hours of instruction, primarily on the laws concerning deadly weapons and use of deadly force, and then more time on a firing range. All for the low, low price of \$30.

Tonight was orientation, filling out forms, overview, etc. We watched a lengthy videotape, produced by Kentucky's Department of Justice. The bureaucrat who starred in the film favored Dick Vitale and wore a cherry-red bowtie with a navy blazer.

It was your typical, dry, monotonal, boring instructional video, interrupted every so often by a bad editing cut or a funny mispronunciation. This guy kept talking about "shooting the burger." He talked about having burgers in your house, and threatening burgers, and shooting fleeing burgers. We all listened carefully; he never pronounced the "l".

The tape was interrupted every so often by a series of review questions. Whenever we got to them, the background music always switched to funky electronic reggae. What was even more surreal is that the other six men in the class with us did *not get the joke*. I don't think they even noticed the music, or even knew exactly the kind of music it was. By the end of the four-hour class, they all looked at me, the only woman there, warily, for a variety of reasons, not the least of which was that whenever we got to the review/reggae segments, I began giggling ... and chair-dancing uncontrollably.

We finished up on a firing range. To pass, you have to hit a silhouette target at least 11 out of 20 times from seven yards. Which is really very close. I used a semi-automatic Glock of Jim's that I am relatively familiar with, but since I don't use guns very often, I was not super-confident.

Each of my 20 shots was "in the black," which means each counted as a hit on the silhouette. The shots were widely scattered, but they were all in there. (Jim cringed when he saw one shot that went pretty far south, hitting the black silhouette in the crotch. Hee hee.) Of course Jim has a different pattern: 10 tight holes in the center mass, nine tight holes in the head, and one that seemed to give the silhouette a cute little earring in one ear. Show off!

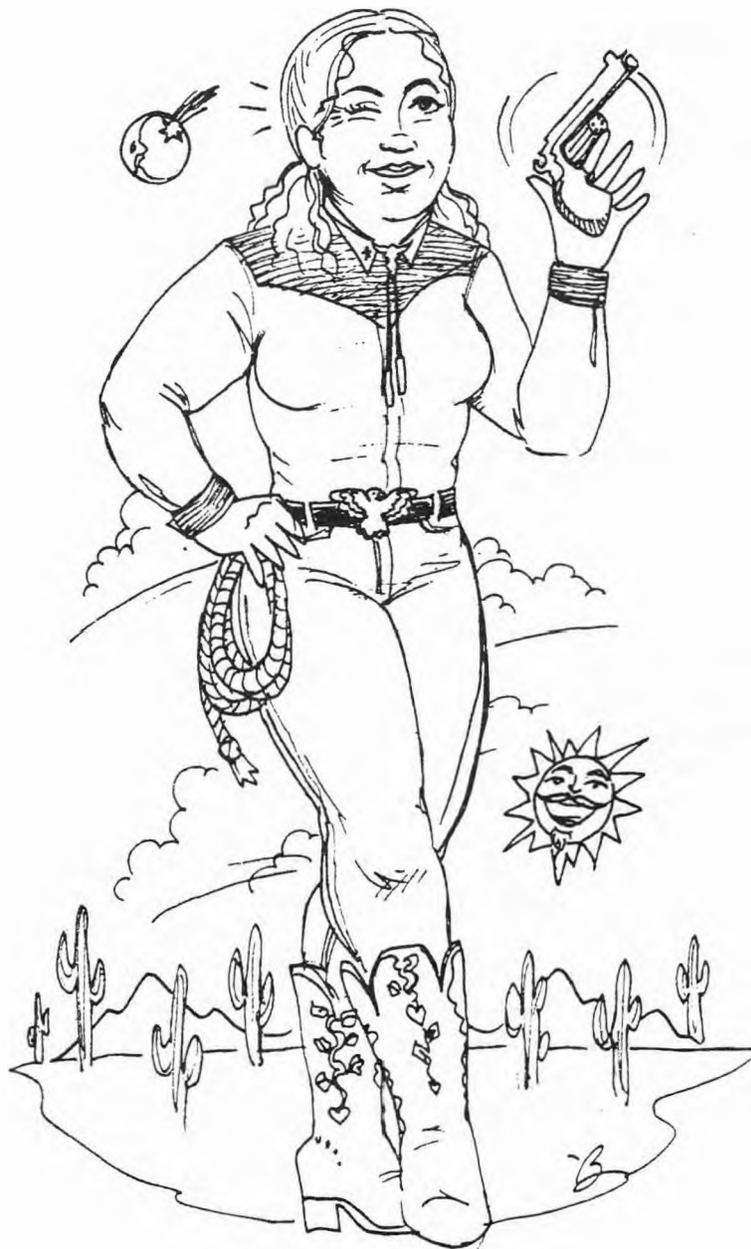
Then I had to demonstrate that I knew how to disassemble the gun and clean it. It's kind of tricky, you have to move the slide literally a fraction of an inch (the handbook says 0.31 inch) while at the same time pulling down two separate little release pins. Then the whole top of the gun -- the slide -- should move forward and completely off the frame of the gun. I tried that, but it didn't seem to work, and since the trigger has to be in a certain position to accomplish this, I racked the slide again -- and the whole top of the gun went flying into the tall grass.

I just busted out laughing, while Jim looked around to see if anyone had seen him -- I guess because guns are supposed to be a guy thing and since he's a cop, he's obviously a

weapons expert. I couldn't seem to stop laughing and Jim kept shushing me. It was hilarious.

There's something about the smell of gunpowder, solvent (for cleaning) and a crisp fall afternoon that just sends testosterone levels in men sky high. These guys, who had pretty much ignored me up to this point, speaking only to Jim, all of a sudden were solicitous. Helping me take down my target, cheering when I hollered "Hey, I got'em all in the black!". making sure I climbed back up the hill OK.

All in all it was a pretty cool experience. Once I get my certificate (assuming I pass the background check, which consists of running my name through a computer to check for prior felony convictions) I can go down to the sheriff's office with the sixty bucks and a recent picture and I should have my gun permit. One of my girlfriends, who got her permit last fall, used a "glamour" shot she had done for her boyfriend. It'd almost be worth paying to have some made.



Bryan Norris



Hamlet's ghost

... and others

Richard E. Dengrove

ghost of Samuel who appeared to Saul was regarded as the Devil himself. For this reason, good Protestants feared ghosts more than others. Parliamentary Commissioners appointed to survey the palace of Woodstock in 1649 were scared away by a local poltergeist, and the minister of the nearby parish of Wootton busied himself seeking divine aid against it. Also, when ghosts haunted a house or a person, it was often considered witchcraft. The haunted person often considered himself "hag ridden." Ghosts were associated with that most demon-ridden of demon-ridden cults -- according to Protestants -- the Catholic church. A Lady Fanshawe saw a ghost in Ireland around 1650. And she concluded that the reason was the Catholic Irish lacked the faith to keep the Devil at bay.

There was also a 'Catholic' ghost, an actual spirit of the dead. More usually, a soul in Purgatory sent here for a purpose. Less often, the soul of a good man praying for God's intercession, in the tradition of the saints. A 15th Century author wrote that spirits of the dead are sent back:

"Sometimes for to have help; sometimes to show that the souls live after the body, to confirm them that be feeble in faith."

There was no real theological difference between Catholics and Protestants. Even when some Catholic theologians admitted that ghosts could be spirits of the dead, there was no telling them from demons. This was the Jesuit Del Rio's view. However, the Catholic Church tolerated this folk belief. In the Middle Ages, sometimes a ghost could not rest until it had confessed to a priest. A ghost plagued a Canon of Newburgh until he confessed he had stolen his Prior's silver spoons. Also, ghosts haunted inheritors who neglected to pay the Church's tithes. A ghost might even avenge those who took oaths on their graves falsely.

Despite theologians, the Catholic ghost was not unknown in England, even among the strictest puritans. William Twisse even claimed that the confession of a disreputable school mate's shade converted him to Puritanism. Little wonder many less religious people embraced the belief. Little wonder too, con men used the belief in ghosts. In 1621, a Henry Church had 'ghosts' convince the wealthy widow Elizabeth Edgar marrying him was God's will. The Star Chamber, which ultimately tried the case, was

This article was inspired by an argument. I said Hamlet's ghost was a demon and my opponent said no critic held that position. I did some research. He had a point: Jeffrey Russell and Keith Thomas complain that only one critic, albeit different in each case, held that view. In the '90s things may have changed but not much. While the New Folger Library Shakespeare admits the ghost was a demon, it does so only in passing. Thus, I wanted to add myself to the few pro-demon critics. As I wrote it, however, the article embraces a wider area than Hamlet: the whole era's concept of ghosts. Essentially our concept, only more logical.

The New Folger Library justified its haste because demons are not our concern. However, they were a great concern during Shakespeare's time. This was a time of witch hunts; Satan and his minions were everywhere. But would ghosts be demons? The Protestant ghost was a demon. Where the scriptures speak of a ghost, good Protestants regarded it as a demon. The Biblical

not amused.

Ghosts had many functions. They rebuked dishonest executors of wills and widowers who neglected their children. The ghost of the astrologer Nicholas Culpepper asked his widow to disown books falsely attributed to him. A husband haunted a wife because she had refused to redress his offenses against the poor. Also, ghosts scared away body snatchers and tomb desecrators. Ghosts gave good advice. Sometimes the ghost disentangled its legacy for inheritors. Most important, Ghosts forced murderers to confess. In 1679, a London midwife confessed to having killed two illegitimate children and being haunted by their ghost. In 1624 a man named Fletcher reportedly haunted his murderer, also his wife's lover. The interminable title of a 1679 pamphlet included *A Dreadful Account of a Most Inhumane and Bloody Murther, committed upon the body of one Mr. Carter by the Contrivance of his elder Brother, who had hired three more villains to commit the Horrid Fact, and how it was found out by the Appearance of a Most Dreadful and Terrible Ghost*. The ghost himself could confess as well as cause confessions. There was such a case in 1674.

The greedy especially had to worry about becoming ghosts. For this reason, the wealthy willed alms at their funerals. The Earl of Shrewsbury willed that alms be distributed at his 1591 funeral to eight thousand poor men.

Thus ends the Catholic ghost. How did these two ghosts fit into the theater? Theologically the Protestant ghost remained a demon, even if it appeared to do good. However, that is not the stuff of plays. The ghost had to seek revenge, and have other well-known demonic qualities. Characters often interpreted a ghost in a dead person's image as the Catholic ghost. But the audience knew demons, being creatures of the air, could assume any earthly shape.

However, there were Catholic ghosts in the drama of this strictly Protestant land. While no English ghost ever begs candles and prayers, they were Catholic nonetheless. Most prominently, they did not seek vengeance, and in fact were peace makers. Somehow they passed muster with the censor.

Now we will see how this fits into Hamlet. The ghost has a few characteristics of the Catholic ghost and there is a tiny bit of ambiguity.

"I am thy father's spirit,
"doomed for a certain term to walk the night
"and for the day confined to fast in fires
"till the foul crimes done in my days of nature
"are burnt and purged away." (1.5.14-18)

Also, the ghost cautions Hamlet not to take revenge against his mother.

"Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
"against thy mother aught, Leave her to heaven
"and to those horns in her bosom lodge
"to prick and sting her." (1.5.92-95)

But, for the most part, the Elizabethan or Jacobean would quickly identify the ghost as a demon. The ghost wants revenge: against the king, if not Hamlet's mother, the queen. Also, it was a demon's job to sow dissension. And this particular one does its job well. Hamlet's ex-love, Ophelia, commits suicide, an awful sin then. Hamlet murders the eavesdropping Polonius with a quick sword and cruel jest. As well as doing demonic deeds, the ghost speaks demonic words, e.g., its coarse and furious description of the king's and queen's crimes. And has a demonic demeanor: envious, jealous, conceited, and arrogant. The ghost's location is often demonic. It appears at midnight in a deserted and dangerous place. At one point, it speaks under the stage, the director of hell. Even the ghost's fears are demonic. When

Horatio charges it to speak by Heaven's name, it immediately leaves (1.1.57-58) . The second time it appears, it leaves when the cock crows (1.1.151-52). Horatio comments, "It started like a guilty thing/Upon a fearful summon" (1.1.163-64).

Finally, Hamlet himself remains unfooled. His anger is just so great damnation does not matter.

"If it assume my noble father's person,
"I'll speak to it though hell itself should gape." (1.2.265-267)

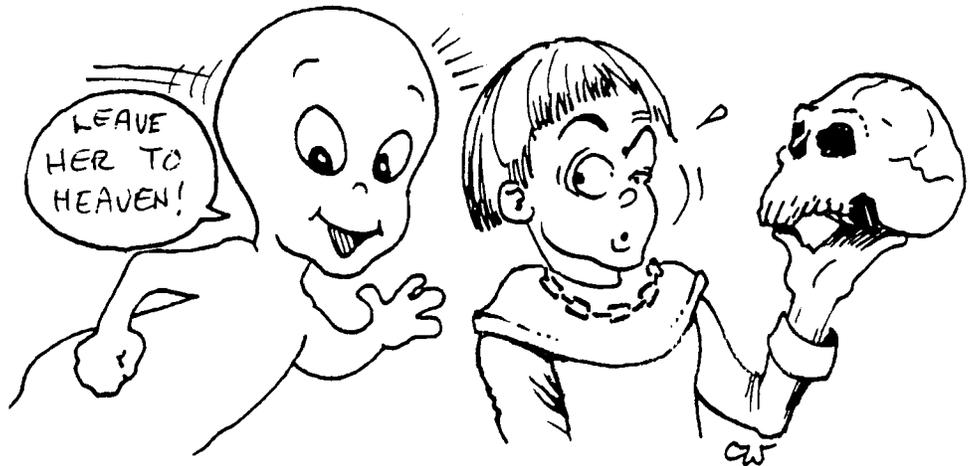
"Be though a spirit of health or a goblin damn'd,
"bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from hell,
"be thy intents wicked or charitable,
"thou comest in such a questionable shape
"that I will speak to thee." [1.4.44-49]

"The spirit that I have seen
"may be a devil, and the devil hath power
"t'assume a pleasing shape, yea and perhaps
"out of my weakness and my melancholy,
"as he is very potent with such spirits,
"abuses me to damn me." [2.2.627-32]

Shakespeare wasn't the only Elizabethan either who wrote a play where the ghost was a demon. R. H. West lists several: John Webster's **The White Devil** (1610); John Ford's, Thomas Dekker's and William Rowley's **The Witch of Edmonton**; Philip Massinger's **The Unnatural Combat** (c1623); and Thomas Middleton's and William Rowley's **The Changeling** (1623). In all of them the demon seeks revenge. In **The White Devil**, for instance, the spirit of the Duchess spurs vengeance against her husband. The phantasm of Brachiano plagues Flamineo.

Other traditional elements of demons are present. In **The Witch of Edmonton**, the ghost of Susan has a demon-dog romping around it. Evil was often accompanied by demon dogs. In **Unnatural Combat**, the character Malefort challenges hell to "open Her wide-spread jaws, and let out all her furies." And the ghost appears. In **The White Devil**, the ghosts behave out of their living character. The Duchess gets revenge on her husband, whom she always forgave in life. Brachiano gets revenge against Flamineo, whom, living, he had no reason to hate.

As I said, the Catholic ghost was not completely absent. In Cyril Tourneur's **Atheist's Tragedy** (1607), while



Monferrer's ghost warns Charlemont of a menace to his heritage, he restrains him from violence. It is true he appears in a dream to a wicked uncle and predicts his downfall, but he does not urge or participate in it. In George Chapman's **Bussy D'Ambois** (1607), the ghost of a friar, the Umbra Friar, is even more benign. He urges Bussy to forgive his eventual murderer. And between two enemies, Tamyra and Montsurry, he urges reconciliation.

How did these get through the censors? I notice both were performed in 1607. There does not seem any reason for a pro-Catholic policy then: in fact, Catholicism seems to have been on the run in England and Ireland. The one bright spot for it, a treaty with France, does not seem enough. Nor does it seem enough that the **Atheist's Tragedy** attacked the era's public enemy no. 1, atheists, in the form of D'Amville. It was not an advantage at all to attack Puritians in the form of the chaplain Languebeau Snuffe. Perhaps these plays were authorized by a censor with a very very short tenure.

So ends the Elizabethan and Jacobean ghosts.

Atheist's Tragedy and **Bussy** did foreshadow things to come. Later in the 17th Century, that ghosts were demons was overturned, even theologically. The enemy, to Church conservatives, was not popery but atheism. Or at least liberal religion. They saw belief in the Catholic ghost as a spiritual island in a materialist sea. As Ralph Cudworth, the Cambridge Platonist, said,

"If there be once any visible ghosts or spirits acknowledged as things permanent, it will be easy for any to give a reason why there might not be one supreme ghost also, presiding over them all and the whole world."

Obviously his ghost was not a demon. At this time, it became more respectable to believe than doubt the Catholic ghost. Even in the 18th Century, Dr. Samuel Johnson described ghosts as "a question which after five thousand years is yet undecided." The Protestants of a century before had decided. Making his ghost clearer, Johnson prayed that his wife would return as a ghost.

After the 18th Century, the Protestant and Catholic ghosts became muddled. We do not care as much about reason and logical consistency. The 19th Century favored the Catholic ghost although they may not have known it as that. Marley's ghost in Dickens' **Christmas Carol**, roams the Earth as part of a Catholic, moral purpose. Similarly, the ghosts of the spiritualists were very Catholic: they were very friendly and helpful. However, Marley's chains were originally the chains of the Devil. 20th Century ghosts, on the other hand, have taken a Protestant, demonic turn. The ghosts in *Casper the Friendly Ghost* -- except for Casper -- are demonic, existing to scare people. The poltergeist of parapsychological research is basically a demon: it scares us and makes mischief. Yet it is often a person who died prematurely, as in the old days often murdered.

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On the Spot: ANDERSONVILLE

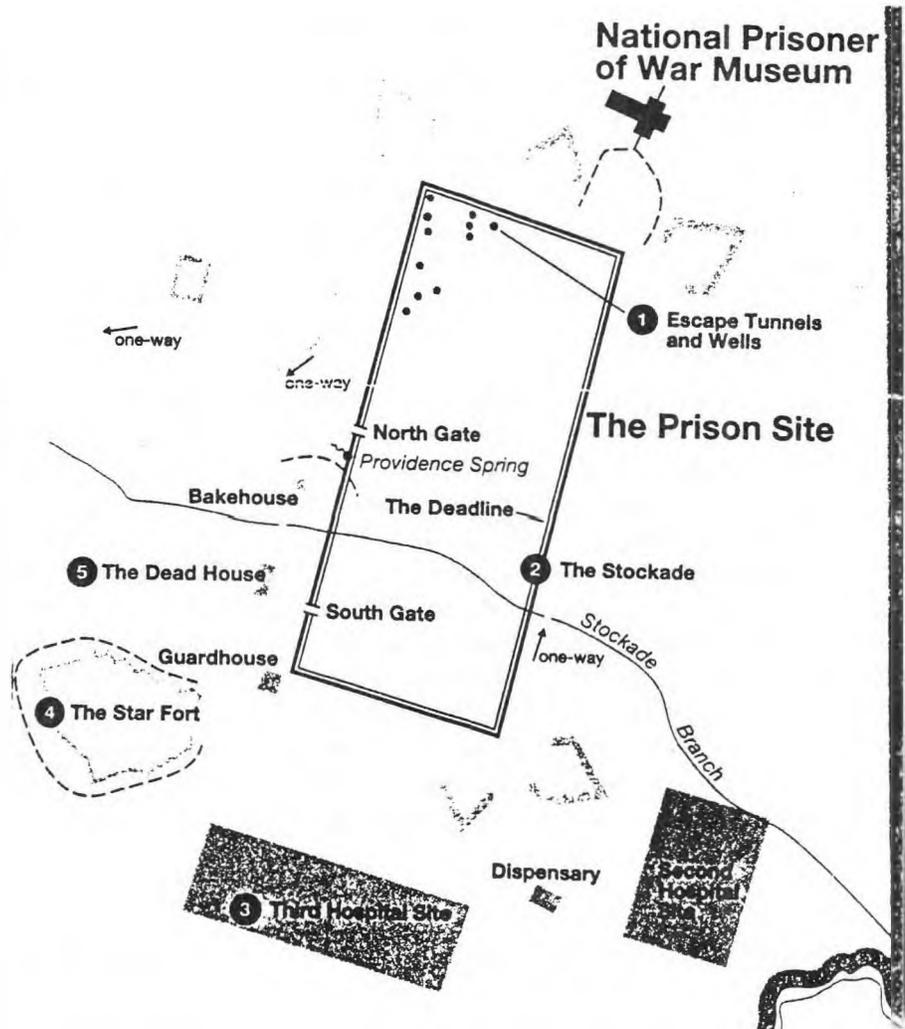
When Hurricane Georges chased me out of New Orleans in late September, I went first north, to Birmingham, then east, to Atlanta, then south, to the little college town where the kind van Hartesveldts took me in. I found History a short drive away. **Andersonville.**

During the latter half of the Civil War, on this spot, in a rectangular stockade 1620 feet long by 779 feet wide, 26 1/2 acres of ground, the area of about six football fields, the Confederacy housed more than 32,000 Union prisoners. Within the log fortress there were no permanent structures, no sanitary facilities aside from a single polluted stream, no law. Provision was scarce and discipline was brutal: 19 feet within the logs a rough-hewn split-rail fence marked the deadline, past which no prisoner could venture without being shot. Filth and disease and summary executions killed almost 13,000 men before the prison was abandoned in late 1864. Its commandant, Henry Wirz, was the only Confederate eventually tried for war crimes, and he was the only rebel hanged by official action. There has been much

written about this place: a terrific Pulitzer Prize novel by Mackinlay Kantor; a fine if inaccurate play and teleplay about Wirz' trial. Recently TNT presented a TV movie about the prison. It has never been forgotten.

There is at the site a National Prisoner of War Museum, with exhibits not only from the Civil War but all other American conflicts. They show an excellent little film about POWs, featuring interviews with survivors of 20th Century American wars, and if it struck me as a little ridiculous to compare the weeks of captivity suffered by Gulf War prisoners with the years of torture and privation endured by Vietnam vets, perhaps the time element wasn't the point.

Well, what *was* the point? I asked myself that repeatedly as I walked the perimeter of Andersonville Prison.



I kept oral notes into a dictaphone, and I took these pictures. On the tape you can hear blackbirds cawing as they swept over the well-mown rectangular plot. I noted the white pylons denoting the stockade, and within, the deadline. I reflected on the masses enclosed at Andersonville. I'd been in crowds that intense only at peace marches -- "which I am more and more glad I went on" -- and football games. "And I could always go home!"

There was a deep gouge halving the rectangle, through which the stream ran, called The Sinks. There were V-shaped earthworks at every corner -- eroded but still there, 133 years after the last prisoner left. I noted the soft earth, the fluttering bugs displaced by the mowers, and yelped when stabbed by sandspurs, that ensnared themselves in my socks and on my shoelaces. With frequent stops, it took me an hour, no more, to circle the compound.



The northwest corner. The stockade as it appeared then, with a guardtower, 15 feet high, and the deadline, and within, shelters as the prisoners would have made, out of rags and bags and treelimb, although where they would have gotten the limbs -- for there were no trees -- there is no telling. Behind the logs, stocks. There was no sign telling us what they were, but of course, it was obvious.

The prisoners were given no materials to construct houses as such could be used to build escape tunnels. So they had to make do with whatever they could scrounge. They called these little shelters "shebangs".

The sky above Andersonville is wide. The heat in summer is oppressive. There was no shade within the prison except what these shebangs could provide.

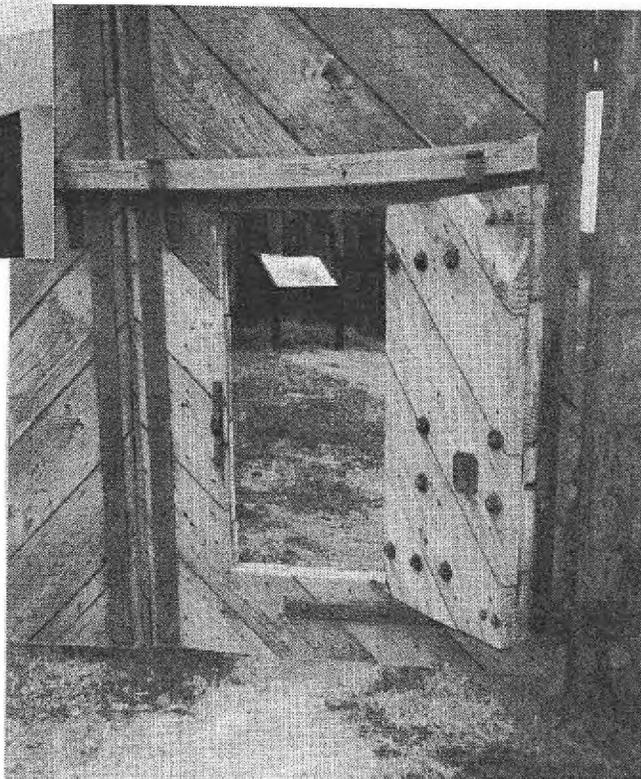
It is worth noting that the federal prisons for Confederate prisoners of war, in Elmira NY and other places, were scarcely, if any, better.





"This pathetic little stream," I dictated, "looks like a muddy brown line through the weeds." The site of the Sinks, the latrines, downstream; they were supposed to get freshwater here, where the stream entered the compound, but the stockade posts slowed and blocked drainage, sent filth upstream, and dysentery reigned. Despite the horrible overcrowding no one would live on the five or six acres nearest the Sinks. They say the smell made people sick in Americus, Georgia, ten miles away.

At the southwest corner the Raiders, yankee thugs who preyed on other prisoners, gathered. Wirz had his headquarters within an earthen "Star Fort" at the southeast extremity; from there, he could view the entire prison, and see every single man, although it was said the prisoners, enmassed, more resembled a single, moving, moaning organism.



The North Gate. Inside, the new prisoners found "Market Street," where prison merchants set up barter stalls -- and the Raiders lurked, a gang that brutalized, stole from, extorted from the prison population. When the others finally had had enough and seized the thugs, Wirz agreed to hold them -- in stocks -- outside the prison until a trial of sorts could be held. He did. It was. Six were sentenced to death. The Confederates finally gave the prisoners wood and carpentry tools -- to build the scaffold.

Their graves are set apart from the rest in the Andersonville Cemetery, buried, said the sign, with dishonor. The names, it was said, might not be accurate. Some of these six were probably deserters who gave aliases when they re-enlisted for the bonus. I hoped their own company was good enough for them. A Munn, Seaman. W Rickson, USN. Jonathan Sarsfield, NY. William Collins, PA. Charles Curtis, RI. Patrick Delaney, PA. 134 years dead and damned. I wondered with typical Lillian melodrama if their souls still cried out from Hell.

I took no picture.



Providence Spring welled up one August day in 1864 from ground just uphill from the stream. After the war this pavilion was built, with the inscription semi-quoting Lincoln. WITH CHARITY FOR ALL, it says, WITH MALICE TOWARD NONE. "Water Unfit for Human Consumption," said a sign. "Please Do Not Drink." So I simply plunged my hands into the very cool water.

At the northeast corner I walked past markers for wells and tunnels, and the monuments -- states noting the men they'd lost here. One stone had a giant Red Cross in its facade: it hailed Clara Barton, who came here after the war. There also Father Peter Whelan was honored, a Catholic priest from Savannah, Georgia who came to Andersonville in June, 1864, and stayed four months, who bought ten thousand pounds of wheat flour to feed the prisoners. They called it "Whelan's bread."

Later, I went by the Cemetery. I took no pictures. The stones were old, dating from the months post-war when Dorence Atwater, a former prisoner, named the names of all but a few of the dead. The rows and rows and row upon row of stones are only inches apart, stone upon stone upon stone, because they do not mark individual graves: the dead of Andersonville were buried side by side, without coffins, in endless shallow trenches. There is no order to the stones, even of states. It's still an active cemetery: I found fresh graves of veterans from World War II and Korea and Vietnam.

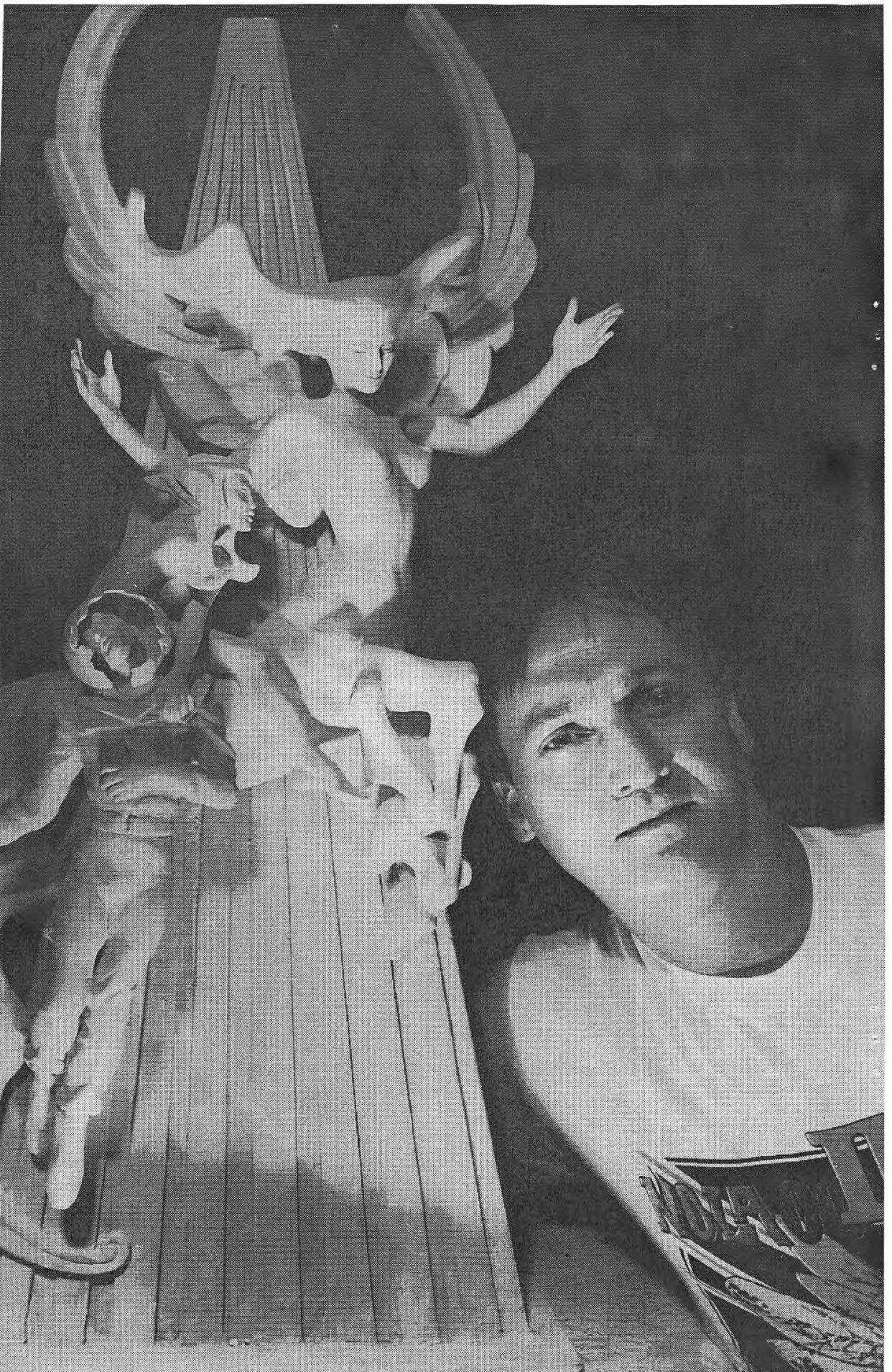
I drove out through the tall shading pines. "It's important for a Southern boy to come down and see this," I told my tape, "as well as Gettysburg. This too is part of our heritage." But I wondered about places like Andersonville, "and all the other concentration camps and prisons that we preserve. Are we commemorating here just suffering, is that all we're talking about? Because if so it's not worth it. It's just a big guilt trip and it doesn't work at all. Elmira New York, where the federals kept their prisoners, was just as horrible. If we're commemorating here, rather, survival, and strength, and perseverance, and just those tiny little flyspecks of mercy like Father Whelan's back there, then I can see the point... Let's let that be the point: endurance, survival, prevailing."

I was right, of course. But there was more. I can see the point of places like Andersonville. Because we define ourselves, as a people, as a government, as a nation if you want, by the things we are proud of and the things we are not, and this was a thing we are not proud of, and for that reason we need to preserve it, and "I guess it's just important to remember, so we *don't do it anymore*."

I said, to myself, leaving, "There is still birdsong."

The *original* Nolacon II Hugo base was, like the version used, designed by artist **Ned Dameron**. It proved too large and impractical, so another choice was made. Ned's plaster original was subsequently purchased by New Orleans fan Doug Wirth, shown here with it. You get the idea of its impressive size.

Photo by *J.K. Potter*.



THE WHITE SUSTENANCE

In even the smallest things she saw the pointlessness of hope, the impossibility of forgiveness. How was it possible, she asked, that in a universe sustaining such conscientious brutality, a friend can laugh, a mother smile, a father sacrifice, or a lover kiss?

Amateur

Denise's case concluded March 16, 1998. Its resolution had me ragged and sad, and that had me irritated with myself, since being ragged and sad isn't being professional. The day after, after all, there would be other clients. I promised myself one thing, however. Never again would they be friends.

This is what happened. Denise was in her late 30's. I met her at a friend's house. I *liked* her. She was smart, sassy, pretty, funny ... and hid the fact that she was also desperately drug-addicted. Once married to a substantial guy, she had a beautiful daughter and a good life. Then she lost a baby and went nuts. What had been a goofy teenage joyride on grass and booze became a serious adult dependence on cocaine and pills. It didn't take long for her to lose her middle-class life to the cycle of drugs, prostitution and jail that is a familiar story to those of us involved with criminal justice. Shortly before the events which culminated on March 16, she jumped into an undercover policeman's car on New Orleans' infamous Airline Highway, not for the first time, and was arrested for the offense ludicrously labelled "Soliciting for Crime Against Nature." It's a felony here in Louisiana.

Denise pled guilty and was released pending sentence. On the night before the week which led to her destruction, I saw her at a mutual friend's house, sitting on his porch, scared to death. The next morning she was due to go to court and start her sentence. But how long a sentence? She was unsure. My friend had told her to expect a year, which, under the "good time" law then in effect, would have freed her after six months. But for some reason, either to be complete about it or to show off or what-the-hell-ever, he had also told her that she could be "multiple-billed," charged as a repeat offender, and as this was her third conviction, be sent away for *ten* years.

I told her this was as unlikely as a meteorite strike, and advised her to relax. Six months' vacation from the streets would do her no harm. She shrugged in resignation. A siren wailed by on Jefferson Highway. "There's my ride," she joked, without laughter.

I thought about dragging her off to my place to spend the night, and driving her in to court myself. But I didn't want to presume. With an extraordinarily busy day ahead of me, I could do no more than promise to come see her in her court the next day, and so I took off.

Denise did not keep her court date. After I left she went over to a sleazy local night club called Racketeers, which was located on the River Road, by the levee, near the Orleans/Jefferson Parish border, literally at a corner of the edge of things. Its parking lot was notorious as a drug supermarket. There she smoked crack cocaine. To calm her after that jolt to her nervous system, she smoked heroin, about the ultimate downer. On top of all this, just to mellow things out, some meds, and to wash down the pills, booze.

Madness.

I don't know where Denise spent the night but the next day she, or what was left of her, ended up on a porch a few blocks from our friend's house. The porch belonged to a "regular" of hers I'll call Bill, a guy she described as rather slow but very sweet. She was already into her fugue, into an up/down cycle of dueling chemicals, and she thought she could hit Bill up for a few bucks and buy more crack cocaine. An elderly woman drove up in her Cadillac. The lady behind the wheel was Bill's Mother. Denise asked her for a ride to the hospital down the street. The lady said sure. Denise got in, rode for a couple of blocks, and then told Bill's Mother that she had a gun, to turn over her purse

and the car keys, and get out.

She did. It's called first degree robbery.

In subsequent days Denise wrote checks from the old lady's checkbook and used the proceeds to buy crack cocaine. She remembered, later, abandoning the car on a local street, but she couldn't remember why. She soon became one of Jefferson Parish's Most Wanted. Her recent past was an open book. One night my friend and I were leaving his house when a police car skidded to a dramatic stop scant inches from our toes. They were looking for Denise. Nice enough cops; I knew them both from drug court.

Of course Denise was nowhere around; she was *below*, invisible, in the underworld, where drugs take people. How many times have I seen good folks learn that they were after all *chemical* at base; that their most rigorous moral hopes and pretensions were nothing next to the power of junk? I have seen evil in the descent of a billy club and the expansion of caustic gas, as men tried to beat freedom out of the heads of their fellow men, and I have seen evil in the thin smoke from a crack pipe, as sick people tried to wipe their aching selves clean and only masked their pain with a deeper stain. I continue to wonder which is worse: self-destructive behavior or the draconian authority which seeks to restrain it. *Dopers who think they're cool impress me as assholes; fascists who think they're cool impress me as worse.* Cute line, GH111; do you believe it?

Finally, after about ten days in the twilight zone, Denise wandered into Winn Dixie, a local supermarket. She had in mind writing another bogus check for more crack money. Instead, she spotted a purse hanging off the shoulder of a second old lady, and thought it'd be easier to yank the purse away. However, the old lady was *Italian*. She fought back. Denise knocked her down, but she *didn't* get her purse!

Stock clerks heard the brouhaha and came running. Denise hauled ass. She ran next door, to a fire station, and hid in the empty office. She saw a telephone. *I can sell that for a rock*, she thought, and walked out with it under her arm. Men in aprons tackled her right outside the door.

Denise was hauled back to Winn Dixie and identified. The parish sent some female cops to search her and they were, shall we say, not particularly gentle about it. As a matter of fact, they bounced her liberally against the wall. Well, I told her, sitting in the interview room of the Jefferson Parish jail, what could you expect? Back to herself, the crap leaving her system at last, she shrugged, and managed a wan rueful doomed smile.

Denise's case was assigned to a different court than the one I work, but she was my friend, so I got myself appointed to her case. As I knew the Assistant District Attorney in charge, I hoped for a quick, decent resolution which wouldn't cost Denise too large a slice out of her life. I asked the ADA not to *bill* her.

Multiple billing is the procedure by which the prosecution seeks to have miscreants put away for extended sentences because they have committed crimes before. With her background, Denise could have been gazing upon anywhere from a 12 year sentence, if merely double billed, to the entire enchilada, if three or more prior convictions were brought in.

Denise had a slew of drug- and hooker-oriented offenses to her credit, and one previous crime of violence. According to Denise, this came about when, in her early 20's, she'd tagged along when her then-boyfriend tried to rob a bank. The accessory charge didn't cost her much in the way of time, but its presence on her rap sheet would haunt her now. My ADA friend was himself haunted, by the spectre of soon-forthcoming elections. He could make no promises. His boss' job, and therefore his, was on the electoral block, and a strong opponent had emerged. He could do nothing for Denise, he said, unless Bill's Mother -- the driver of the Cadillac -- agreed to *let* him be lenient. At about that time he got his first look at Denise. She had sobered up, cleaned up, and begun to fatten up in jail.

The ADA was astounded at the affable, pretty, worried but smiling woman in the prison's orange jumpsuit. "That's her?" He couldn't believe it.

Neither could the judge, an intelligent, pleasant, plump lady of about Denise's age, who had attained the bench with a good deal of assistance from her family name, a powerful and respected one in Jefferson Parish politics, but who was fair and able. She took one look at Denise and called the ADA and me to the bench. "She has that terrible record?" she gaped. "She looks better than I do!"

All good signs, I thought.

The ADA kept procrastinating until the window of opportunity slammed down in a shower of shards of glass. His boss lost the election. Hoping to get hired by the new District Attorney, who had campaigned on a Get Tough on Crime platform, he had a new reason to dilly-dally. I kept pressing, he kept hem-hawing, eventually I concluded I would get nothing out of the situation and pled Denise not guilty and not guilty by reason of insanity.

NGRI has never been a popular plea in Louisiana. Unlike other states, plain lunacy here is not considered legal insanity. In more civilized and enlightened climes, a person cannot be held legally responsible for his acts if he acted under an irresistible impulse, or while his capacity to understand his actions was diminished. Here, there is a twofold standard. First, the defendant must be found competent to stand trial by the precepts of a case called **Bennett**. It says the bad guy must understand the workings of the court and be able to assist his attorney in his defense. No problem for Denise to meet these requirements; when sober, she was Herself, and that Self was not only funny and sassy and sexy and sweet, it was intelligent and, as far as I could tell, compassionate. "I did that to those old ladies?" she wondered. "I can't believe it."

The defendant safely in court, the insanity defense then focuses on his ability to understand what he has done. To qualify as insane under Louisiana law, the defendant must be suffering from a mental disease or defect and not be able to tell right from wrong at the time of the incident in question. It's the ancient **McNaughton** Rule. It hasn't changed since long before the Civil War, since 50 years before Freud began his practice. It's disgraceful.

Well, disgraceful or not, it's what Denise was stuck with, and so I played the game. I called in a superb female psychiatrist to interview Denise. Dr. Stacey is the gnat's spats. She's smart, winning on the stand, has wholesome big-blond looks. She and I met at her office following the examination. Denise, she told me, was the most serious case of drug addiction she had ever seen. One indication of this was her history with Rehab.

Denise's several hospitalizations for drug abuse over the years showed an ongoing pattern. It scared me, both as her lawyer and as her pal. Time and again, Denise would check into an inpatient



facility, serve a short while, then split before completing the program. Almost always, she'd drag some dude along on her way back to the street and back to the habit. That, said the doctor, demonstrated the unbreakable hold dope had on Denise. And, said Lillian to himself, it suggest a manipulating and devious wit. It said loud and clear that this was a woman who took advantage of men for her own purposes. Was I, as her lawyer, merely the latest dupe? Was I passing along not a plea for mercy to better serve justice, but a scam, meant to deflect it? Or was I just being a jealous twit?

When in doubt, do your job. Dr. Stacey hauled out her **DSM-IV** and we found a diagnosis that fit Denise. Drug addiction with paranoid tendencies. We had our mental disease or defect, the hook on which to hang an insanity defense. The next week I was fired from the case.

Sort of. Denise's current boyfriend was a quiet, shy fella, no doper, stolid, unsocial. He hired a private lawyer for her. I didn't mind, since he couldn't have done better. Hal Winger had class, talent, and swack. A retired judge, a guy my age whose Fu Manchu moustache had caused a minor cultural brouhaha when he was elected, Winger did me the honor of asking me to stay on and assist him, and so I did.

Winger had position and took advantage of that. A new ADA, whom I will call Sam, had taken over the case -- politics had crowded out the original guy -- and Winger immediately set to Denise's business. He challenged the DA's records on her prior convictions. He pressured for a plea bargain which excluded a multiple bill, which would effectively double Denise's jail time. Like my friend before him, this ADA said he would have to consult with the victims on that score. So, the next time Denise was brought into court, for a hearing on the various suppression motions we'd filed, Winger talked to them first.

There is nothing wrong with this. Defense lawyers are entitled to interview the witnesses to the crimes, if they want to be interviewed. I myself had talked with the Winn-Dixie employee who had tackled Denise outside of the fire station. This time there was but one victim present, the tiny old Italian lady who had been so stubborn about surrendering her purse.

She was -- to be utterly sexist about it -- a doll. Tiny, older than *air*, she was very nervous but very sweet, and said that she was scared to be in court with Denise. I think she relaxed after Winger told her about the drugs and that Denise, for her part, didn't recognize her at all. Such was the power of the drug cocktail she'd lived on for that week.

Denise was horrified. "*That's her?*" she gawped. "*I hurt that sweet old lady?*"

I think she was sincere.

That victim was no problem. She wouldn't oppose anything the ADA chose to do. From the start the problem had been with the first woman, the lady in the Cadillac, Bill's Mother. She wanted Denise burned.

I had my suspicions as to why. From what Denise told me, Bill was a simple fellow who had sustained brain damage due a childhood fall. Despite being in his forties, and living in a little house of his own, he worked for and was cared for by his folks. I suspected jealousy on the mother's part -- anger that the son she had protected all of his life should have sought the company of a woman like Denise. Whatever the reason, she was adamant, Sam said, and so his hands were bound, finger and thumb. He *had* to bill Denise.

All right then, Winger and I decided -- we fight. And that meant we subpoenaed every person who had anything at all to do with this case.

That included Bill.

I wish he had called me. How I wish that. I wish he'd called me, like so many did, and said, *Mr. Lillian, why do you need me to come into court?* So I could have told him what someone should have told him and no one, obviously, had bothered to tell him: *None of this is your fault.* But he did

not call, and no one did assure him that he hadn't been at fault, that his infatuation with Denise was, if not completely acceptable, then human and forgivable; someone did not forgive him, or did not convince him that he could be forgiven for his sad little sin, someone did not tell him, *None of this is your fault*, and so one day when his folks were out he went into their back yard and threw a rope around a low tree limb and hanged himself from it.

In his suicide message he blamed himself for his mother's terrible experience. Our subpoena was stapled to the bottom of his note.

I showed the obituary with its smiling, handsome picture to Winger, and then I took it to Denise. My own feelings were a turmoil. We had every right to subpoena Bill; in fact, we had a duty to subpoena Bill. But our duty had been Bill's doom. It had pushed him over the edge. *Damn it, the man was dead*. Both Winger and I were utterly aghast. Denise's reaction was confused. She seemed more curious about what his death would mean to her case than sad about her friend.

What it probably meant to the case, I told her, was that now the old lady would *never* change her mind.

Someone did change her mind, though. Dr. Stacey said that, after reading the confession Denise gave the day after she was captured, she wasn't so sure Denise had been insane at the time of that offense. After all, she *had* tried to escape, had tried to hide, had stolen license plates for the first old lady's car, and that indicated knowledge of wrongdoing ... which, in this primitive state, means knowledge of right versus wrong, which means sanity. So forget about her testifying for Denise.

That cooked it.

I told Denise about this. Her pretty face -- getting rounder from the starchy food they served in jail -- wore an expression of puzzlement, the same as when I'd showed her Bill's obituary. *What does this mean?*, she asked.

It meant we had no case. On Judge Winger's advice as well as mine, she took the state's plea offer. Thirteen years, both before and after the double bill. With credit for time already served, she would leave prison in 2009. Had she not taken her plea, and gone to trial, and lost, she would have been billed as a third offender and sent to the Louisiana Correctional Institute at St. Gabriel for the rest of her days.

Judge Winger thanked me for the work I'd put into the case. So did Denise. I put Bill's obit into her file and turned it in. In the months since, Sam has never gotten around to filing the double bill. Maybe he never really intended to.

Had we known that, things might have been different.

So what does all this prove? The depravity of drug use? That Denise was an inhumane sociopath from the beginning, her wonderful smile a desperate sham? Or -- as I do believe, as I think I *must* believe -- was her smile real? Did narcotics change Denise from a nifty lady to a violent termagant, or merely release those tendencies from the fragile mental prison where she'd held them? In other words, did the junk change Denise or simply rip off her veneer?

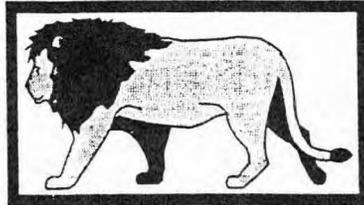
I don't know. All I know is that Denise's daughter has to travel 60 miles and go through a patdown search if she wants to see her mother. And that there is a frame shop I pass every time I drive down Jefferson Highway that I can never enter.

It's owned by Bill's Mother and Father.



*Dany Frolich is New Orleans fandom's great success story. He got his start doing fillos for *Nolazine*, the New Orleans Science Fiction Association genzine, and before he left Nawlins for Florida had become the designer of most of the great Mardi Gras parades. (See my article about him in the *Nolacon II* souvenir book.) He generously leant his talents to the bid, as in this ad.*

Y^E WICKLE PUCKLE CAT



produced for APA:NESFA, July, 1998, by Suford Lewis,
Pussywillows, off Wheeler Lane, Natick, MA 01760.

A Bird of Rare Plumage

Tuesday, 14 July 1998: we drifted in to the Roger Funeral Home between noon and 2:00, old ladies gossiping about illnesses and family doings, various acquaintances who had not been acquainted with each other, old school friends. Some had come to support Jane and Larry Moore, the bereaved sister and brother-in-law—her friends from work, his family who had missed his mother’s funeral two weeks before.

It had taken a month, but it had still been a sudden, unwelcome surprise. Ann Layman Chancellor—Chance—dead at fifty, lay in her open casket, in a white suit and blue blouse, too still. Chance was never a still person—unless she was in her Maleficent character, pretending to be a statue then suddenly turning to look at you. Her Maleficent was magnificent.

I kept thinking she had moved. Of course, she hadn’t. She wasn’t there at all, only mortal remains with a derby-blanket-of-roses over the lower half of the casket. Floral tributes stepped up the wall behind her and extended onto the floor and a couple of tables; remembrances from Gordie Dickson, Cliff Simak’s kids, the Dorsai Irregulars, Krissy, Sue, Gail & David in Worcester, relatives and in-laws...

“Ho yo to ho-o, ho yo to ho-o!” and the sound system orchestra zinged and trumpeted. That seemed right.

I met her cousins and second cousins, her friends from high school: Billy who had been her rival on the debating team and her best friend—now Judge William Graham; Edgar Hume who had dated her in her senior year and continued to be a close friend.

Her fannish friends were represented by Cliff Amos, semi-gafiated founder of Rivercon; Mike Sinclair, a Louisville fan who had campaigned vigorously for New Orleans; Vicki Lynn Roberts—previously Vicki Webb—of Indianapolis who had met Chance in New Orleans and lately was on Chance’s route between her house in Carver MN, near Minneapolis, and her house inherited from her father in Frankfurt KY; Jane and Scott Dennis from Lexington, KY, and myself, Suford Lewis from Boston. Chance had always

been inviting all of us to come to The Derby with her. This year, Vicki had done so. I remember Chance telling me about it and about past derbys and warning me off the mint juleps at the track where “they don’t have time to bruise the mint properly.”

Judge Graham was the principal speaker. He reminisced and read poetry. He told of when he just started to practice law. Whenever he got too full of himself, his mentor would ask him if his parents thought he was a bird of rare plumage and that would bring him back to earth. However, he had never had any doubt that Chance was a bird of rare plumage. Neither did the rest of us, but we were all pretty inarticulate about it. Dave Wixon and Larry Moore managed a few words, but the rest of us couldn’t find any.

The sky was weeping appropriately as we drove out to the cemetery. The Chancellor family plot is at the top of a hill overlooking the Kentucky River. On the way there is a sign for Daniel Boone’s grave, though I understand Tennessee and Kentucky have a dispute over whether he is really buried there. Chance was buried between her parents and her aunt and uncle. We didn’t all quite fit in the tent, but enough had brought umbrellas that no one got wet.

We all anticipated the appearance of her friend from college, Jeff Whittaker, whom we expected to pipe, and attributed his non-appearance to his duties for the FBI. It turns out there was a communications disconnect as Larry Moore thought Dave Wixon was calling him, and Dave thought Larry was calling him. We expect he will pipe there sometime. Judge Graham read some more poetry, Dave Wixon said something and Larry Moore bravely led us in “My Old Kentucky Home” which we all sang whether we knew the words or not. We really needed “Amazing Grace” or another pipe lay, but I didn’t have the courage to sing it myself, nor was I comfortable with the words.

We disbanded to re-form at Larry Moore’s mother’s house. I talked to Chance’s sister, Jane. Ann had wanted it like this and like this. There were cold cuts, cheese, breads, and crackers, there were frosted brownies from Chance’s favorite Frankfort bakery, Chance’s favorite cookies Pepperidge Farms Pirouettes, there was champagne, sodas, ice tea and lemonade. People had brought things; someone had made a German chocolate cake. It was a party just such as Chance liked to throw: good conversation and good food, but it needed more laughter and more singing.



THE CHALLENGER TRIBUTE :

CHANCE

I should have been there.

Suford Lewis' account of Chance's funeral is reprinted with permission from her and Tony.
Thanks, y'all.

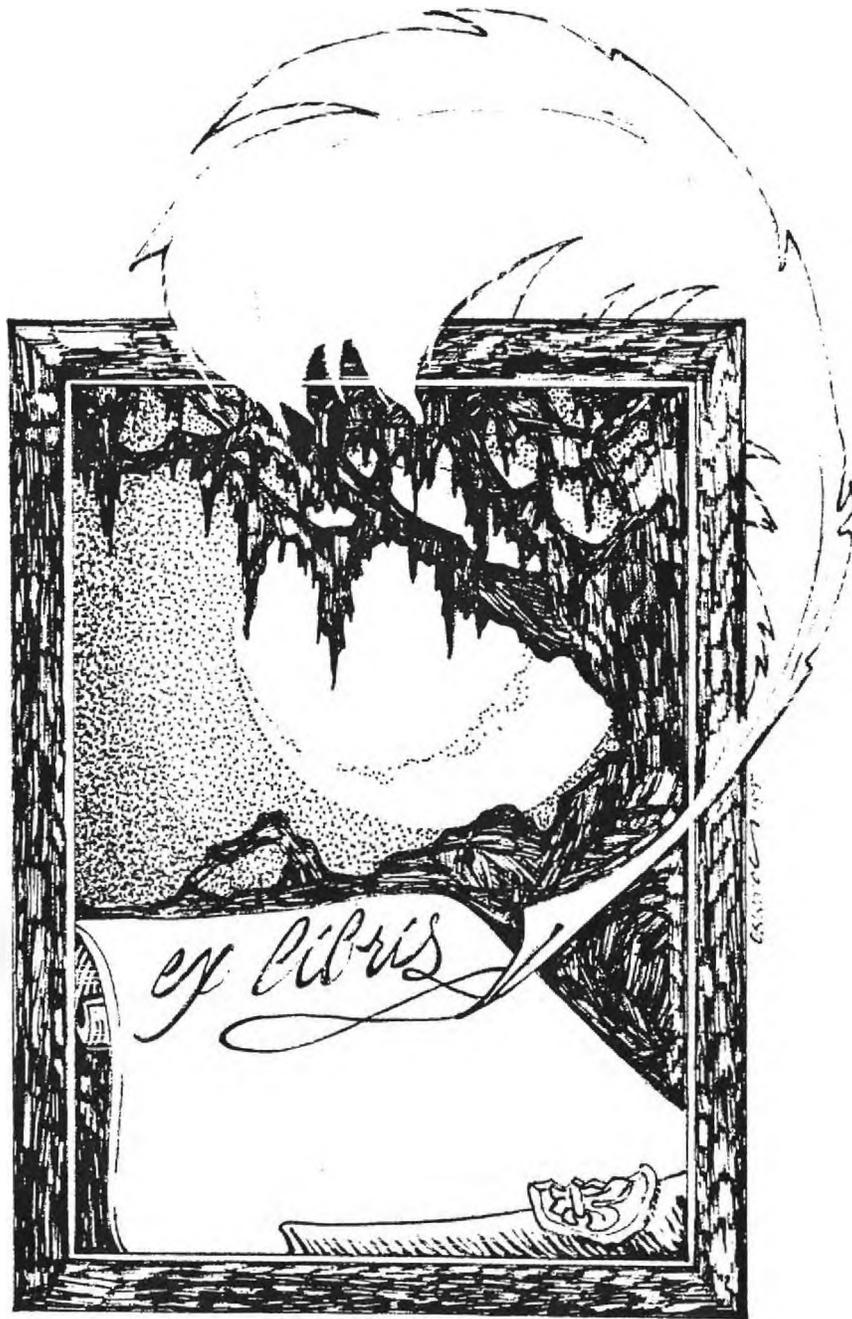
I don't have a picture of Ann Layman Chancellor. All I have is art, and memories.

Memories of her help with Nolacon II, when she gave invaluable and occasionally exasperating advice to the bid, created the exquisite hall costume Michelle Watson wore so memorably at the '86 NASFiC, the convention where New Orleans established its momentum, and once the bid was won, drew (like this piece), designed our doubloon and nametag, gave my souvenir program book its bookplate. I reprint that bookplate on my bacover, from the original art, which Chance gave me after the con. The ink has faded with the years, and although I could have copied it from **Let the Good Times Roll** as sharp and perfect as it was in 1988, it's more appropriate to consider the rolling of the time and the changing of the years, ideas I considered the last time I saw Ann Layman Chancellor, in the bar of the ... Hilton? ... on the last night of LoneStarCon in 1997.



Her jet-black hair had turned snow white since her years in New Orleans, and I recalled hearing rumors of illness, but to my disgrace I didn't ask her about it, and she never mentioned it. I was mired in end-of-the-con -- and middle-aged -- blues, and Chance noticed that, and came up, had a glass of wine, rubbed the back of my neck with her strong, gentle, artist's hand, and talked. I don't remember her words, just her tone, just the timbre of her rich and wonderful voice, and her point, which was simple. *Take heart; take heart.*

Selflessness, and kindness, throughout all, despite everything. That's what the word *Chance* should mean from now on.



Ann Layman Chancellor's bookplate for the Nolacon II program book